

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

THE AUSTRIAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.¹

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—THE FIRST YEAR IN THE ICE.

IT is certainly somewhat surprising that one of the best equipped and organized expeditions ever fitted out for arctic discovery—perhaps the one most

great maritime powers of Europe. We do not hesitate to pronounce the narrative of this expedition to be the best work on arctic adventure which has come



THE FIRST ICE.

ably conducted, certainly the one most graphically described—should have been sent out by the Government of Austria, a state hardly counted among the

under our observation. Of the translation we can speak in highest praise. The numerous admirable illustrations are of special value, for they are not

¹ New Lands within the Arctic Circle. Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship *Tegetthoff* in the Years 1872-74. By Julius Payer, one of the Commanders of the Expedition. APRIL, 1877. VOL. II.—19

tion. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. Translated from the German, with the Author's Approbation. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

mere fancy-pieces, made up from verbal descriptions, or from rough sketches, but are selected from hundreds of drawings made on the spot by the author, and, as he assures us, have been reproduced without alteration.

The actual chief command devolved upon Lieu-

waters between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya (Nova Zembla).

JULIUS PAYER was born at Schöna, in Bohemia, in 1841. He studied in the Military Academy at Wiener-Neustadt, where he distinguished himself in geological science. He entered the Austrian army,

and served with his regiment in the Italian campaign of 1866, and afterward in the Tyrol, where he became noted as a bold Alpine climber. He served in the second German Polar Expedition under Koldewey and Hegemann (June, 1869, to September, 1870), and of which he wrote an excellent narrative, which has been partially translated into English. In this expedition he acquired ample experience in sledging.

The ill-success of this second German expedition, in the Greenland direction, turned European attention to explorations in the seas



ICE-PRESSURE IN THE POLAR NIGHT.

tenant Carl Weyprecht. "He had," says Payer, "supreme command of the expedition so long as its duties were strictly nautical; when the operations of sledging and surveying began I had the responsibility of a separate and independent command." Contrary to expectation, only a small but very interesting part of the proceedings of the expedition relates to sledging operations. The hazardous experiment of two independent commanders in this case worked well. Lieutenant Payer does full justice to his colleague; and we find in his narrative no traces of any clashing between them. The Royal Geographical Society rendered equal honor to each, when, in 1875, they awarded the "Founder's medal" to Weyprecht, and the "Patron's medal" to Payer.

CARL WEYPRECHT was born at Hesse-Darmstadt in 1838. At the age of eighteen he entered the Austrian navy, and in July, 1866, took part in the action at Lissa, between the Austrian and Italian fleets. Soon after this he volunteered to take command of a boat with only four seamen to explore the arctic region. Prevented by other duty from doing this, he again volunteered to take command of the first German Polar Expedition (May to October, 1868); but he was disabled by an attack of fever, and the command was given to Captain Koldewey. He did not fully recover his health till 1871, when, accompanied by Payer, he made a pioneer voyage in the

around Nova Zembla. The Austrian Government wished to share in the honors of arctic discovery. Count Wilczek personally contributed forty thousand florins (about sixteen thousand eight hundred dollars) toward the cost of such an expedition. The remainder, one hundred and eighty thousand florins, was furnished by the Austrian Government. Weyprecht and Payer were named for the command. It was thought advisable that they should make a preliminary reconnaissance while their vessel was being fitted up. This was performed in June to September, 1871, in the *Isbjörn* (Ice-Bear), a little vessel of fifty-five tons, with a crew of eight Norwegians. The vessel sailed from Tromsø, near the North Cape, explored the waters lying between Lapland, Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla, reaching almost to the parallel of 79° north. An account of the "Pioneer Voyage of the *Isbjörn*" is prefixed to the narrative of the present expedition. The result of the reconnaissance was that the expedition should proceed in a north-northeast direction, along the western coast of Nova Zembla, and thence strike into the unknown sea to the north of that island. The place where it should winter, and even the course which it should take, were left wholly undetermined. Among the possibilities were, that it might return to Europe by the way of Behring's Straits. In fact, the course was soon taken wholly out of their hands. The vessel was caught in the ice, drifted about at the mercy of

the elements for nearly two years, only once coming in sight of land after leaving the coast of Nova Zembla, and was finally abandoned in the ice; the crew making their way homeward over broken floes, and finally in open boats. The entire time of the expedition, from the day when it sailed from Bremerhaven, on the Weser, in Germany, June 13, 1872, until the crew reached the little fishing-port of Vardö, in Lapland, September 3, 1874, was eight hundred and twelve days. We purpose giving, in this and in the succeeding number of the JOURNAL, a *résumé* of the narrative, from which we trust the reader may gain some idea of the value of the work itself.

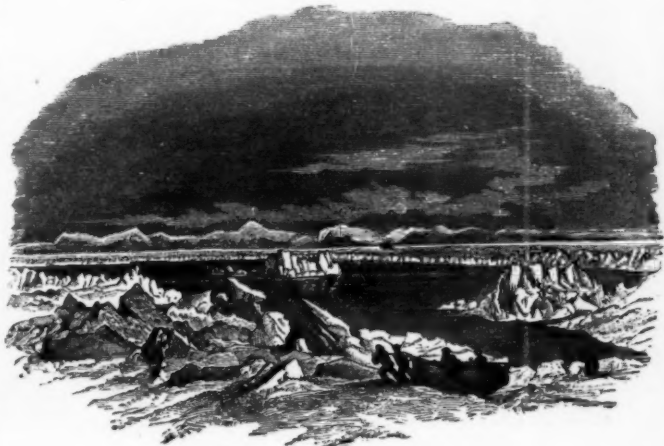
Their vessel, the *Tegetthoff*, was a screw-steamer, built for the purpose at Bremerhaven, of two hundred and twenty tons' burden, with engines of one hundred horse-power. She was fitted out for a voyage of two and a half years. Besides stores, she carried, at starting, one hundred and thirty tons of coal, estimated to be sufficient for daily wants, and to keep up steam, for sixty days; but, to economize this, sails were to be used as far as possible. Officers and crew numbered twenty-four: Weyprecht and Payer, the joint commanders; Lieutenant Gustav Brosch, who had charge of the victualing department, and Midshipman Edward Orel, officers of the ship; Dr. Julius Kepes, physician; Otto Krisch, engineer, the only man who died during the expedition; Olaf Carlsen, a veteran Norwegian, who had passed a quarter of a century in the whale and seal fisheries, ice-master and harpooner; Pietro Lusina, boatswain; Johann Haller and Alexander Klotz, Tyrolese *Jäger*; a carpenter, stoker, cook, and eleven seamen, whose names evince the polyglot character of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. There were Antonio Zaninovich, Lorenzo Marola, George Stiglich, Giuseppe Latkovich, and such like curious names. "On board the *Tegetthoff*," says Payer, "are heard all the languages of our country, German, Italian, Slavonic, and Hungarian; Italian being the language in which all orders are given." To these languages Carlsen added Norwegian, English, and a little Russian.

The *Tegetthoff* sailed from Bremerhaven June 13, 1872. The crew seem to have been one and all pious, God-fearing men, the worst recorded of any of them being that the Catholic Italians would play cards on Sunday, somewhat to the scandal of the stanch Protestant, Olaf Carlsen. "Light winds from the

south," says Payer, "carry the ship on her lonely course over the North Sea. In undimmed brightness the blue sky stretches overhead; the air is balmy and mild. In the gray distance frown the iron ramparts of countless cliffs encircling the barren wastes of Norway. Occasionally a sea-gull comes near us, or some bird rests on the mast-head; but, save this, no life, no event. The crew is light-hearted and merry. In the evening a gentle breeze carries the lively songs of the Italians over the blue sea, glowing under the midnight sun, or the monotonous cadence of the *Ludro* of the Dalmatians recalls the sunny home which they are so soon to exchange for its very opposite. Thus begins so peacefully our long voyage to the north."

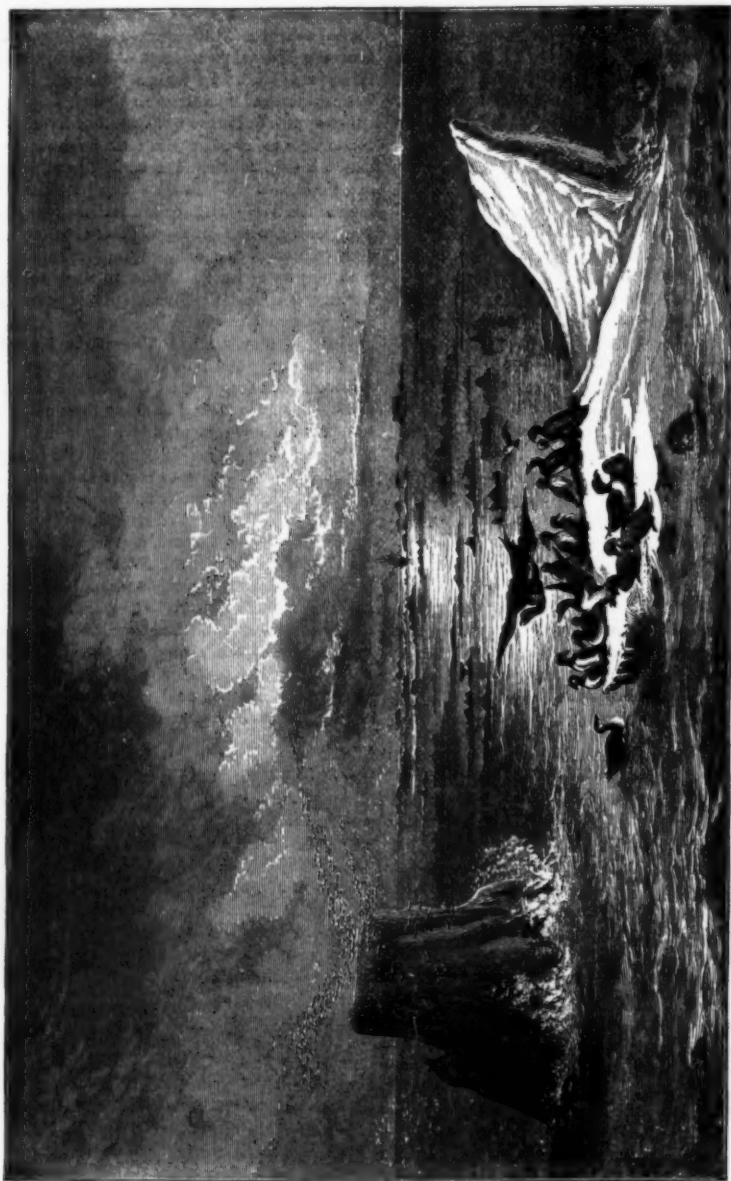
July 3d they reached Tromsø, in Norway, the most northerly town in Europe, save one, where they remained ten days, making their final preparations. Here they found awaiting them a *ukase* from the Russian Government, drawn up in duplicate, for Weyprecht and Payer, bidding all the inhabitants of the Russian Empire to render them all the help they needed. On Sunday morning, July 13th, after hearing mass from a French priest, they steamed from the harbor of Tromsø, and in a few hours were out at sea, heading for the North Cape. The engine fires were put out, the sails set, and the *Tegetthoff* fairly began her first and last voyage. Retaining as nearly as possible the language of Payer, we summarize some of the leading points of his narrative:

July 23d.—A sudden fall of temperature, and dirty, rainy weather, told us that we were close to the ice, which we expected to find later and much



SEAL-HUNTING—SEPTEMBER, 1872.

more to the northward; and on the evening of the 25th we sighted it, in latitude $74^{\circ} 0' 15''$. The northerly winds had broken it up, and it lay before us in long, loose lines; but we imagined it to be merely a collection of floes, which had, perhaps, drifted out from the sea of Kara, between the Samoi-



STILL-LIFE IN THE FROZEN OCEAN.

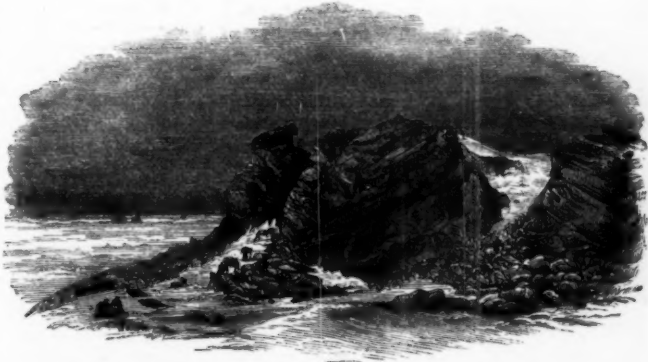
ede Peninsula and the island of Novaya Zemlya (Nova Zembla); but only too soon the conviction was forced upon us that we were already within the Frozen Ocean. The temperature of the air and sea fell rapidly, and during the next two weeks it was almost uniformly below the freezing-point, without any essential difference between day and night. The frozen sea of Nova Zembla is characterized in sum-

mer by that inconstancy of weather which in our lower latitudes we attribute to the month of April. Snow-storms alternated with the most glorious blue skies. The hunting-season began, and the kitchen was well provided with auks and seals. The ice gradually became closer. July 29th, in latitude 74° 44', we were able to continue our course only under steam. In many cases the vessel could not force

a passage except by charging the ice. In the night a vast, apparently impenetrable barrier stopped our progress, but the tactics of charging under steam again cleared a passage, and we penetrated into a larger "ice-hole."

We now glided along over the shining surface of its waters, as if we were upon an inland lake, save that no copse-wood clothed its shores, but pale blocks of ice, which the falling mist transformed into the most fantastic shapes. There is no more melancholy sound than that which accompanies the decay and waste of the ice, as it is constantly acted upon by the sea and the thaw, and no picture more solemn than the continuous procession of icebergs floating like huge white biers toward the south. They sometimes rend with a noise as of thunder. The fall of the gigantic mass raises huge volumes of foam; and the sea-birds, which had rested on its summit in peaceful confidence, rise with terrified screams, soon to gather again on another berg or floe. But nothing can be more glorious than when the sun, which at this season never fairly sets,

come, in the sunlight, dark borders to the "leads" which gleam between them, mirroring the midnight sun. Where its rays do not fall directly upon it, the



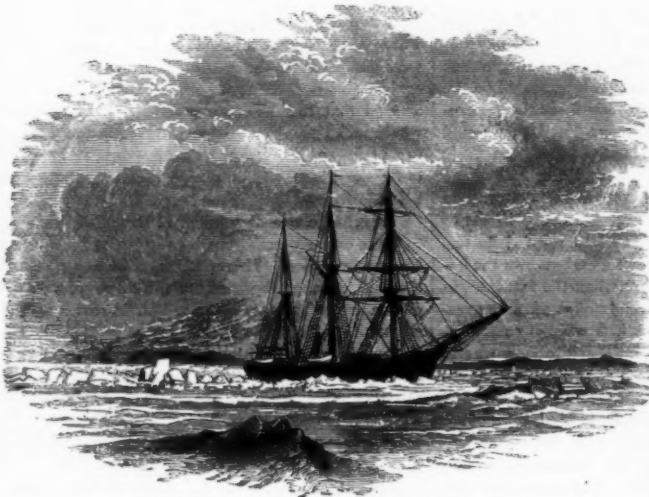
FORMATION OF THE DEPOT AT "THE THREE COFFINS."

ice is suffused with a rosy haze, which deepens more and more as the sun nears the horizon; and over all stretches the sky of deep ultramarine blue. And even when at midnight the sun has sunk to the verge of the horizon the rocks and glaciers of the land still glow in rosy effulgence. When, after a brief pause, it begins to rise again, its paler beams are transformed into a dazzling brightness.

"Its warming light dissolves the ban under which congelation has placed Nature, and the icy streams, which had ceased to run, pour down their crystal walls. The animal creation, only, enjoys its rest; the polar bear continues to repose behind some wall of ice, and flocks of sea-gulls and divers sit around the edge of a floe, calmly sleeping with their heads under their wings. At length the head of a seal rises stealthily for some moments from out the smooth waters; lines of auks, with the short, quick beat of their wings, whiz over the islands of ice. The mighty whale again emerges from the depths; far and wide is heard his snorting and blowing, which sound like the murmur of a waterfall when it is distant, and like a torrent when it is near. Day reigns once more,

and the dreary character of the spectacle is dissolved."

Thus in alternate sunshine and mist, sometimes



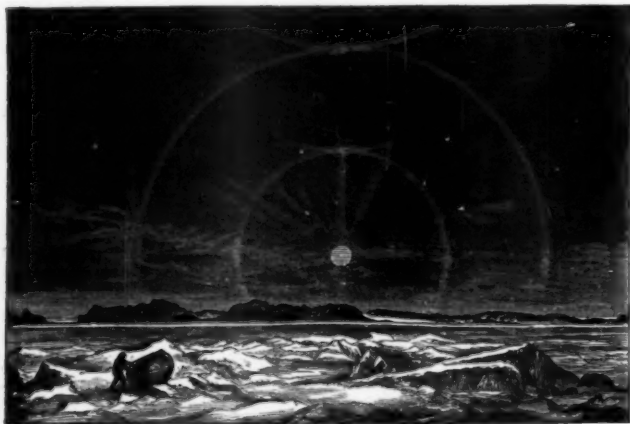
THE TEGETHHOFF FINALLY BESET.

breaks through the misty veil, and the blue of the heavens gradually widens out. The masses of vapor float away to the horizon, and the cold ice-floes be-

in open water, and sometimes amid ice-floes, they pressed on northward, all the time in sight of the coast of Nova Zembla, unless when it was hidden by fogs and mists, until, on the morning of August 3d, they forced their way into coast-water twenty miles broad, having left an ice-belt of one hundred and five miles behind them. The ice closed, barring the way for a while; then opened a little, and the Tegetthoff succeeded in steaming through, though more than once apparently "beset." At noon of August 12th a heavy mist sprung up, and they made fast to a great floe, took their dogs upon it, and began to

"The Barentz Islands are flat, girt with cliffs, and separated by narrow straits from the coast, which rises up terrace on terrace. The rocks consist of a black, very friable slate, frequently alternating with strata of limestone, varying in thickness from one to twelve yards. These strata are filled with a countless number of fossilized inhabitants of the sea—trilobites, mussels, brachiopods, crinoides, corals, etc., which are utterly foreign to the Frozen Ocean as it now is, and whose cognates live only in warm seas. The animal world, therefore, buried in the limestone of these islands is an indisputable proof that there was once in these high latitudes a warm sea, which could not possibly coexist with such great glaciers

as those which now immerse themselves in the seas of Nova Zembla. That portion of the earth, now completely dead and buried in ice, once knew a period of luxuriant life. In its sea there revealed a world of life manifold and beautiful in its forms, while the land, as the discoveries on Bear Island and Spitzbergen prove, was crowded with gigantic palm-like ferns. This age of the earth's history is called the Carboniferous period: it was the rich and fertile youth of the high North, which lived out its time more rapidly than the southern zones, now in all their vigor and variety."



PARHELIA ON THE COAST OF NOVA ZEMBLA.

give them their first lessons in the art of dragging a sledge, in which they were in time to become proficients. We again epitomize from Payer's narrative:

August 12th.—A vessel suddenly appeared on the horizon. To their astonishment and joy the Austro-Hungarian flag waved at the peak, and they found that it was no other than the Isbjörn, the little vessel in which Weyprecht and Payer had made their preliminary voyage a year ago. They soon greeted Count Wilczek, Baron Sterneck, Professor Höfer, and Mr. Burger. They had sighted us two days before; and nothing more clearly shows the uncertainties of arctic navigation than the fact that, in a little sailing-vessel, they had followed and overtaken the Tegetthoff, which had with difficulty advanced by the aid of steam. Their object was to establish a depot of provisions near the northern extremity of Nova Zembla. The two vessels anchored to some firm ice about a mile from land, in latitude 76° 18', close by the Barentz Islands, with their singularly-shaped hills, which the walrus-hunters call "The Three Coffins." Here they remained until the 20th to establish the depot, and to ascertain its precise geographical position. The delay was also utilized by Payer and Höfer in making an examination of the geological character and fossil remains of these islands. Professor Höfer, a very eminent geologist, says:

By the help of the dogs and sledges, the provisions for the depot at the Three Coffins were dragged over the ice. These were deposited in the crevice of a rock, and secured against the depredations of the bears. They felt assured that the Russian or Norwegian fishermen would make use of these provisions only under pressure of urgent necessity. This depot was intended to be the first place of refuge in event of the ship being lost.

Advantage was also taken of the enforced delay to make some precautionary preparations for future contests with ice. Heavy beams were hung around the hull, so that the pressure might be distributed over a larger surface of the vessel. Provisions and ammunition for four weeks were got ready, and each man was intrusted with a special duty in case of extremity. We condense into brief space Payer's narrative of the chief incidents of the next two eventful months:

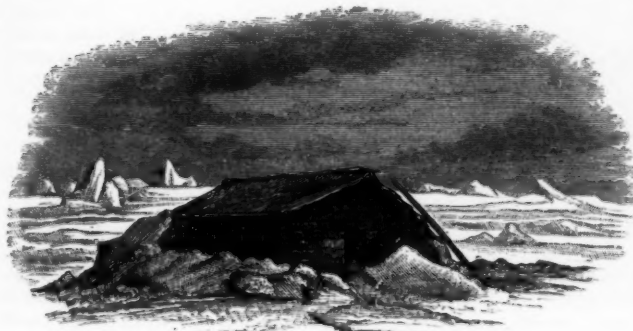
August 20th.—Some changes in the ice seemed to make navigation possible, and they forthwith went on board the Isbjörn to bid adieu to their friends. With a fresh wind from the northeast, the Tegetthoff steamed away, leaving the Isbjörn veiled in mist behind. The prospects were not cheering, the navigable water had been growing narrower, and the ice apparently more solid every day. In the afternoon they ran into an ice-hole; but, during the night,

barriers of ice stopped further advance, and they made fast to a floe. They were hardly fast to it when the ice closed in from all sides. "No water was to be seen around us, and never again were we destined to see our vessel in water. We must have been filled with despair had we known that evening that we were henceforth doomed to obey the caprices of the ice: that we were, in fact, no longer discoverers, but passengers against our will on the ice. From day to day we hoped for the hour of deliverance. At first we expected it hourly, then daily, then from week to week; then at the seasons of the year and changes of the weather; then in the chances of new years." The besetment took place in $76^{\circ} 22'$ north latitude, and $63^{\circ} 3'$ east longitude. They drifted slowly along the coast in a northerly direction, borne by a current. The season was unusually cold.

September 1st.—The thermometer marked 9° Fahr. The sun now remained six hours below the horizon, and young ice formed so thickly in a single night that it was evident that the only hope of deliverance this year lay in the setting in of heavy equinoctial storms to break up the ice-fields.

September 2d.—A fissure running through our floe reached the after-part of the Tegetthoff, and the floe partially broke up, but the ship remained fast on a huge fragment.

September 9th, 10th.—A heavy storm from the northeast drove them a little to the west, and partially broke up the floe. During the next week unsuccessful efforts were made, by sawing and blasting,



COAL-HOUSE ON THE FLOE.

to complete the breaking up of the floe. There was, however, no apparent immediate danger; and there was some amusement to be had in skating on the fresh ice which formed in the ice-holes between the floes; besides, there was employment for the officers in making meteorological observations, and in excursions on foot to explore the floe, and for the men in bringing ice to the kitchen to be melted up for water, training the dogs, and seal-hunting, for the sake of meat and oil. But by the end of the month the ice-holes were all frozen up, and there was no more hunting for seals.

Still slowly drifting to the north. The parallel of latitude 77° was passed October 2d. Two days after was the "name-day" of the Emperor of Austria. The ship was gayly dressed with flags, and there was a shooting-match on the ice, in which watches and pipes were the prizes. Bear-hunting soon afforded much excitement, and at times some danger.

October 6th.—"The first bear was killed and divided among the dogs, for as yet we had not learned to regard the flesh of this animal as the most precious part of our provisions."

During September the drift northeastward had been very slow, averaging, as laid down upon the chart, less than a mile a day. The course ran almost parallel with the coast of Nova Zembla, whose rounded mountains and valleys filled with glaciers seemed a miniature of Alpine scenery. Almost daily the gigantic, luminous arcs of parhelia, the usual precursors of stormy weather, stood in the sky. At the close of the month they had reached the northern extremity of the island. The rate of drift increased early in October, and by the 12th "we saw nothing but a line of heights some thirty miles south. At last every trace of land disappeared from our gaze; a hopeless waste received us, in which no man could tell how long we should be, nor how far we should penetrate."

Hitherto the ice seemed playing with the victims whom it had enmeshed. The men, for want of other occupation, had fallen on the idea of building houses of ice around the ship. "The activity of a building-yard reigned on the floe; heavy ice-tables were broken or sawed through; the dogs in the sledges carried the fragments to their appointed places, and with these we raised crystal walls and towers. Snow, mixed with seawater, furnished an inexhaustible source of the most excellent mortar; and while we worked laboriously at these meaningless erections, we earned at least by our toil the reward of sleep free from care."

But a change was soon to come over the scene:

"On the evening of October 12th we imagined that the cabin-lamp oscillated, and consequently that our floe was in motion. On the same night we were conscious of a violent movement in the ice. A dreadful day was the 13th of October—a Sunday. It was decisive of the fate of the expedition. To the superstitious among us the number *thirteen* was clothed with a profound significance. The committee of the expedition had been constituted on February 13th; on the 13th of January the keel of the Tegetthoff had been laid down; on the 13th of April she was launched; on the 13th of June we left Bremerhaven, on the 13th of July Tromsø. After a voyage of thirteen days we had arrived at the ice,

and on the 13th of October the thermometer marked 13° Réaumur below zero. In the morning of that day, as we sat at breakfast, our floe burst across immediately below the ship. Rushing on deck, we discovered that we were surrounded and squeezed by the ice; the after-part of the ship was already nipped and pressed, and the rudder, which was the first to encounter the assault, shook and groaned; but as its great weight did not admit of its being unshipped, we were content to lash it firmly. We next sprang on the ice, the tossing, tremulous motion of which literally filled the air with noises as of shrieks and howls, and we quickly got on board all the materials which were lying on the floe, and bound the fissures of the ice hastily together by ice-anchors and cables, filling them up with snow, in the hope that frost would complete our work. But, as in the risings of a people the wave of revolt spreads on every side, so now the ice up-

In all haste we began to make ready to abandon the ship in case it should be crushed—a fate which seemed inevitable, if she were not raised by the pressure of the ice."

The pressure began early in the day, and half an hour after noon it reached its height. The ship heeled over on her side, and huge masses of ice threatened to precipitate themselves upon her. In half an hour the pressure abated a little; the ship righted, and the crew were sent below to dine. In a few minutes there was another severe strain; the ship trembled through all its frame, and the men rushed upon deck, with their unfinished dinner in their hands. Preparations were made for abandon-

ing the vessel at a moment's warning. There was manifested the advantage of the strict discipline which had been instituted. Calmly and silently, amid the fierce commotion of the elements the officers assumed and carried out the special duty which had, by wise forethought, been assigned to each of them in such an emergency. Weyprecht got ready the boats; Brosch and Orel cleared out the supply of provisions to be taken; Kepes secured his medicines; the two Tyrolese got out the rifles and ammunition; Payer attended to the sledges and sleeping-sacks, and distributed the fur coats to the crew. Every man stood with his bundle ready to start. But whither? The floe was all broken up, and as far as the eye could reach was a mass of blocks and fragments tossing in the wildest confusion. A sledge would have been swallowed up at once, and if the vessel should go down where could they go, with even the scantiest store of provisions?

The dogs manifested their fright, each after his own fashion. Sumbu, the boldest and most cunning of the pack, who was never



TWILIGHT IN NOVEMBER, 1872.

rose against us. Mountains reared themselves threateningly from out the level fields of ice, and the low groan which issued from its depths grew into a deep, rumbling sound, and at last rose into a furious howl, as of myriads of voices. Step by step destruction drew nigh in the crashing together of the fields of ice. Our floe was now crushed, and its blocks, piled up into mountains, drove hither and thither. Here they towered fathoms high above the ship, and forced the protecting timbers of massive oak against the hull of the vessel. Masses of ice fell down as into an abyss under the ship, to be engulfed in the rushing waters, so that the quantity of ice beneath the ship was continually increased, and at last it began to raise her quite above the level of the sea. The terrible commotion going on around us prevented us from seeing anything distinctly. The sky, too, was overcast; the sun's place could only be conjectured.

so happy as when worrying a bear, lost every trace of his foxy nature. "His look, at other times so full of cunning, had assumed an expression of timidity and humility, and, unbidden, he offered his paw to all passers-by. The Lapland dog, little Pekel, sprang upon Payer, licked his hand, and looked out on the ice as if trying to ask what all this meant. The huge Newfoundlands stood motionless, like scared chamois, on the piles of chests."

The pressure moderated about 4 P. M., and in another hour there was a calm. The snow was shoveled from the deck; the seams were found uninjured; and the knees and cross-beams still held. "This result was owing solely to the strength of the ship and to her fine lines, which enabled her to rise when nipped

and pressed ; while her interior, so well laden as to become a solid body, increased her powers of resistance." In the evening they were able to get down into the hold, where they found that the water had risen thirteen inches, and this was pumped out to its normal depth of six inches.

"We went down," writes Payer, "into the cabin to rest ; but, though thankful and joyful for the issue, our minds were clouded with care and anxiety. Henceforth we regarded every noise with suspicious apprehension, like a population which lives within an area of earthquakes. The long winter nights were before us ; we

October 16th.—Slept without disturbance till two o'clock in the morning, when the pressure of the ice again set in, and all rushed on deck. Some of the crew threw out on the ice the antlers of a reindeer ; for, according to a superstition of the sailors, these are the generators of mischief. About half-past seven came another pressure which almost tore away the beams protecting the hull and the davits to which they were fastened. The ice which overhung the bulwarks was dug away to prevent masses of it from falling on the deck. At night glorious moonlight scenery ; nothing more peaceful, but nothing more



WANDERINGS ON THE ICE.

were drifting into unknown regions, utterly uncertain of the end. When night came we fell fast asleep with our clothes on. Our sleep was disturbed every now and then by the onsets of the ice, recurring less frequently and with diminished force ; but daily, and, for *one hundred and thirty days*, we underwent the same experiences in greater or less measure, and almost always in sunless darkness. It was a fortunate circumstance for us that we encountered the first assaults of the ice at a time when we were still able to see ; for, instead of the calm preparations we were able to make, hurry and confusion would have been inevitable had these assaults surprised us amid the polar darkness."

We extract and condense fragments from the narrative for the remainder of the month :

illusive, than such a scene at such an hour. *18th.*—All quiet during the night till the boatswain came to announce that the ship was making more water ; sixteen inches in the fore-part, eleven inches amidships. East wind, with heavy, drifting snow-storms. *19th.*—After several weeks the sun, which had been obscured, becomes visible, rising $2^{\circ} 25'$ above the horizon. They were in latitude $77^{\circ} 48'$; temperature, -20° Fahr. *21st.*—Alarmed by a loud noise at night, and all rushed on deck with their fur clothes on. A fissure had opened on the starboard side of the ship, connecting with one which had formed astern. In an hour this had widened about four feet, and they worked for some hours by the light of lamps to fill it

up with snow and pieces of ice. Once more a calm, and the moon stood surrounded by a vast halo in the heavens, and illuminated the awful loneliness of their abode. In the afternoon, when the fissure closed,

roof; sparks may set fire to its walls; and at any moment, through a pressure opening up an abyss beneath, it may sink and be engulfed." 30th.—At half-past three in the morning there was a dreadful



THE TEGETTHOFF IN THE ICE.

they heard the old dull sound; the ship strained violently, and all were on deck, ready to leave. The frozen pumps are daily thawed by boiling water; to-day the shaft of one of them broke, through the excessive strain put upon it. 24th.—The daylight is now so feeble that the lamps have to be kept burning, with the exception of two or three hours in the forenoon. Many of the crew are suffering from frost-bites on their hands. An attempt was made to drive the dog-sledges, but the snow lay in such masses between the small hummocks and on the few level places that they sank deep into it. 26th.—Pressure throughout the whole night. By the light of lanterns they used the sledges to remove the two boats, one hundred and fifty logs of wood, fifty planks, and a supply of coal, to the port side of the vessel, and chose a stronger floe on which to build a house of refuge. 28th.—The sun took its leave; only with its upper edge had it appeared above the horizon. "The coal-house is finished; but what reliance can be placed on such an abode in such a position? A storm may carry away the planks which form its

straining and creaking in the ship. New fissures had appeared, which rapidly enlarged themselves. "The two boats and the coal-house are now surrounded by up-forced masses of ice and separated from us." Payer thus sums up the state of affairs during the month.

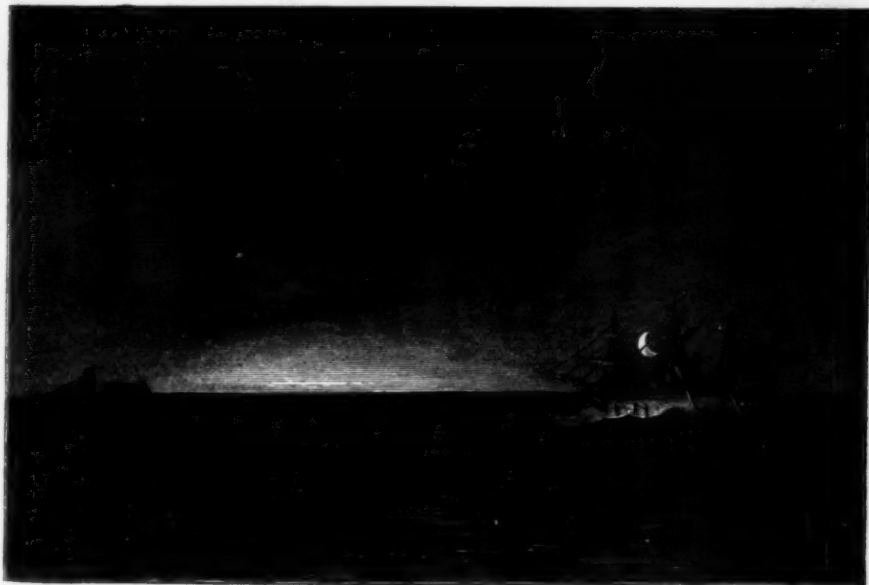
"During the day no quiet for reading or working, and almost every night our sleep is disturbed by a horrible awaking within a great creaking, groaning coffin. Men can accustom themselves to almost everything; but to these daily-recurring shocks, and the constantly-renewed question as to the end and issue of it all, we cannot grow accustomed. One of us to-day remarked that he saw perfectly well how one might lose his reason with the continuance of these sudden and incessant assaults. It is not dangers that we fear, but worse far—we are kept in a constant state of readiness to meet destruction, and know not whether it will come to-day, or to-morrow, or next year. Every night we are startled out of sleep, and like hunted animals we spring up to await amid an awful darkness the end of an enterprise from which all hope of success has departed. It becomes at last a mere mechanical process to seize our rifles and our bag of necessities

and rush on deck. In the daytime, leaning over the bulwarks of the ship, which trembles, almost quivers, the while, we look out on a continual work of destruction going on; and at night, as we listen to the loud and ever-increasing noises of the ice, we gather that the forces of the enemy are increasing."

Early in November the preparations for wintering were completed. The topmasts were struck in order to diminish the pressure from the wind; but some sails were kept set, so that if the ship was set free she could at once get under weigh. The fore-part of the vessel was covered over as a tent, and on the after-part were piled up in perfect order the tents, sledges, ammunition and provisions, and everything that was to be carried away if the ship was abandoned. They were already environed by deep twilight, in which the dreary waste assumed an aspect of magical beauty. The rigging of the Tegetthoff, white with frost, stood out clearly against the grayish-blue sky. The ice, broken into a thousand fantastic forms, and overspread with a mantle of snow, looked like blocks of alabaster shaded with tender tints. Southward, at noon, the sky wore a rosy hue from the sun, still below the horizon, against which veils of frosty vapor rose from ice-holes and fissures. In the beginning of the month the nights were dark. In clear weather night could be distinguished from day; but even at noon it came to be

the snow. They never went more than a mile, and then their rifles were always kept ready to fire in case they should come upon a bear; and moreover there was always a risk that the floe would break up, and they be cut off from the ship. They usually took with them two small sledges drawn by dogs. The animals had a great dislike to this duty, and were especially wary of putting their feet upon newly-formed ice. There seemed, indeed, to be a sort of agreement among them to shirk the work altogether, for they would often rush away to the coal-house, where they would entangle their harness in inextricable confusion.

There was much less violent motion of the ice during November than during the preceding month. The temperature was generally tolerably uniform, the thermometer usually marking below -13° Fahr.; toward the middle of the month it rose to $+25^{\circ}$. It reached its lowest point on the 20th, when it stood at -33° . The night of this day was marked by unusual peril. A huge mountain formed of hills of broken ice bore down amid a fearful din, threatening to bury the ship in its way; but, just before it reached the vessel, its course was arrested. "This night the crew received each an extra glass of grog, to obliterate the impression of this terrible crisis." Winds, blow from what quarter they might, always raised the temperature,



NOON, ON DECEMBER 21, 1873.

impossible to sketch without a lantern. To take aim with the rifle at any distance was impossible.

Their expeditions were short, for at a little distance the ship could not be seen; and they could find their way back only by their own footprints in

because the colder air was thus modified by the warmer, which lay above the open spaces of seawater; calms were accompanied by a rapid intensification of cold. New openings in the floe were quickly covered by young ice, which presented a

smooth surface when formed at a comparatively moderate temperature; but when it was colder the saline contents were exuded in a moist, tough layer, which lay about an inch thick on the surface. A temperature of from four to fourteen degrees below zero is necessary to freeze this mixture, which, when unfrozen, renders sledge-traveling, and even walking, very difficult.

December brought little change; but the ice was more threatening than in November. There was no day without some considerable commotion. Twelve days are marked as of special disturbance. On the 20th the officers were seated in the coal-house, talking of the approaching Christmas, when a sudden movement surprised them, and, rushing out, they found that the floe upon which the house stood was breaking up. They saved as much as they could of

was now no perceptible difference between mid-day and midnight. The heavens were generally overcast, and the light of the aurora seldom exceeded that of the moon in its first quarter. "The effect of the long polar night," writes Payer, "when the range of the light of a lamp is the whole world for man, is most oppressive to the feelings, nor can habit ever reconcile those who have lived under the influences of civilization to its gloom and solitude. It can be a home only to men who spend their existence in eating and sleeping, without any disturbing recollection of a better existence. The depression was made more intense by the consciousness that we had been driven into an utterly unknown region, and with our eyes bound. Work, incessant work, was the only resource in these circumstances." In his journal for December 21st he writes:



CARLSEN MAKES THE ENTRY IN THE LOG JANUARY 1, 1873.

the coal and other materials, and moved them close to the ship. The highest temperature during December was -2° Fahr., just before Christmas; the lowest, on the 29th, was -33° ; the mean, -22° .

The moon returned about the middle of December, and by its light sledge-expeditions were extended to a distance of a mile and a half from the ship, over snow and hummocks, to recently-frozen ice-holes, whose smooth surface, edged in the distance with dark, jagged masses, presented a scene of wonderful beauty. Returning from one of these expeditions, the dogs were unharnessed, when all at once Sumbu set up a fierce barking, and looking around they saw a bear close beside him, which Orel managed to shoot dead, when he was not five paces from the rope-ladder on the vessel's side. Sumbu was rewarded with an extra feast in the shape of the tongue of the bear—which the voyagers had not yet learned was the choicest arctic delicacy. Except when the moon was shining, there

"The middle of the long night. It is noon, and, though nothing can be lighter than the color of all that surrounds us—of the snow—yet it is as dark as midnight. The sun has sunk below the horizon $11^{\circ} 40'$, and we should have to ascend a mountain nearly eighteen and a half German (nearly ninety English) miles high in order to behold it. Nothing is to be seen, neither bears nor men, and we only hear the footsteps of those that are near us. We see but the confused outline even of the ship, as she drifts hither and thither with the floe, a prisoner in the fetters of the ice, the sport of the winds and currents, carrying her farther and farther into the still and silent realm of death. If we attempt to fathom destiny, our utmost hopes are, liberation from our icy captivity some time next summer, and the reaching the coast of Siberia. Siberia a hope! And yet how changeable are the feelings when the reign of monotony is interrupted! The moon is up, darkness exists no more. In the North the moon is an event—it is life, everything. As her beams fall on the meanest forms, diamonds blaze forth in its light from the snow and the frost. She looks down on us like a returning friend that watches over us.

Two weeks ago she rose above the horizon, first as a blood-red disk, then paled as she climbed higher and higher, till she stands out the clear, silver-bright full moon."

Christmas-day came, and was duly celebrated. Carlsen, the ice-master, and Lusina, the boatswain, who had been a captain in the Austrian merchant-service, were guests of the officers in the cabin. Each of the cabin-mess had a bottle of good wine to himself. Each of the crew had a glass of weak grog, a half-bottle of red wine, and a quarter-bottle

the old year out by drinking one of the two bottles of champagne which were still left; but, unluckily, it had been exposed for four hours to a temperature fifty-two degrees below the freezing-point; and, when brought in, the wine was frozen solid, and the bottle had burst. At midnight the crew serenaded the officers, and all marched in procession, torches in hand, around the ship.

On New-Year's-day the dogs were allowed to make calls upon the officers in their cabin. So long had they been in darkness that they were at first



FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO RESCUE MATOSCHKIN.

of "chemical wine." This last, we are sorry to say, was a villainous compound, of which a cask was prepared by worthy Dr. Kepes every month. It was composed of alcohol, tannin, sugar, and glycerine, diluted with snow-water. The cabin bill of fare comprised "dried fish, roast-bear, well kept and seasoned, nuts, and the like." A box of presents was produced and distributed by lot, "and great was the delight of those who won a bottle of rum or a few cigars." The dogs had their Christmas, too. For once, at least, their insatiable appetites were satisfied. They had enough and to spare, and carried off the fragments to hide them in the snow.

The last day of 1872 also passed with but a single short ice-pressure. They had intended to see

completely dazed by the light of the lamp. But their attention was soon turned to the remains of the dinner, with which they were regaled. All behaved themselves with perfect decorum except Jubinal, an immense hound, who had been brought over the Ural Mountains from Northern Asia. He had a paw as big as that of a bear, and could easily drag a sledge loaded with four men! He had been the victor in innumerable dog-fights, and on the day before they sailed from Bremerhaven had torn a sheep in pieces. He dashed into Brosch's cabin, where he fastened upon a huge dish of macaroni, from which he could not be driven away until he had devoured the whole. When they went back upon deck, Sumbu allowed the sailors to treat him to grog; he became

most humanly drunk, and the other dogs stole all the scraps which he had hidden away in the snow! This is the only recorded instance of intoxication during the voyage. On that day, also, Carlsen, the pious

and March, the coldest months that year, being -29° Fahr. We must also bear in mind that there was rarely a day in which there was not more or less actual danger from ice-pressure. Considering all



SUNRISE, FEBRUARY 19, 1873.

old Norwegian ice-master, wrote in the log-book, in his native language: "*Onsker at Gud maa vere med os i det nye aar, da kan intet vare imod os!*" ("May God be with us in the new year, and nothing can be against us!")

During September and October their drift, as laid down on the chart, was in a straight line, directly to the northeast, at an average rate of not more than two miles a day. During November and December they drifted somewhat more rapidly, and in every possible direction except due south. The 2d of January, 1873, found them in latitude $78^{\circ} 15'$, longitude $66^{\circ} 56'$, only twenty-two miles north, and about thirty west, of the spot where they were on November 9th. Let us now endeavor to give in brief a sketch of winter life on board the *Tegetthoff*. We must bear in mind that the winter lasts the seven months from October to May, during which period the highest point marked by the thermometer in the shade was $+4^{\circ}$ Fahr., 28° below the freezing-point; the lowest point -51° Fahr., or 80° below the freezing-point of water; the mean for February

these things, and that the majority of the crew were natives of a southern latitude, we shall find that they were able to make themselves tolerably comfortable.

Could one have looked through the sides of the *Tegetthoff*, he would have seen four-and-twenty men parted off in two spaces under the suns of two lamps. The quarters of the officers, in the after-part, consist of a mess-room, used for study and for meals, around which are the "state-rooms," just large enough for a man to breathe in. In a recess is the library, consisting mainly of scientific works, but also comprising "*Paradise Lost*," Shakespeare, and a good collection of romances. The mess-room is heated by a "*Meidingen stove*," which consumed only from twelve to twenty pounds of coal a day; even in the coldest period the consumption was never more than four and one-half hundred-weight a month. In the door of the room, just opposite the stove, was a hole as large as a man's head. This, though necessary for ventilation, caused innumerable annoyances. Through it rushed a torrent of cold

air, which spread itself out into a lake three or four feet deep. "Hence," says Payer, "while in the berth close by the stove there was a temperature ranging between $+30^{\circ}$ and $+44^{\circ}$ Réaumur,¹ in the other was one which would have sufficed for the north-pole itself. In the former a hippopotamus would have felt himself quite comfortable; and Orel, the unhappy occupant of it, was often compelled to rush on deck, when the ice-pressures alarmed us, experiencing in passing from his berth to the deck a difference of temperature amounting to 70° R. In the other berth of the mess-room, water, lemon-juice, and vinegar, froze on the floor. Those who occupied it as they lay in bed, or those who sat at the table to read, were in a cold bath reaching up to their necks. Sometimes at night the stove was not lighted, and then all had to sleep in that cold bath." The officers' berths were lighted by train-oil; for drawing and other special purposes candles were used. The mess-room of the crew was lighted by petroleum. Alcohol was the fuel used for the cooking apparatus on journeys. The supplies of alcohol and petroleum were kept beneath the cabin, in tanks accessible by well-fitted pipes. In the magazine were twenty thousand cartridges, so that the amount of highly-explosive material was large, and what with the half-dozen lamps constantly burning, and other things, the danger from fire was by no means inconsiderable. Carlsen, indeed, once came near blowing them all up by accidentally discharging a rifle in the cartridge-magazine. The regular bill of fare for the officers was: for breakfast, cocoa, biscuit, and but-

cheese, and ham, with tea. The diet of the crew was mainly preserved meats, different kinds of pulse, and the products of the chase, mainly bears and seals. Their supply of wines and spirits, Payer thinks, was too small. Each officer had, however, a bottle of rum every eighteen days. Fresh bread was baked twice a week, to take the place of the customary "hard-tack."

"Our sanitary condition," says Payer, "during the two winters we passed on the Tegetthoff was not altogether satisfactory. Scorbatic affections of the mouth and diseases of the lungs appeared sometimes in distressing shapes, and scarcely a day passed in which we had not one or two on the sick-list. I believe, however, that our trying situation had far more to do with these evils than the southern blood and breeding of our people. Want of exercise, constant change of temperature, depression of mind, periodic scarcity of fresh meat, were the causes of the scurvy. In our first winter it appeared only in the more crowded quarters of the crew. It was then, also, that the first symptoms of lung-disease appeared in Krisch, the engineer, which he probably contracted from 'catching cold.' Our supplies of preservatives against and remedies for scurvy were rather limited. We had, however, several hundred tins of preserved vegetables, a cask of 'cloud-berries,' which we had brought from Tromsø, and above a hundred bottles of lime-juice. Wine is also an important preservative; we therefore served out to the crew, notwithstanding our small supply, twice a week, not Kepes's 'artificial,' but real wine, at the rate of two bottles for eighteen men. No doubt scorbatic symptoms would have been far more general and severe had we not been fortunate enough to shoot no less than sixty-seven polar bears, a larger number than



CARNIVAL ON THE ICE.

ter; for dinner, soup, boiled beef, preserved vegetables, and coffee; for supper, hard biscuit, butter,

¹ Equivalent to $+99^{\circ}$ and $+131^{\circ}$ Fahr. These are the figures in the text, but we suspect that there is a typographical error, and consequently in the " 70° R." = 175° Fahr.

had fallen to any previous expedition. Bear-flesh roasted was liked by all; the seal was at first despised, till necessity corrected taste."

Life on the Tegetthoff, save for continual alarms from ice-pressure, was monotonous enough, and even

these in time came to be monotonous. In the morning the watch was duly set; but the main duty of the watchman as he walked the deck was to keep a lookout upon the ice. In the cabin the officers worked up the observations till dinner-time; and after dinner they lay down in their berths, reading or thinking, till supper-time. Supper over, they smoked their cigars in a shed over the cabin-stairs, where the thermometer ranged from 45° to 57° below the freezing-point; and then to bed. In the crowded quarters of the crew was a livelier scene. Here, in a narrow space, lived eighteen men, almost all of them belonging to the voluble Southern races. "It was," says Payer, "a miniature reproduction of the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. I believe that some of our people never ceased to talk during the whole expedition. Lusina, the boatswain, speaks Italian to the occupants of the officers' cabin, English with Carlsen, French with Dr. Kepes, and Slavonic with the crew. Carlsen had adopted, in his intercourse with the others, a kind of speech compounded of Norwegian, English, German, Italian, and Slavonic. The crew, with the exception of the two Italians, speak Slavonic among themselves." To obviate, as far as possible, the evils of too much leisure among the men, a school was finally instituted, Payer undertaking to teach the two Tyrolese, and the other officers the Italians and Slavonians; but we apprehend that, in a strictly educational point of view, this laudable effort was not very successful.

Every Sunday, at noon, divine service was celebrated under the tent on deck. With the exception of one Lutheran and one Moravian, we suppose the crew were all Catholics; but we find no traces of any disturbing polemics among them. On Sundays Carlsen and Lusina were alternately guests in the officers' cabin, where they were regaled with wine and cake. Carlsen always appeared on these occasions with his wig carefully arranged, and on the high festivals of his church wore his well-earned decoration of the cross of the order of St. Olaf.

We pass rapidly over the events of several months, during which the *Tegetthoff*, still imbedded in the ice, was slowly drifting. During the whole of January the direction was almost due east; in February, north; in March and April, toward every quarter of the heavens, with a general northwesterly tendency; in June, westwardly; in July, with a great bend to the south; then again to the north; until the last day of August, when, in latitude 79° 43', longitude 59° 33', a "new land" was sighted, on the coast of which the ship, never for a moment resting in its proper element, was, after another winter, finally abandoned May 20, 1874.

January 30, 1873, was marked by the first death among the voyagers. On the previous evening a bear came within a few paces of the vessel, was fired upon, wounded, and made off. Payer and some others, with two of the dogs, Sumbu and Matoschkin, started in pursuit through the driving snow. Soon, by the

dim light of the lantern, they discovered Matoschkin howling on the snow; the bear, vigorously assailed by Sumbu, close by. Bruin seized Matoschkin and dragged him away. Just then a sudden gust extinguished the lantern, and they could only return to the vessel. Next day a party set out to ascertain the fate of the dog. They soon found traces of blood, which they followed up until they came to an ice-hillock, from behind which the bear showed himself. They fired at him at a distance of a few paces, breaking his spine; he still dragged himself along, walrus-fashion, to the edge of an ice-hole, but, before he could plunge in, two other explosive bullets terminated his career. The body of Matoschkin was found behind the hillock.

During February the cold increased. The mercury froze repeatedly in the thermometer, and was perfectly solid during the last eight days. One day petroleum froze in the globe of a lighted lamp. The long winter night of that latitude came to an end February 19th; on that day the sun showed half his disk above the horizon. "As of old the worshippers of Belus watched its approach on the luxuriant shores of the Euphrates, we too," says Payer, "standing on the mountains of ice or perched on the masts of the ship, waited to hail the advent of the source of light. At last it came. A wave of light rolled through the vast expanse of heaven, and then uprose the sun-god, surrounded with purple clouds, and poured his beams over the world of ice. No one spoke for a few moments, until one of the simplest and least cultured of the crew murmured, half inaudibly, '*Benedetto giorno!*' ('Blessed day!'). But the sun's stay was short; he remained above the horizon only a few minutes; again his light was quenched, and a hazy violet color lay over distant objects, and the twinkling stars shone in the heavens."—The carnival-season, dear to the sons of the sunny South, came this year at the close of February. The crew celebrated it as best they could by a masquerade on the ice. But one may well suppose that the only performer whose jollity was not forced was Sumbu, "who was dressed up as the demon '*Lindwurm*,' and deported himself in a manner highly befitting his costume."

March was almost as cold as February—the mean temperature was 52° below the freezing-point, the highest marking being at zero in the shade—and it was not till the 30th that any melting of the snow was observed upon the seams of the vessel; but the atmosphere was clear, and snow-drifting was rare. April opened with the temperature at -35°; by the end of the month it had risen to +16° Fahr.; but there were numerous heavy falls of snow. High winds had loosened the compactness of the ice; and dark strips hanging above the horizon in all directions indicated that fissures had been formed, although they were invisible from the mast-heads. At last, on May 2d, they heard the sound of grating ice—once so dreaded, but now most welcome, for they hoped that it announced the speedy bursting of the fetters which bound their vessel.

"CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon our luxury,
Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.

ADAM removed himself and his mat to a remote corner of the garden, quite out of ear-shot, almost out of sight, as though he were used to playing gooseberry every day of his life, and understood the part thoroughly.

Mignon stood up like a pretty, naughty school-girl, whose mistress catches her at mischief unawares, grasping her roses tightly in one hand. Instinct told her that this was Mr. Rideout, yet, though she had blushed at the first sight of the gardener, she did not change color at the sight of the gentleman. . . . So much Adam noted as he turned his head for one rapid, lightning glance at the girl's face.

"Miss Ferrers—Mignon!" cried Mr. Rideout, impetuously, as he bared his head before her, while his eager eyes fastened upon and clung to her face as a bee does to a blossom, "forgive this intrusion, but I have no other means of approaching you—and I am driven mad, reckless, by the obstacles placed in my way—the very letter you wrote me, dear angel, was stolen from me—snatched from my hand ere I had read one word of it! Tell me," he cried, "have you some other lover who is seeking to frustrate my hopes with you—some one who is given to stealing letters intended for other people, and who brings you—roses?"

He tapped the flowers significantly with his forefinger as he spoke, and looked at her with angry, jealous meaning.

"Somebody stole my letter from you?" she said, scarcely noticing his latter words. "Did Prue not give it you?"

"I took it from her by force," said Rideout, grimly, "and then somebody took it away from me; 'twas the strangest thing imaginable, but I have my suspicions."

"Oh, what a wicked, wicked woman!" cried Mignon; "and when I asked her every day, too, how it was that I got no reply to it."

"And you cared so much?" cried Rideout, ardently; "it was actually a source of regret that you did not hear from me, my angel?"

"Yes," she replied, gravely, "indeed it was. When I got up in the morning I used to say to myself, 'There will be a letter from him to-day;' and, when the evening came, and Prue always came back without one, I was so bitterly, bitterly disappointed!"

"You were?" he cried, in a transport; "but tell me, what did you say in that dear little letter—can you remember?"

"Oh, yes," said Mignon, nodding; "almost word for word, and it was a very nice one, indeed. I was most particular about that, as I was afraid that, if you did not like it, you would *never* write to me again!"

"Like it!" he cried, and stooped his head suddenly, and pressed his burning lips against the hand that held her roses.

She did not draw it away, but looked down with a kind of puzzled wonder at the faint red mark his almost rough caress had left on the soft, white flesh.

He would not have found her less innocent and ignorant for worlds; yet it struck him instantly, with the jealous, unerring instinct of the real lover, that there was in her none of that sensibility to the first approaches of love that is usual in very young women—the faint curiosity and vague yearning after some more exquisite experience than any that they have ever known, dimly guessed at, yet too shadowy and impalpable to be thoroughly grasped, were altogether absent in Mignon: the chords of the beautiful instrument were dumb under the hand of the man who swept them, and he said to himself, with an angry, impatient sense of dissatisfaction, that the touch of his lips had moved her no more than those of a woman might have done.

The outcome of this thought was the relinquishment of her hand. He would have preferred her withdrawing it, thereby displaying feeling of some kind, whether of displeasure or provocation, but as quietly as she had permitted the theft of it, so did she take its return. Then, and as if she found a standing courtship rather a fatiguing business than otherwise, she unexpectedly sat down on the chair behind her.

"There is a three-legged stool about somewhere," she said, looking at him doubtfully, and wishing with all her heart that she had had a lover before, that she might by practice have ascertained whether etiquette did not demand that she should give him the chair and fetch the stool for herself.

Mr. Rideout, turning round in search of the proffered seat, discovered the soles of Adam's boots and the back of his head and person, as the young man diligently pursued his avocation of weeding in the distance.

"Whom have we here?" he said, a suspicion instantly forming in his mind, that one glance at the calm, untroubled peace of the girl's countenance as quickly dispelled.

"Only Adam the gardener," she said.

"Can you not send him away?" said Rideout, frowning, and wishing with all his heart that he could strangle Adam with a bunch of his own weeds.

"No," said Mignon, wondering; "why should you do that? I am afraid you are not very comfortable," she added, as she saw Rideout's efforts to arrange himself gracefully on the extremely narrow foundation of the stool.

"Thank you," said Rideout, "I am quite comfortable; nothing could be better, I assure you."

But for all that he made up his mind that he would have done better to stand up. Now, Adam, had he been in the same position, would not have paused to think of whether he were sitting or standing, and, if Providence had thought fit to send him a three-legged stool, would not have noticed whether he were sitting on it or a chair, which marks the difference that existed between the two men.

"I never, never will forgive Prue," said Mignon, looking at him, and thinking what a pity it was his eyes were so blue and his hair so black.

"You are angry with her," he said, leaning forward and smiling. "You were disappointed that you got no reply from me to your letter?"

"I was more than disappointed," said Mignon—"I cried!"

"You did?" he said, drawing nearer still; "you cared for me so much as that?"

"If you had no one to speak to from week's end to week's end (save Prue), and nobody to write a letter to you, and nobody (except one person and Prue) to care two straws whether you were alive or dead—would not you be *charmed*, delighted, overjoyed at discovering that somebody not only told somebody else he liked you very much, but actually took the trouble to write and tell you so himself?"

Then said Rideout, passionately: "I suppose *anybody* would have done as well—a traveling tinker, or the butcher's boy, or anything else that had eyes to see, heart to love, and fingers to write to you?"

"Well," said Mignon, considering, "so long as I did not *see* him, you know, and he spelled properly, and wrote me a good, long love-letter every day, I don't suppose it would have signified very much. Of course, I never expected that you and I would be talking to one another like this!"

"And I," he said, dryly, "should never have written to you had I not been resolved on seeing you—ay, and more than once—so our letters were written with a difference. If it would not tax your memory too much, perhaps you will tell me what you said to me?"

But, though he spoke so coldly, he was gazing at her as though his eyes could never be sated of her childish, dimpled beauty—the most maddening, beguiling beauty on earth to a man of his calibre and experience. She was to him as a peach that hangs untouched on the wall, a flower that no human hand had come nigh to spoil or gather, a pure young soul, in whose innocence he would be able to surge some of his own guilt and sinfulness, in whose happy opening life he should discover the day-dawn of the better, nobler existence of his own.

"I said that I was very sorry I nearly knocked you over in the avenue, and that I would never do it again if I could possibly help it!"

"Yes," he said, smiling in spite of himself, "and what else?"

"That I was very much obliged to you for writing me a love-letter; and that I hoped you would

send me another as soon as you possibly could, for it was so dreadfully dull here!"

"Yes!"

"I think that's all. Oh, and my kind regards. I wanted to send my love, but Prue would not hear of it, and so—"

"Prue helped you to write that letter to me?" he cried.

"Of course she did," said Mignon. "I don't know *how* I should have got on without her, because, you see, I had never written a love-letter before, and I was not at all sure of saying the right thing in the right place. So we did it together, and really, upon the whole, I think you would have liked it very much indeed."

"No doubt," said Rideout; "nevertheless, *upon the whole*, I will confess that I no longer regret the loss of that letter—I no longer bear malice to the thief who stole it—he is welcome to it, he may keep it, I make him a present of it! In future I will get my man Coles to assist me with my letters to you; so long as I write the signature it will not of course matter to you whether the handwriting is mine or not?"

"I should not mind it in the least," she said, sincerely; "a letter is a letter, and, if you told him what to say, it would be just as good as if you had written it yourself."

He almost stamped his foot upon the gravel in his impatience.

"Is she nothing but a little coquette, after all?" he thought.

It flashed suddenly through his mind that her composure on receiving him was possibly occasioned by considerable practice in the art of receiving lovers, and thought he would have preferred her resenting his intrusion with indignation and scorn, for, man-like, he who profited by the indiscretion was the first to condemn it. A woman never yields an inch, however innocently and generously, to a man that he does not suspect her (sooner or later) of having given way in a similar manner to some man who had come earlier. It is the very refinement of the cruelty of love; it is the blade turned back against the breast of the holder, the gift heartlessly dashed into the face of the giver; and this treachery, so common from man to woman, is rarely, if ever, displayed by woman to man.

With these ungenerous thoughts in his mind, he looked keenly at her, as though he would discover if—

"... In Cupid's college she had spent
Sweet days, a lovely graduate, still . . .
And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment—"

and as he looked his fears died away. His experience of woman was wide and deep enough to have long ago taught him that there are two kinds of innocence—the one that is too absolutely ignorant of evil to tremble before or fear any man living, therefore has no thought of guarding itself against a danger it does not know to exist, and is as much a part of the possessor as the air she breathes (and such was Mignon's); and the purity that is pure

consciously, with a full knowledge of its own exceeding value, and that may be described as the product of a carefully-cultivated and well-watched-over soil—an innocence that is compatible with the clearest possible knowledge of evil, that enables her to meet her natural enemy, man, at every point—armed. He knew that prudishness is but another form of immodesty, and that she who is forever balancing things proper *versus* things improper, arriving when all deductions are made at an outwardly modest and unassailable demeanor, inevitably loses the freshness and ingenuous delicacy of her mind in the process, and is immeasurably less pure than she who, never having regarded aught but good, stands in no need of rule and precept to prevent her footsteps from straying into the mire.

And he also knew how dangerous to the owner is this latter form of innocence, to how many risks it is exposed, to what misconception it is liable, nay, how it may borrow the very garb of guilt, and how the world, to whom it is a mystery and a wonder (and the world hates mysteries and does not understand wonders), will hoot and decry it, reserving its approval and respect for that other marketable possession that is of itself worldly. "Blessed are the pure in heart," says the Book. Who shall say that the innocence of which I speak, though perchance smirched, soiled, destroyed by a villainy that it never could have conceived possible, does not contain, even in its ruins, elements of greatness and virtue that the earth-born, devil-sent, cowardly substitute does not, nor ever could, possess?

Coming out of his reverie, Mr. Rideout discovered that Mignon had picked up a newspaper that lay on the ground by her side, and was actually reading it.

"You seem interested," he said, in a tone of pique, thereby revealing a most unheroic weakness in his character. No really wise man, who wishes to establish his empire firmly over a woman's heart, ever indulges in the luxury of showing himself piqued, for, by so doing, he places himself at a disadvantage that she is not slow to perceive, and licenses her to smile with superior wisdom at his folly; and when a woman begins to laugh at a man's humors, instead of being awed by them, it is all over with him; for do we not know that she will pardon a crime where she will be merciless to a foible?

"I beg your pardon," said Mignon, putting her finger down on the paragraph she was reading, "but I caught sight of such an odd, pretty name, and Lu-Lu and I always look out for all the fine names we can find for the book we are writing."

"You are writing a book?" he said, smiling, in spite of his crossness and fury; "what is it to be about?"

"Love!" said Mignon, gravely. "We were afraid we should make a terribly bad job of the love-scenes, as neither of us had ever had a real lover, but now it will be all right. We shall put *you* in as the hero!"

"And my letters?" inquired Rideout.

"And your letters!" said Mignon; "we shall

copy those right off—they will look so much more real!"

"If it will be any further satisfaction to you," he said, sarcastically, "I will send my portrait to be pinned on to the title-page. I don't make such a bad photograph altogether."

"Do you not?" said Mignon, looking at him doubtfully, for somehow his looks did not please her one bit, and yet that dark, reckless face of his had been a fatal one to women, more fatal than Mignon ever dreamed of, as her careless eyes rested upon his features.

"And this name that took your fancy so much?" he said.

"La Mert. I can't quite understand—it seems a trial of some sort." She paused in amazement as he caught the paper from her hand, his face pale and angry, while a streak of fiery red lay like a stain across his brow. His eyes fell on the paragraph, that ran as follows:

"La Mert *versus* La Mert. Public interest in this *cause célèbre* will receive a fresh stimulus next week when the case comes on for hearing, as it is rumored that in the course of it many painful family disclosures will be made."

"Why do your people allow you to read such things as these?" he cried, striking the paper with his open hand; "vile records of sin and shame that they are, and utterly unfit for a young and innocent girl! Did you understand it—do you know what it meant—that paragraph?"

She looked at him in wonder, his excitement appeared to her so strange and unnatural—what could she have said to so move him?

"No," she said, "I do not know what it means, but why should you mind if I did?"

"You have never seen or heard of that name before," he persisted, "either in a newspaper or otherwise?"

He awaited her reply with such eagerness that one might have supposed his life depended upon it, and drew a sharp breath of relief as she answered—

"Never!"

"It is an omen," he said to himself, crushing the paper between his restless hands; "whether it be or not, I care not—I will not turn back—pshaw! many a man goes through more than this to get his heart's desire.—Mignon," he said, aloud, "do you know why I came here to see you to-day?"

"To ask me to write you another letter?"

"No," he said, "I did not come for that. Will you try and understand me, Mignon, when I tell you that I love you, love you with a passion that I have sought to overcome, and cannot, that if conquered one moment has vanquished me the next, and against which I have ceased to struggle, for it has become a part of myself, it has entered into my very blood, and no man fights against his own life who is not mad or suicide—and I am neither? There are obstacles between us, dear angel, obstacles that" ("Good Heavens!" he groaned to himself, "if she only knew what they are!") "will be removed ere long, and they who stand between us shall pass away

like shadows; the last, the best-beloved among the rest, to return never more—I swear it!”

There was a wild and reckless defiance in his voice as he broke off that startled the girl. It was as though he defied Heaven to stand between him and his heart's desire, and Rideout caught her surprise as quickly as it arose.

“Do not be afraid,” he said, with extraordinary tenderness of look and tone; “to you I will be ever faithful and true, and neither grief, nor sorrow, nor shadow of sin or shame, shall rest upon that lovely head.”

He paused to watch the half-smile that parted Mignon's exquisite lips (so may a child smile who is pleased with the sound of the words it hears, yet only vaguely comprehends their meaning)—lips that were the crowning beauty of her face, and suggested all manner of passionate possibilities, and flatly contradicted her eyes, that were cold and clear, and more given to mirth and observation than the language of love—if their looks might be trusted to tell truth. When a woman's eyes and lips tell the same story, it is not difficult to decide what she will say or do at any given crisis of her life, and she will fulfill her fate with no more of effort than makes a fruit when it falls, ripened, to the earth; but when reason, calm and critical, dwells in the eyes, and thence keeps its watch over the impulses and vagaries of the too passionate heart as typified by the lips, then may it be foretold that there will sooner or later be fought a determined battle between the opposing forces, and that upon its issue will depend the future history of the woman's soul.

“Mignon,” said Rideout, impetuously, “does it seem a strange thing to you that I should love you as I do—without having exchanged a dozen words or been once before in your society—knowing nothing of you, in short, but what your face tells?”

“Yes,” she said, promptly, “I do think it very odd—I told Prue so—just ask her if I did not say it was the *kindest*, the most outrageous, the most *extraordinary* thing I had ever heard in my life, and she could not account for it any more than I could!”

“And why should it be so kind and so extraordinary?” he said; “has no one else ever fallen in love with you, Mignon?”

“No one!” she said, seriously; “what on earth should put such an idea into a person's head? and, indeed, I was very much obliged to you (as I told you in my letter); for I felt so lonely, and dull, and uncared for, just then; but now”—her face dimpled into sudden smiles—“I am afraid it is wickedly ungrateful of me, but I do not seem to care so much about it, and I do not think it would break my heart if you were never to write me another love-letter—for, to tell you a secret, somebody that I love beyond everything else in the world is coming to me, may come this minute, even, or to-night, or to-morrow, and I shall be so perfectly happy that I shall forget all about everything—everything—but that we are together—at last—somebody and I—”

He caught her hand so fiercely that she recoiled

from him, and Adam, seeing that gesture from afar off, half rose, trembled, and knelt down again.

“And you told me that you *had* no lover!” cried Rideout, furiously, “and all the time—all the time—” he stopped, almost choked by the violence of his emotions, the vehemence of his thoughts.

“A lover?” said Mignon, bewildered; “there is no lover—it is my sister.”

“Your sister?” he cried; “forgive me, Mignon.”

He turned pale as death under the relief her words afforded him.

“Yes,” she said, almost in a whisper, “my beautiful lost sister, for whom I have waited such a long, long while; but I always knew she would come at last, and now she is coming.”

In the course of Rideout's life he saw this girl many times, and under many aspects—in the day of her greatest happiness, as in that of her deepest tribulation—but he never again saw the look upon her face that he at this moment beheld: without one shadow to dim the brightness of her hope, or one past experience that could embitter or make her fearful of the future, or fear to shackle her glowing fancy, above all, with the priceless illusions of youth still upon her, there could at no period of her life come to her so radiant an outlook as this present.

In the days to come it was to recur to him, the look upon that joyous, childish face, until he became a man haunted by its gladness—until it came to follow him like a curse, and burn into his heart like fire, until he nearly went mad in remembering that if he had known—O Heaven! if he had known—he might have fixed that joy of hers in her heart forever, and so kept his soul clean of blood-guiltiness, if not of sin.

“Mignon,” he said, drawing closer to the girl, “I came to tell you to-day, among other things, that I am going away, but do not fear, my sweetheart, but that I shall return to you. Then—then—listen!” he said, earnestly, “it is now a month since I first saw you, and since then I have been going through as many antics and love-sick tricks as a fool of a schoolboy in the first idiocy of his calf-love. I have astounded even myself at the depths of folly that I have sounded—I have been compelled to acknowledge that a phenomenon which I have always mocked and derided as the most laughable absurdity ever conceived is in reality a *fact*; in my own proper person and against my will I have proved it, Mignon. Always remember in the days to come that, however madly I love you, it was against my will, my conscience, my God, all—”

He broke off: the last words seemed to have escaped him involuntarily.

“I have heard,” he went on, “of two people falling in love at first sight, before either knew the name of the other, before they had exchanged one syllable, before either knew if the other were married or single—twin souls, created for each other, now met at last—in the self-same instant of their eyes meeting, their souls have rushed together, the stray halves made into one perfect whole, the life-

long ache satisfied, the restless, yearning heart finding rest and peace at last. I have heard of this, and of the shame and grief that oftentimes come after these sudden recognitions of kindred souls, since, for one who finds his other self in time, there are nine hundred who meet too late! And, as I have said, the theory amused me, for I believed in no love that was not material, in no affection that was not the result of daily acquaintance, propinquity, and familiarity. I could understand a sudden admiration at first sight, but *love*, as apart from *mere passion*, I could not and did not understand until the day I saw you; and then and there, and in the very midst of a ridiculous situation, that filled you with no other sense than that of amusement, I loved you, but it was unconsciously; not until I had seen you many times, and learned your face and manner by heart, did it suddenly dawn upon me that life would not be worth the living without you, and that win you I must and would, no matter what came between—and I reckon myself a happy man in that I found you when I did, ere it was just too late. Tell me," he cried, ardently, "on that day did you feel yourself as irresistibly drawn to me as I did to you? Did you recognize me as—"

"Oh!" said Mignon, taking her hand away, and placing it with its fellow over a face that had grown suspiciously red, "I beg your pardon—I do, indeed! And don't think me very rude, but—but I think we were *drawn together* with a vengeance! I never shall forget the knock I gave you as long as I live!"

And here she gave up the attempt to retain her gravity, and laughed so heartily as (by some process of reasoning best known to himself) to restore Adam to both temper and equanimity.

"You did look so cross when we pelted round that tree," said Mignon, drying her eyes; "and as to your hat, I always thought it a mercy that neither of us stepped on it."

Rideout was absolutely without that kind of humor that enables a man to smile at his own expense, thereby missing one of the keenest pleasures that mortal beings possess, and he looked at Mignon as though he found her impulse of mirth exceedingly foolish and ill-timed.

Here was this girl, he said to himself, for whom he was sinning past redemption, so indifferent to the strength of his passion, so unconscious of the convulsions that gave it birth, that she could find for him no more and no less than such laughter as she might give to a love-sick, whining boy, who came to her with the tale of his foolish love upon his lips, and the feel of a birch but freshly in his memory.

"Mignon," he said, sternly, "you do not seem to understand—you think all this is an excellent joke, and that there is no sober earnest in it, but you will find out your mistake when I come back and fetch you away to make you my wife."

"Your wife!" said Mignon, with a saucy smile that brought to life two delicious dimples in her delicate cheeks. "You are not—you cannot be so mad as to suppose I am going to be *that*! Do you know how old I am?" she added, looking at him seriously,

and pushing one of her little hands through her rumpled blond hair—"sixteen and a week, and very little indeed for my age! Now, in four or five years' time, perhaps, I might think of marrying, if *she* did not mind, and would let us both live with her; but not now. Why, it would be like *playing* at being married!"

"Come and play at it then," said Rideout, just as seriously as she; "it will seem more like work after a bit."

"No, no!" she said; "you may fancy yourself in love with *me*; but no amount of the hardest fancying on earth would make me think myself in love with *you*!"

"Am I such an ugly devil that I frightened you?" he cried, passionately.

"No," she said, surveying him critically, "I should say you were very good-looking to a person who admired dark people. And, though you are very nice and kind when you are not in a rage, I think, if ever I do marry, I should like a peaceable sort of a man, who did not worry me, though I should expect him to say, at least twice every day, 'Mignon, I love you.'"

"I will not worry you," he said, divided between anger and laughter, "and I will tell you that every day, never fear, and in time you will learn to love me, little Mignon."

"To love!" she said, dreamily; "do you know what it is to love? To long for some one all and every day, to think of nothing else upon earth, to weary after her, to feel that until you get to that person you only live one half, and that the worst half, of your life. *That is love*. How would it be possible to love a man like that?"

"Some day you will do so," he said, leaning toward her with an air of pleading entreaty—"some day—little sweetheart—"

He did not know, he could not guess, how terrible to her was to be the awakening of love in her breast. She had turned her head partly away, and was looking down on her roses, and he thought he would have given everything he possessed on earth to be able to put out his hand and touch that downy cheek and throat—for as yet she possessed that exquisite softness of skin that, on a girl's face, is the only equivalent to the bloom upon a purple grape or plum, and is as easily brushed away as it is impossible to replace—the longing, I say, was strong upon him; but he, who had never before denied himself his heart's desire for prayers, or love, or scruple, forbore to take advantage of the girl's innocence and loneliness; moreover, he had sworn that, until he was free to ask her to be his wife, he would neither seek to obtain or steal from her any one of a lover's privileges.

"Mignon," he said, "I want you to listen to me, and to try and understand me if you can. You do not love me now; it is not possible that you should do so (for, although you seem most familiar to me since I have watched and followed you so long, yet I have been to you no more than any one of the idle, impertinent young men who have stared at you in

church and out walking), but you will be no such inapt pupil, my flower, and, whether you love me or not, you shall be no man's wife but mine—I swear it! And if by any cheat or fraud any man come between us, I will wrest you from him—ay! and keep you, for to no other man can you be what you are to me; and if by any cursed misfortune I lost you, I would search the world through and through until I had found you; so don't dream that you will escape or elude me, Mignon, for you will not. In about a fortnight—you may look for me at any moment after the fourteenth day has passed—I shall return. I shall walk straight to this garden, and probably I shall find you sitting here on this old chair, and maybe you will wear a white gown and a red rose at your breast, just as you wear to-day—and you will look just as little and childish and lovely as you do to-day; and I shall say to you, 'Mignon, I have come to ask you to be my wife;' and you will put your little hand in mine; and then, Mignon, then, in the dull old garden I will teach you one by one the lessons of love.

"It is possible," he went on, "that people will tell you stories about me, but you will not believe them, my little one; you will just say to yourself, '*He is coming back in fourteen days to marry me, and he loves me dearly, dearly!*' and so you need not mind the stories. And do not let any one fall in love with you, do not dare—"

His blue eyes had so fierce a menace in them that they appeared almost black for the moment; then, as they dwelt on Mignon's dimpled, charming face, he smiled; and so, with a last, long look, and a close, strong hand-clasp, he was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

"He ne'er is crowned
With immortality who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead."

SILENCE in the garden for the space of a full minute. Even the scraping of Adam's knife ceased, and, turning half round, he leaned his hand upon the gravel, and looked across at the girl's downcast face, and lips pursed into the semblance of a pout.

Looking up suddenly and meeting his eyes, for so intense was his regard that he could not instantly withdraw it, an idea came into her head, and, jumping up, she crossed the garden and came to his side.

"Adam," she said, seriously, "would you mind telling me—as you have got a sweetheart of your own, and of course know something about such matters—whether you ever heard of a person being married straight off *against her will*, whether she would or not?"

"Such things used to be, miss," he said, "but nowadays it's not often heard of."

"Then," said Mignon, "you would say that if a person were threatened with such a thing she need not be very uneasy—he could not *make* her say 'Yes?'"

"No," said Adam, "but she might change her

mind, or he might coax her into saying it—you're quite sure it *would* be against her will?"

His keen eyes studied every line of her face as he spoke.

"Quite sure!" said Mignon, emphatically. "You see, Adam, a love-letter is a perfectly charming thing, and to know that somebody is in love with a person is more charming still, but what on earth would one do with a *husband*?"

"What, indeed," said Adam, his heart as light as a feather (and why should this be?), "if she is quite sure?"

He was standing up now, and as he faced her she was not quite up to his shoulder. All homely as was his garb, his grand comeliness made him more than a match for the girl, who stood with cheeks flushed by excitement, and the exceeding neat, soft hair sadly tumbled, and two red lips just parting to speak.

"She is quite sure," said Mignon, nodding, "and I am very much obliged to you, Adam. I should not have had to ask if Prue had got a sweetheart, and knew more about such matters—only, you see, she has not got one at all, poor thing!"

Then she smelled her roses, appeared to forget all about Adam, stood still for some moments, thinking, moved slowly away, and presently left the garden.

He went quietly on with his weeding for a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes, thirty, then made up his mind that she was not coming out again until the evening, and prepared for departure. He collected the weeds into a respectable heap, rose, picked up his mat, and was turning toward the ladder when the sound of approaching footsteps set his heart beating, and turned his head in the direction of the garden-door. A half-smile came over his face as he discovered not Mignon, but Prue.

"And now," said he to himself, "the deluge!"

He wore no hat, his face was clear as the day before her eyes, and the recognition was, on both sides, perfect.

"You villain!" she cried, coming over to him like a whirlwind. "What have you done with that letter you stole?"

He touched his breast. "I have it here," he said.

She looked down at the knife and mat he held in his hands, at his unmistakable gardener's dress, at his shirt-sleeves and bare head, then—

"Good Lord!" she cried, drawing the deepest breath she ever took in her lips, "and I took you—I actually took you that night, for a gentleman!"

"And why did you?" he said. "I don't remember giving you any particulars as to my station in life. I told you I was an honest man—which I am."

"An honest man?" retorted Prue, with intense scorn, "and you have the impudence to call yourself *that*? And pray, if I may make so bold as to ask the question, what have my young lady done to you that you should take such a powerful interest in her as to *steal her letters*?"

"The question *is* a bold one," said Adam, "and one that I don't choose to answer any one but *her*."

"You'll have the face to tell her, yourself, what you've done?" said Prue, altogether staggered by his assurance.

"Yes, I shall tell her."

"No wonder you disappeared so quick that day at Madame Tussaud's," she said. "I'd scarcely got sight of my young lady when you bolted—"

She paused, for the first time remembering that this man, no matter what his doings might be, had saved her young mistress's life at the peril of his own.

But as she looked at him, cool, confident, fearless, her anger rose again and burned hotly in her breast.

"And if you're going to tell her," she said, "why didn't you do it before? you've had opportunities enough while you've been sneaking about her garden, goodness knows!"

"I did not intend to tell her that until I thought it time to tell her—other things."

"Do you know what you are *talking* about," cried Prue, in a rage, "that you speak of telling her this and that, as though she were a cook or a housemaid—one of your own class—do you know who she *is*, I say?"

"A young woman," said Adam, his face softening, "and a good one too—God bless her!"

Prue's anger suddenly died, it was too useless to be retained, and she looked at the young man with a sensation of despair. As yet not the dimmest suspicion of the heights to which his audacious hopes aspired had shadowed itself ever so faintly upon her mind.

"'Tis a true saying that ill-doings never prosper," said Prue, "and I'm sure yours didn't. You stole the letter and made a thief of yourself for nothing. You tried to keep Mr. Rideout and my young lady apart—well, he's mad in love with her, and ready to marry her whenever she pleases. There!"

"Yes," said Adam, "I know it. He was here this afternoon."

"*Here!*" cried Prue, starting back; "*here*, did you say?"

"Yes, why not? Has she not told you?"

"I've not seen her. I've been into Lilytown, and came straight out here. *He's* a bold one," she added, half aloud, "to cut in like that the very first time I turned my back."

"I don't think your mistress will marry Mr. Rideout," said Adam.

"And pray, why not?" said Prue, tartly, "unless you're going to take upon yourself to forbid the bans!"

"There are one or two objections," said Adam, calmly, "or at least—I think so."

"And what may they be?" cried Prue, angry and inquisitive; "maybe you think she's over-young for marrying?"

"No," he said, "I should not consider that an objection. Plenty of girls marry as young as she."

"Or he's poor?"

"He's very rich—as riches go."

"Maybe he's not his own master?"

"He has no parents, and is absolutely his own master."

"Then," said Prue, "if he is rich, and his own master, and so deep in love with her, and if she favors him, whatever on earth can there be to keep them apart?"

"Two things," said Adam. "In the first place, Mr. Rideout is married already; and, in the second, I mean to marry her myself."

CHAPTER XII.

"I loved her to the very white of truth,
And she would not conceive it."

LEANING her brows against the window-pane in the bare and now deserted school-room, Mignon kept her watch for Muriel, and felt her soul die within her for longing to see the well-known slender figure turn in at the garden-gate, to hear the echo of her hurrying feet upon the gravel-walk, and the sound of her passionate, eager cry of "Gabrielle! Gabrielle!" Three days had gone by since Mignon had, in mere idleness of spirit, paid that visit to Madame Tussaud's that was fated to end in so strange a fashion; three days—only that, no more than an hour to untroubled, happy people, yet a long, long while to this girl who had for the first time tasted the exceeding bitterness of that hope deferred which "maketh the heart sick."

The silence of her sister for the past year and a half had been hard to bear, but the treasure and reward lying in the future had been anticipated with such entire trust that, though in the earlier portion of the time she had suffered keenly, yet she had never once endured the misery of either doubt or despair. But now, now that she knew Muriel to be close at hand, divided from her merely by a few houses, and fields, and roads, and conscious (as she must be) of how anxiously the little sister was watching for her coming, yet making no sign, sending no word, seeming to forget her, as though she had no existence, now, I say, upon Mignon's loving and faithful heart fell the cold and cruel blight of open and acknowledged neglect. Neglect—that is more pitiless than jealousy, more inhuman than hatred, that (even as the plant that entangles and crushes the life out of the living insect it infolds) closes about the heart with a numbed embrace that slowly destroys all energy, hope, and gladness, yea, and that better part of existence without which we are happier dead than living.

To suffer and sorrow for misfortune's sake is natural and healthy, to receive unkindness from the world is easy to understand and light to bear, but neglect at the hand of one from whom love alone is due (else should we not mourn its withdrawal so deeply) is unnatural, and a violation of the laws of human nature. And this thing, that uses no harsh words, acts no tangible savagery, that has even an

outward seeming of fairness and gentleness, and is liable to no such punishment as is meted out to bold and overt forms of cruelty, is yet the most dastardly and barbarous of all the weapons placed in our hands whereby we have power to stab the hearts of those who love us. The shadows were beginning to creep about the girl's young life—to creep higher and higher till they rested upon her heart and settled there, but this she could not know as she watched patiently on from day to day and hour to hour for one who never came.

Someone came from behind her, and took one of the soft, girlish hands between her two hard, rough ones. It was Prue.

"Miss Mignon, dear heart," she said, "and won't you come out for a bit this afternoon, even if 'tis only so far as the garden? You've not crossed the threshold these three days, and you so used to pretty high life in the open air! And if *she* should come"—the woman hesitated and turned aside—"couldn't I fetch you in less than a minute, miss?"

"And what would she say," cried the girl, "if she came, and I were not here to run to the door and welcome her? She would think that I was angry with her, that I had grown careless of her"—she paused, and put both her hands suddenly to her side. "Such a pain, Prue!" she said—"oh, such a pain! Such a feeling that everything is going *wrong* with me, and that I don't know how to put it right again! If I had not seen her, if I did not *know* that she was alive and well, I should think that it meant that she was *dead*!"

"No, no, miss," said Prue, gently, "not dead—forgetful, maybe, but not dead. Don't ever think of such a thing, little mistress; and why should you fret yourself so sore for one as never seems to fret herself about you?"

"You do not understand," said Mignon, coldly and proudly, and turned without another word and went quietly away.

She paused a moment upon the threshold of the house-door; for her eyes were dazzled by the sun, and the vivid green of the trees and bushes smote her almost painfully after the subdued light within-doors; then she descended the steps, and went round soberly enough into the garden. It seemed to her a long while since she had walked in it, and that a great deal had happened to her in that time, although, in truth, nothing new had come to her save the sharpness of a disappointment that to her undisciplined heart had all the force of a revelation and the cruelty of an injustice.

She sat down in the old place and picked up her embroidery that lay just where she had left it, the complexion thereof being in no way improved by the night dews and noonday sun. There had not been a drop of rain, so the needle was still unruined and filled with cotton; a thimble lay in her pocket, she drew it out, and commenced working. The quiet mind is an excellent incentive to manual labor; she had never before worked so steadily and industriously as she did now. Somebody came through the door communicating with the other garden and advanced

toward her, but she did not lift her eyes; she believed it to be Prue, and she was angry with the woman, and did not desire either her society or her conversation. But when the steps paused before her, she knew that it was not Prue, and, looking up, saw that it was Adam the gardener.

"Is that you, Adam?" she said, surprised that he should have come by way of the garden instead of the wall, "and have you come to do some weeding for me to-day?"

"No," he said, "not to-day."

Something in his voice made Mignon glance at him in surprise. Was this *Adam*, this man with boldly-lifted brows and fearless regard, as of equal meeting equal, yet with some feeling stronger and deeper than pride subduing and softening his features to a nobility that she had never seen them wear before?

Scarcely noting his expression, she became cognizant of an indefinable yet certain change in his manner. Altogether innocent of the intense vulgarity that passes by the name of high breeding, and that would regulate politeness by the position occupied by the person addressed in the social scale, that is forever drawing distinctions, and measuring people not by what they *are*, but by what they have, Mignon possessed that sweet and gentle courtesy that is inbred in some men and women, and put forth as naturally to the poor as to the rich; but at the first suspicion of an encroachment, by either look or word, the proud Ferrers blood showed itself, and her tone instantly defined his position as gardener, hers as gentlewoman, as she said:

"You wish, then, to speak to me?"

"I have something of yours in my possession that I wish to restore to you," he said, and drew from his pocket a letter sealed with red wax.

She took it from his hand, and read aloud:

"PHILIP RIDEOUT, ESQ.

Lilytown."

The handwriting was her own. The matter of the lost letter had concerned her but little—nay, in the trouble of the last few days, she had forgotten its very existence, and the time of her writing it seemed a long, long while ago to her now.

"How did you come by this?" she said, in wonder; "where on earth did you find it?"

"I stole it from Mr. Rideout," said Adam.

"You stole it!" she said, staring at him in utter bewilderment, "and why did you do that?"

He made no reply, only bent his eyes downward, and waited quietly for her next words.

She passed her hand hastily over her brow, looked at the letter, then back again at him. Then, even as it had done to Prue, the indifference, or, as it seemed to her, effrontery, of his bearing angered her.

"And so you were a thief all the while," she said, slowly, "and I thought you were an honest man! Who gave you the right to intermeddle in my affairs? What was it to you whether I wrote to Mr. Rideout

or not? Did Miss Sorel set you over me as a *spy* and a keeper when she went away?"

No answer.

"So *that* was why you came into the garden that morning?" she cried, roused more and more by his apparent apathy, and with all her other troubles swept clean away in the excitement of the moment.

"I saw you peeping into my book and fingering my thimble—were you trying to find a clew to my other doings? Were you trying to *pick up* something to my discredit?"

No answer.

"I have only one more question to ask you," she went on: "*why did you not read my letter* while you were about it—why do you return it to me now, above all, with the seal unbroken? Better an out-and-out dishonor than one badly cloaked with a semblance of truth!"

Still no reply, not a tremor of the eyelids, not a quiver of the firm lips, to show that her barbed words struck home, and wounded him to the quick.

"And if you thought to do harm by stealing that letter," she said, with a triumphant ring in her voice that dashed out the scorn, "you did not—it made no difference to Mr. Rideout: he came and told me all about it! But you know that already—you were in the garden *spying* when he came, though surely you made a terrible mistake in being *out of ear-shot*! You might have come as near as you pleased, and it would never have occurred to me that you were listening—for, you see, I did not know you were a *spy*. And now I understand why I caught you staring so at me when he went away.—Tell me," she cried, "if you are man enough to be able to speak the truth, who set you to watch me, to lie in wait for my letters, to come into my garden on false pretenses, to lead me on to talk to you *trustfully* as I should to Prue? Was it—though I *cannot* believe it—Miss Sorel?"

"No," he said, "it was not Miss Sorel."

"You did it simply and solely of your own accord?"

"Simply and solely of my own accord!"

"I have no more to say to you," she said, "except that I am sorry—very sorry—that I have found you out to be so bad."

Her eyes were wistful, her face was pale: following upon the broken promise of the past three days came this new disappointment, for she had liked and instinctively trusted this man, and she was, as she had said, *sorry*.

His heart ached as he looked at her, and to himself he said that his punishment was beginning.

"And now," he said, aloud, "you will listen to me. Had you not better sit down? you will be tired."

She looked at him, hesitated, then sat down again, obeying the law that impels the strong will to yield to the stronger—a submission that has in it all the elements of rebellion, and is as little grateful to the recipient as it is hateful to the giver.

"You have called me thief, eavesdropper, and spy," he said, "and each of those appellations is justly bestowed upon me, but you have not yet dis-

covered the full extent of the fraud I have practised upon you. Can you guess what that is?"

She looked at him, measuring him from head to foot, his common dress, his pride of regard, his well-shaped feet and hands, and all at once something flashed upon her that she had been blind indeed not to have discovered long ago, and, catching that sudden light in her eyes, Adam knew that she had guessed the truth.

"You are not a gardener, after all," she said, "you are a gentleman! And you came into my garden pretending to be what you were not?" she said, slowly. "You obtained a footing in it by a lie, and kept it by hundreds of others?"

"Yes," he said, but by now a red flush had crept slowly up to his brow, and settled there.

"You let me order you about as though you were a servant, and laughed at me in your sleeve while you weeded the gravel-walks?"

"I let you order me about, but I did not laugh at you in my sleeve."

"I gave you a tart?"

"Yes."

"And you ate it?"

"Yes."

"And you called me *miss*?"

"I did."

"And I recommended you to study English history?"

"Yes."

"And you said you would rather be a *man* than a gentleman, and you were a gentleman all the time?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" cried the girl, starting up, and covering her scarlet cheeks with both hands, "I shall never get over it—I shall die of shame, and oh, how I scorn, how I *detest* you!"

"Mignon!" cried the young man, in his excitement, and so shaken was she by the violence of the conflicting emotions that swayed her that she never observed the slip, "I have told you the end of the story—the beginning you have yet to learn—my actions you know, but the motives that prompted them you do not—"

"Nor do I wish to hear them," cried the girl; "your actions are enough, and more than enough for me! Did you think because I was a poor, friendless schoolgirl, with no father, or mother, or brother—*nobody* to stand up for me—that you could play off as many *practical jokes* upon me as you pleased?"

"Mignon," cried Adam, in despair, "can't you understand why I have done all this? do you not see how I have tried to be your friend all along, even if I did make a terrible mistake at the beginning?"

She did not reply, she was weeping; a great many causes conspired to make the salt-fountain overflow; but Adam took them (being ignorant of the pressure of other troubles upon her) to be altogether due to his bad behavior.

"Mignon," he cried again, distracted by the sight of her tears, his calmness utterly forsaking him, "won't you try to overlook the past—won't you be-

gin it all over again, on a better, surer foundation, and give me at least the chance of earning your good opinion?"

"How could I trust you again?" she said, taking her hands away from her face. "How should I know when you were telling me truth and when falsehood? I *liked* you—and you saved my life," she added, sobbing; "I can never forget *that*."

"If it will soften your anger to me," he said, gently, "remember that and forget all the rest—you need fear no intrusion from me, or that I shall molest you in any way, and you may walk in your garden with as much security as though I were a hundred miles away. I will never enter it again *until you call me*. If you should require a friend at any time send for me; a man may be a good friend, Mignon, although he be a liar, thief, spy, and eavesdropper. Prue has somewhat to say to you on the subject of Mr. Rideout that will demand your careful attention; and, if you can ever feel that you forgive me, will you send me one word—only one, and you will make the most miserable man upon earth the happiest?"

Then, as she made no sign, he went slowly away, and left her standing there alone.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Let the white death sit on thy cheek forever,
We'll ne'er come there again."

"PRUE," said Mignon, sitting down unexpectedly on the floor, "I will *never* believe in anybody living again (except Muriel); and, if you were to take it into your head to kill me one night in my sleep, I should not be in the *least* astonished, and indeed I should say it was only *just* what I had expected."

"I don't s'pose you'd say anything at all in that case, Miss Mignon," said Prue, who was giving the drawing-room a thorough good dusting in anticipation of Miss Sorel's return.

"I am very little more than sixteen years old," said Mignon, addressing a bunch of flowers painted by her own hand, and duly framed and hung up on the opposite wall, and of which the roses were so deeply red, the violets so intensely blue, and the leaves so overpoweringly green, that they made the eyes wink again to look at them; "and I think the world a shockingly wicked, deceitful, *surprising* place, and human nature as bad as bad can be. Now, what should you suppose will be my opinion of the same by the time I am *sixty*?"

"A deal more favorable to human nature," said Prue, who was dusting the chaste Diana, with averted eyes, as much as to say that if that misguided young person fancied herself without any clothes, *she* for one was not going to abet the iniquity by looking at her. "When people get a better knowledge of themselves, miss (and years give 'em that), they discover so much wickedness *in* themselves that they're in no hurry to cast stones at their neighbors. 'Tis only the young, miss, as comes to conclusions so

mighty quick, and finds hard words come quicker to their tongues than kind ones."

"But, surely," cried Mignon, pushing back her hair, "downright wicked things like deceit, lies, and worse, *require* hard language? Can being *old* turn black things into white? Do old people have an upside-down dictionary, and call virtue *vice*, and vice *virtue*?"

"No, Miss Mignon, but they go deeper than just outsides—they see reasons."

"Would any amount of reasons make it right for you to deceive me as you did about that letter, Prue? Would an old person find a satisfactory reason why Mr. Rideout should ask me to marry him, when he had a wife all the time, and his name was not Rideout at all?"

"No," said Prue, "I've got no reasons for *him*—he's a rascal—and I should like" (making a movement of her hand that in a man would have taken the form of a doubled-up fist) "to tell him so to his face."

"I can't say I am very sorry at *his* bad behavior," said Mignon, sighing; "for I have been racking my brains as to what good excuse I should give him when he came back for not marrying him, for he is such a tremendous person that it would *not* be easy to say 'No' to him; but *now* I shall just be able to drop him a courtesy and say, 'Thank you very much, but does the English law permit a person to have *two* wives?'"

"Villain!" cried Prue; "and what a silly, *believing* woman was I, good Lord!"

"Perhaps it is not true, after all," said Mignon.

"How are we to know that Adam was not telling us some more stories? Though why it should matter to *him* whether Mr. Rideout is married or single, or what on earth could have induced him to steal that letter, is more than I can understand! Do you think it is possible that he is a kleptomaniac, Prue?"

"What's that, miss?"

"A man who appropriates other people's goods: if he is rich, and in no want of the things he takes, he is called a kleptomaniac; but, if he is a poor man, or starving and despairing, he is called—a thief."

"No, miss," said Prue, frowning; "he's not that. It wasn't stealing either, for he gave it back to you; and, when he took it, 'twas for *your* good."

"But why concern himself about my good?" said Mignon, looking puzzled. "What could it matter to him whether I wrote to Mr. Rideout or not?"

"Because," said the woman, "he knew you had no relations, nobody to look after you but a silly creature called Prue—and that Mr. Rideout was a bad man, not fit for a young lady to be writing to—and so he took the letter."

"You seem to have a very good opinion of him," said Mignon, "though I'm sure I can't see what he has done to deserve it! The only difference between them that I can see is, that one came in at the garden-door and made unlawful love, and the other came over the garden-wall and played the spy—and really I do not think there is a pin to choose between

them! Though, after all," she added, wearily, "what does it matter how they behave, what does anything matter, so long as she still delays to come, and when she must know, too, how I am wearying for her?"

Rat-tat went the knocker at the hall-door, as though in answer to Mignon's words, causing her to start violently. What is there in the sound of the postman's knock that sets more hearts beating and nerves fluttering than any other sound upon earth?

"A letter from Muriel," she thought rather than spoke, and sprang to her feet. In a moment she had flung the house-door wide, to discover a boy on the step, who handed a yellow envelope to her with the customary inquiry, "Any answer?"

She did not hear him; she was looking at the ugly, narrow envelope with the most intense joy; it was from Muriel, she was sure of that, to say that she was coming immediately—and still her fingers tarried, and did not seem able to open it.

Prue came out. The boy went away. Mignon tore the envelope asunder, and read aloud the following words:

"M. GIRARDIN, To MISS GABRIELLE FERRERS,
Hôtel de B—, Rosemary,
Paris. Lilytown.

"An Englishwoman, named Sorel, died here last night of fever. By examination of papers have discovered above address. Some relative must come over at once to identify body and arrange for burial."

The telegram fell from Mignon's hands. The shock, following on her triumphant and mistaken gladness, was cruel. She looked at Prue, who seemed turned to stone, and did not utter a syllable. The cook appeared in the hall, attracted thither by the instinct that invariably draws people to the scene of a catastrophe, or the place where one is in process of being announced.

"Mistress is dead!" said Prue, and burst into tears.

"Dead!" said the cook, looking shocked, but putting on the pleasurable air of excitement that domestic misfortune ever seems to afford ordinary unattached servants, to whom a death or a wedding is equally productive of fuss and importance, agreeably combined with a total disregard of the everyday duties that it has been their custom to fulfill. Mignon did not weep; there was a strange tightness about her heart, and she felt as one who has been stunned by a heavy and unexpected blow. She had given the dead woman respect, not love, yet respect is as good a thing as love in its way, and Miss Sorel had been her only friend, save Prue, for four long years. It smote her with a dull and bitter pang; how often lately she had taken her name between her lips, carelessly, ignorantly, even unkindly, speaking lightly of that home-coming that should never come to pass—at the very time, perhaps, when she had been passing away to that unutterable mystery and greeting that mortal eye hath not seen nor ear heard!

"The telegram said that somebody must go,"

said Prue, taking her apron from her eyes. "O poor mistress—poor mistress!—nobody ever came to see her but her brother, and he lives somewhere in the north; did she ever tell you his address, Miss Mignon?"

"Never," said the girl, and shivered, scarcely knowing why, as she recalled the sinister-faced man who had looked at her so strangely, and spoken to her so roughly, on the sole occasion when she had found herself in his presence.

"If the address is anywhere, it will be in the big writing-table that stands in her room," said Prue, lowering her voice involuntarily as she uttered the pronoun that now stood for what was not.

"We must go and see," said Mignon, who felt as one who moves in a dream, yet knows the awaking will surely come by-and-by.

They went up-stairs, and into the pretty, sunny chamber that would receive its mistress never any more; treading softly, as though she were by to hear them, and looking about with that fearful awe that ever attends the dwelling-places of those who were ever by us, but are now apart.

The table was securely locked, and would yield to no key that the house afforded; finally, and with a roughness that made Mignon turn her head, half expecting to see the tall, slender shape and the gray gown of the woman whose secrets were so rudely violated, the desk was forced open, and its orderly contents became visible—neatly-labeled packets of bills, files of accounts, school and tradesmen's books, all the tidy odds and ends of a careful manager and a prim old maid—and Prue, who had seen it all many times before, felt her eyes fill again.

The search was not a long one. Two or three slender packets of letters, indorsed "Silas Sorel to Lalage Sorel," were placed in such view that the most casual glance could not fail to fall upon them. Mignon drew out one of the sheets, and, turning to the heading, read:

"The How, Northallerton, Yorkshire."

As she laid the letter down again, she perceived a packet addressed to herself, and indorsed, "Not to be opened until after my death."

She took it in her hand, and again, burning summer day though it was, she shivered, and her face was very pale as she said to Prue:

"See! this is addressed to me. It is no theft to take what is my own."

"It is yours," said Prue, sobbing, "since she is dead. Poor soul! poor soul!"

"I will write the telegram," said Mignon, looking down at the packet in her hand, "and you shall take it, Prue, but not here; let us go down-stairs."

Five minutes later Mignon was sitting in her chamber, the unopened letter in her hand, alone.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter; some that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender: and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire."

MIGNON broke the seal, and took out two inclosures—the one a long and closely-written letter, the other a sealed envelope, that was, oddly enough, also addressed to herself, the superscription of which was as follows:

"Not to be opened until the other letter is read."

The habit of obedience was still strong upon her; she laid it down on her lap and took up the other. It ran thus:

"In the event of my sudden decease by sickness, railway-accident, fire, or any one of those urgent summonses of God that men misname chance, I write these words for your enlightenment and guidance, my poor little Mignon, since, when I am gone, there will not be in the whole world a more lonely, friendless creature than yourself. For my own sake I do not fear Death; nay, I listen for his footsteps in the stillness of the night, in the glory of the noonday, at evening-tide when the night is closing in, and, when he lays his cold hand on mine, I shall go to him as gladly as a bride to her bridegroom; but my heart aches when I think of you, whom I cannot choose but leave desolate and unprovided for, and for your sake I would live yet a few years longer, until I had seen you placed securely beyond the storms and temptations of life. Then I could face your father without fear in the Great Beyond where he awaits me, and say to him, 'I have left her safe, the little daughter that you trusted to my care.' It may be that you will never read these lines; that I shall tell you my story some night when the darkness hides from me your face—the face that is a birthright from your dead father, and yet bears a strong resemblance to your mother—and it was this same resemblance to her that hardened my heart against you, and made my looks and ways so cold to you always.

"Twenty-one years ago I was but a very little older than you now are, and happy. No bird rioting in his short summer-day gladness was happier than I, for my heart was filled with the first rapture and glory of a young girl's love, than which there can on earth be nothing more exquisite, for believe me, child, when I tell you that, no matter how strong, and deep, and true, may be the second love of a man or woman, it can never approach that first matchless passion when the fancy flew like an arrow and the heart followed after, and there was no question of measure or compassion, but each poured out the riches of the soul in one supreme joy, recking not if the cup were drained, the golden wine squandered in one draught, and no drop left remaining for the long, long years of the future.

"We were but a month from our wedding-day,

your father and I, when your mother crossed our path—beautiful, cold, unscrupulous—a woman of no compassion and many vices, who lied, and schemed, and plotted, and divided us from each other—divided us so utterly, that to the day of his death he never knew but that I had played him false; yet loved me so faithfully, so enduringly, that the last letter his poor stiffening fingers penned was to me, as the last name he uttered, when he lay a-dying, was '*Lalagé! Lalagé!*' not his wife's name, only his poor lost sweetheart's. I received and read his letter; I have it still, it has lain ever since on my breast by night and day, it will go with me to my coffin; and in this letter he prayed me, for the sake of the love I had once borne him, to befriend his little daughter when he was gone. A ruined man, the splendid fortune for which your mother had married him squandered in mad extravagance, he knew of no one to whom he could make such a request but me. Muriel was old enough to earn her bread, but you were only a child; and having made his prayer to me he died, and I did not shed one tear for him, for he seemed nearer to me dead than he had for long years been to me living.

"He was scarcely cold in his grave when your mother died, of a broken heart, the world said, and the world was right; the loss of wealth, station, and all that was to her the very principle of existence, killed her. She was no more than a shadow to Muriel and you, and, when she went, you scarcely missed her; your lives were literally bound up in each other, and for even your rarely-seen father you had but little affection. Then I knew that the time had come to redeem my unspoken promise, and I went to my brother and told him what I was about to do. He had always hated your father, with a hatred that nothing could exceed, and, on hearing that I meant to adopt his daughter, his fury rose to madness, and he swore that, if I took you under my care, I should never enter his doors again. Then, when I told him my mind was made up, he bade me begone and starve with you—ay, starve; for all the fortune I possessed was a scanty pittance left me by my mother—or so it seemed to one who had never known the use of money, or the lack of it.

"I left him and came to London, and then my struggles began. It is difficult for a woman to obtain a subsistence, even if she possesses the knowledge necessary to earn it; it is more difficult still when she knows not how to seek it, and has no friends to advise her; nevertheless it came to pass that ere many months were past I was able to fetch you to a home—a home to which you came with passionate grief and frantic unwillingness, for, though you had lost both your parents, yet the first real trial of your life was your separation from Muriel, and though I besought her to come and live with me as well, she would not do so; she must make her own way in the world, she said, but would ask my leave to come and see you twice a year.

"I made her promise that she would never tell you that you were indebted to me for a home; I

thought the knowledge might fetter and gall you, so you never guessed but that your father left you in my charge, with a certain sum of money for your use and maintenance.

"And now, Mignon, the bitter gist of my story is to come, and how hard it is to me to tell you will never know—it is this: At my death the paltry income that I possess passes into my brother's hands, and leaves you totally unprovided for. If I could have left you some certain yearly sum, however small, upon which you might subsist when other means failed you, I should die content, but it grieves me sorely to leave you without one creature to whom you can look for protection or help, save Prue, who loves you, and is a good woman, yet has it not in her power to do more than serve you faithfully. By patient care, I have succeeded in saving for you the sum of a hundred pounds, which I have paid in at the Lilytown bank, in your real name, Gabrielle Ferrers—and that you must almost have forgotten, since it is so long since any one called you by it—a name I have ever hated, since it was your mother's, so that when, a year ago, Lu-Lu christened you 'Mignon,' I encouraged the idea, until at last you came to be called by that and no other.

"And now for the future. If I do not return, and since I know my brother too well to believe that he will hold out any hand of help toward you, your best plan will be to seek employment as governess or companion, with Prue's help. I have already spoken to her on the subject, and the money I have left you will pay both her expenses and yours until such time as you have found a shelter. Trusting in God and your own heart, in the integrity of your principles, in the purity of your soul, all will yet be well with you; and if it should be that the love of a good man becomes yours, I beseech you do not cast it aside for any fancy or whim or folly, for, although you may have many lovers, there will not be more than one worth the taking. And I warn you against believing the passionate, vehement wooer, who vows the world to be well lost, for your sake, against the true and steady one, who does his duty before Heaven and his own conscience, and whose love for you is no sudden caprice born of your beauty, but a deep and steady affection that will wax deeper, not colder, as time goes by.

"You will perhaps lay down my letter here to

say to yourself: 'Have I not Muriel? Can I be so friendless, when the thing I love best on earth is alive and well?' O Mignon!—Mignon!—I have something to say to you: *I have received news of your sister Muriel.*"

Mignon sprang up with a low cry.

"Oh, how cruel—how cruel!" she cried, passionately, "never to say one word to me, and when I used to ask her *every day*—" She broke off, suddenly conscious that she was speaking of the dead; and is there any more shameful disloyalty on earth than to have unkind thoughts or words for those who can speak no syllable to reinstate themselves in our regard?

She seized the letter, but was so blinded by excitement and eagerness that the written words danced before her eyes; by-and-by they steadied themselves, and she read as follows:

"If I return safely from those lonely cities where my restless feet bear me up and down, backward and forward, as some strange yet certain instinct to-night tells me that I shall *not* return, this letter, with its inclosure, will be destroyed, and of your sister you will learn no tidings from me, until she returns to tell you all, of her own free-will; but, since it is possible that the knowledge I possess will be forced upon you in some unforeseen and abrupt manner, and that the telling of the story may come more gently from my lips than from those of a stranger, I leave a written account of my interview with her, although I am bound to tell you that, if you read it, you do so in defiance of her expressed wish and command. You have your choice of two things: you worship Muriel, and to you she is a type of perfect purity and goodness; you could better believe evil of yourself than of her.

"Mignon, little adopted daughter, I would that you might keep your faithful, beautiful belief in Muriel always, that in your thoughts she should be ever as she is to-day; therefore, I leave it in your own hands whether you destroy, unread, the letter I inclose in this, or read it, and thereby lose the purest jewel out of your life. I say, I leave it in your own hands, for I am sorely perplexed between my promise to *her* and my duty to *you*. Farewell. God bless and protect you always!

"LALAGE MAKEPEACE SOREL."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WIND IN THE BIRCH.

AGAINST the pine-tree's solemn green
The birch-tree's airy foliage
Scarce hides its modest limbs' bright sheen.
The air and sky its heritage,
Its roots are in the cliff's steep verge;
And, through the branches interlaced,
I see the ocean flash and surge
O'er rocks half by the foam effaced.

The gay west wind doth whisper long
Amid thy leaves, fair birchen tree,
Before is lost his merry song
In pine-tree dirges by the sea—
As if a youthful messenger
Of counselors severe and old
Should meet his love and speak with her;
For news can keep till love is told.

DOCTOR ADLERBERG.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO PATIENTS.

DR. ADLERBERG had been sent for in great haste to attend a sick child, one so ill that she had been given up by her attending physician as beyond hope of recovery. It was a case of enteric fever, commonly and improperly known as "typhoid." The medical man first called in, a man of note in his profession, said that all further efforts were useless, and a consultation a mere waste of time. As a last resort, it was proposed to send for a younger physician, who was said to be prompt and skillful. The elder abandoned the case to his younger brother, shrugging his shoulders and arching his eyebrows as he did it, to show that the proceeding was a tragic farce, and the undertaker the only one necessary to be consulted. And this was why Dr. Adlerberg found himself alone with the case.

The chamber which the young physician entered was in the second story of a house in the eastern part of Grand Street, tenanted by a master-carpenter and house-builder named Robert Bell. That Mr. Bell was in thriving circumstances seemed probable. The apartment was not only filled with a suit of handsome and even elegant furniture, the floor covered with a heavy Brussels carpet glowing with colored designs on a lavender ground, and the windows hung with curtains of heavy reps to the light and lace to the shade, but there were objects scattered around that proved money to spare, as well as indicated the presence of some one possessing cultured taste. The ornaments on the mantel-shelf were *terra-cotta* vases of antique and graceful shape; hanging shelves in a recess were filled with neatly-bound books; a guitar-case leaned in a corner; and on a small table were a heavy bronze inkstand-dish, a gold pen, some paper, and a book with the place last read marked by an ivory cutter. On a chair by the table hung carelessly a piece of half-finished embroidery. On the wash-stand were bottles of perfumery and other elegant accessories of the toilet. The doctor merely glanced at these without noting them particularly, and went at once to the bed where the sick child lay.

The patient was a girl of twelve years of age or thereabout. Her features were pinched, her skin ashen in hue, and the eyelids half closed over cavernous eyes that were set in a brown ring. There was but little of consciousness left. The physician gently lifted one of the slender hands that lay on the white counterpane, and felt the pulse; aroused the child so far as to cause her to protrude her tongue, and passed his hand inquiringly over the dry and harsh skin. The patient took little note of his proceedings. A young woman, who had risen when he entered the room, obeyed his signal, and followed him to the upper hall-way, closing the door after her.

"Where is Mrs. Bell?" he asked.

"She is lying down," was the answer. "She asked me to waken her when you came; but, as she was up all last night, and is exhausted with watching, I judged it best to disobey her. She requires sleep."

"Who sits up with Rose—the boy told me that was her name—to-night?"

"I shall."

"Can I count on your obedience to instructions?"

"I think you can. Let me know what you desire to be done, and I will endeavor to do it."

"Remember that it is not a matter for the exercise of judgment on your part, unless where so instructed. What I order done, must be done."

"Rest satisfied, sir. I have no desire to relieve you of any responsibility by meddling with the case."

"Ha! that is very well put. You noticed the condition of the tongue when I examined it?"

"Yes. It was dry, brown as chocolate, cracked in one or two places, and dry and shining where it was cracked. Are the symptoms fatal, as Dr. Larremore said? Will the girl die?"

"That depends upon the success of the treatment I intend; and success depends very much, if not altogether, on the manner in which my directions are followed. Who can go at once to the apothecary's?"

"Rose's brother George is in from school. He can go."

"Very good. The directions as to time and dose will be on the bottle, but I wish to add something. There will be sixteen doses—sixteen dessert-spoonfuls—one to be given every hour. It is now half-past three; it will be four o'clock, or later, when you get the medicine. Begin as soon as it comes. The twelfth dose will be some time near three o'clock to-morrow morning. Examine the tongue at that time. If it be moist, changed in color, and all or part of the brown peeled off, showing a natural surface or nearly so where the parts are exposed, let the next dose be less, and so diminish it a few drops with each succeeding dose until I come. I will be back at or before seven o'clock in the morning. And remember to shake the bottle well each time just before pouring out the emulsion."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember all these directions?"

"Perfectly. The bottle to be well shaken before using; a dessert-spoonful for a dose, to be given every hour, beginning as soon as the medicine has been brought from the apothecary's; if, after the twelfth dose, or just previous to the thirteenth, the tongue be moist, or the brown peeled off entirely or partially, and the red showing naturally beneath, to diminish the succeeding doses a few drops each time—how few? ten?"—the doctor nodded—"each time giving ten drops less than the time before."

The physician's countenance expressed his satisfaction.

"Good," he said. "Now, observe—this is a crisis. If, after taking the twelve doses, the tongue remains as dry as ever, and the patient as dull, or either, let me be sent for at once."

"And the other medicine?"

"The wine-whey my predecessor ordered as before, with the addition of the brandy.—Where is the boy?"

"Down-stairs. Shall I call him?"

"Wait."

The physician went back to the chamber, wrote the prescription, looked at the patient, who maintained her half-comatose state, and went back to where the young woman stood.

"Here is the prescription," he said. "I wish to impress on you, and through you on the mother, that the turning-point of the disease is at hand. Everything depends on the action of the medicine I am about to exhibit. If it produce the effect sought for, all will be well. If not, we must resort to other means, with less hope. I think it will do good work."

"The moist tongue will be a favorable sign?"

"Yes; but sometimes the disease is obstinate. In that case I shall probably increase the dose when you send for me. Don't despair. Everything depends upon the regularity with which the dose is given. Remember that, young lady."

"Mary, if you please, sir."

"Mary?"

"Yes, sir; I'm the girl."

"The girl?"

"Yes, sir; I'm assisting Mrs. Bell."

"Oh!"

Dr. Adlerberg looked at the speaker, and noted for the first time that, though neat and clean, her dress was of a coarse print. It was made close to the throat, and the white-linen collar at the neck was fastened with an ordinary mother-of-pearl button. The light at the head of the stairs was rather dim, but there was enough to show that the girl's features were not coarse at all events, and that she had a profusion of hair done up in an old-fashioned roll at the back of the head. However, this made no difference to the doctor, whose mind was on the patient, and who had no time to think of anything else. The girl was evidently possessed of sufficient intelligence, and she had none of that nervousness and lack of repose which he dreaded in a nurse. Not being akin to the child, she could be more cool and self-possessed than the mother.

Nevertheless, as the doctor in going out of the house had turned to caution Mary again, he scanned her rather closely. He noticed that her features, though apparently not of that outline we are accustomed to consider high caste, were tolerably regular; that the girl had shapely hands, a fresh and clear complexion, a finely-moulded chin, and a graceful figure. The face struck him as a melancholy one. But what most attracted him was the peculiarity of eyes and hair. The eyes were apparently black, but, as the light struck them sideways, he discovered the pupil to be of that rare shade, a deep indigo-blue.

If the color of the eyes were rare, that of the hair was still more unusual. In shadow it was a light flaxen with a leaden tinge; but where the light struck it it had a bright-golden tint. Somewhere at some time he had seen just such eyes and hair—but where?

He did not dwell on the question. He had no time. There were several patients to see, for he had an abundance of practice, though it was mainly of the kind more creditable than profitable. Eight years a graduate, he could not yet afford to keep his chaise, for he had a mother and sister to support. So it was just after dark when the tired physician let himself into his office, where he found the gas lighted, and two strangers awaiting his return. He soon dismissed these, and examined his slate. He found a message written on it, desiring him to visit that evening a Mr. Guy Brand, in Twenty-fourth Street. Tired as he was, there was no help for it, and, after snatching a hasty meal, he went toward Broadway, entered the first omnibus, and was soon at the corner of Twenty-fourth Street, where he got out, and proceeded to seek for this new patient.

He found the number readily enough, but, from the appearance of the house, made up his mind that he was to have one of the cases in which the approval of his conscience would be the main fee. It was a dilapidated building, with a grocery—in other words, a drinking-shop—on one side and a stable on the other; and, from the number and untidiness of the children who were enjoying the evening in their own way upon the sidewalk, it was tenanted by the poorest people. His inquiries, addressed to a middle-aged and exceedingly untidy woman, who, with pipe in mouth, leaned in the doorway, met with a prompt response.

"Is it owld Brand ye want? Sure he's sick, the owld skinflint—the devil's cure to him! Mebbe it's the doctor ye are?—Git out o' that, Katy, ye trollop, an' don't stand starin' there like a stuck pig!—It's on the top, there ye'll find him, sir—high up; more betoken he's fond o' high life, an' high rint, an' high owld divilmint generally, I'll be bound, av the truth wor known."

The doctor bowed his thanks, and made his way up the creaking staircase. "Sure he had a smile like sunrise," as the woman said afterward, with the imaginative expression of her race.

One, two, three, four landings, and there were no further stairs, but only a closed door. At this the physician knocked.

"Who's there?" inquired a thin, tremulous voice.

"It is I—Dr. Adlerberg."

"Come in, then; the door is unbolted."

The doctor entered. The chamber was not uncomfortable—rather neatly furnished, though no two things were of the same style. It looked as though the furniture had been bought piecemeal at the second-hand shops, and such was the case. Mr. Brand, who was a very old man, and apparently very ill and feeble, lay with his clothes on, upon a lounge. He motioned to a chair near him, and on which,

after drawing it close to his patient, the doctor seated himself.

"I have been unwell for a week, doctor," said the old man, "but I didn't think much of it until to-day, when I found my pains and aches rather serious. I have heard favorably of your skill, and I sent for you in preference to older men in your profession."

Dr. Adlerberg bowed his head in acknowledgment. The old man was apparently neither ignorant nor vulgar.

"And now, sir," resumed the patient, "as your time is supposed to be of value, and mine certainly is, let us to business."

Mr. Brand then detailed plainly and precisely his symptoms, anticipating all possible questions, thrust his wrist forward, and, when the pulse had been felt, thrust out his tongue.

The physician reflected, and then inquired the patient's age.

"Ninety-one in December, if I live so long—and I think I shall."

"You bear your age well, sir."

"Yes—I suppose so. But I am of a long-lived race, and have an iron constitution. What do you think of my case?"

"Have you not undergone some unpleasant excitement recently?"

"What business is that— But I suppose you ought to know. Yes, but it is all over, and will trouble me no more."

"In that case, I think I may venture to promise that, with care, and obedience to instructions, you will be around in a few days. Have you any one to send with a prescription?"

"I should think so. The tenants here don't love me, but they fear me. Any one in the house will go for it. You will find paper and pens on the table."

Dr. Adlerberg wrote a prescription, handed it to the patient, and gave directions as to diet, and the general management of the case. Then he arose to go.

"Stay," said the old man; "I want no bills. Here is your fee." And he handed him a folded bank-note, which the physician put, without examining it, in his pocket. "Come to-morrow, and every day so long as you think it necessary. 'Poor pay, poor preach,' they say—and poor pay, poor doctoring, I say. Good-night."

"Shall I send some one from below to take that to the apothecary's?"

"No, thank you. This bell-rope will bring a messenger."

The physician left, rather wondering at the manner of the old man, who he inferred was the owner of the house, and probably a miser. However, he had his dollar, with the prospect of several more, so he was satisfied.

He made his way to Broadway, and entered an omnibus. But he had no small change, and, after he was seated, bethought himself of Brand's dollar, which he drew from his vest-pocket, unfolded without looking at it, and handed to the driver.

"Oh, come, none of that!" growled the man of the whip, shoving the note back through the hole. "Who do you think's going to change ten dollars?"

Dr. Adlerberg took it back in astonishment; found it really was a ten-dollar bill, and then, diving in his pockets, made shift to find a smaller bit of currency, which the driver with some grumbling accepted.

Certainly here was a very good patient, if he would continue in the way he had begun. And the doctor thought a deal on this same liberal old man all the way down, and was still thinking of him when he reached his own home.

As for Mary, she had returned to the bedside of the sick child, where she was joined in the course of a few hours by both parents, the father having come home from a building whose erection he was superintending; and to these she communicated all that the doctor had said when he left.

Though Mary watched, the anxious mother still remained in the room, but toward morning, having been assured that all the favorable symptoms hoped for by the doctor had occurred, promised to diminish the dose according to instructions, and forced Mary to retire to her own chamber.

Promptly at seven the next morning, Dr. Adlerberg came, and found that his orders had been faithfully carried out, with good results. The crisis had passed favorably, and the patient was decidedly better. The physician delighted the parents by assuring them that with care and attention there was every reason to hope for a return of health to their child.

All the while the doctor's eyes wandered around the room.

"You had a nurse sitting with her last night," he at length said. "Your—your—a nurse, I believe?"

"Yes, though I remained here too."

"She has evidently followed my directions implicitly. She has done exceedingly well."

"She always does well, sir."

"I am glad to hear it. At first glance I was afraid she would not, for she has quite the air of a fine lady."

"She is a lady, sir."

The doctor laughed a little to himself at this reply, which was uttered in a sharp tone, as though Mrs. Bell rather resented his words.

"She certainly had the manners of one," he returned; "but that has nothing to do, after all, with the case in hand. If you will be kind enough to listen, I will give you minute instructions in regard to diet and general management during convalescence, and a caution to which you must pay the closest attention."

"Let me have that, if you please, sir," said a voice close at his elbow. Turning, he saw Mary, who had just come in, and to her he told precisely what to do, and when to do it; impressing on her that if the patient left the bed too soon the consequences might be fatal. He then left, but, before he went, noticed that the girl was dressed with more

pretension than before. She had on a gown of fine material, though plainly made, which fitted her admirably, and the color had been chosen, or had come by chance, to suit both style and complexion. In spite of a heaviness about the eyes, induced by lack of sleep, the young woman was a rather handsome person, with a distinguished look at variance with her station.

"Now," said he to himself, after he left the house, "I must think a little before I get to his den on the case of my liberal patient. He deserves to get well as speedily as possible."

But, in the midst of a close study of the symptoms of the nonagenarian, there would rise the vision of indigo-blue eyes, and hair that varied from a flaxen shade to golden; and the intrusive picture interfered sadly with medical logic.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOCTOR MAKES PROGRESS.

DR. ADLERBERG saw a great deal of his two new patients. The little girl recovered rapidly, but the doctor acquired the habit of dropping in frequently at the Bells' after his young patient had passed from a state of convalescence to that of robust health. Mr. Bell was passionately fond of draughts, and, though the doctor had never before discovered anything desirable in moving circular pieces of boxwood from square to square, the game had for him now a singular attraction. Once or twice a week he used to drop in after nightfall, and sit opposite to the builder, a small table covered with a draught-board between them. He did not make much progress to perfection in his play—Bell always beat him—but his perseverance was a marvel. It is possible he might have played better had he addressed his conversation less frequently to Mary during the progress of the game. Talking interfered, possibly, with the necessary abstraction. At length both his perseverance and his talk attracted the attention of the builder and his wife, who began to exchange significant glances.

The truth was, that this person, whose position was so undefinable, grew on him more and more. She continually improved in manner, and it seemed to him that she acquired additional refinement after every interval of absence. She became a delightful study. At one time he thought she might be a relative of Mr. Bell, but she was too refined for that.

As for the elder patient, his convalescence was rather slow. Men of advanced years do not so soon recover from an attack of illness. And then the old man had either taken a fancy to his physician or desired to make use of him. For he would often ask him, on his way down-town, to drop a letter for him, or send a message to his lawyer, with whom Adlerberg was well acquainted; and, as the doctor had no desire to disoblige a patient who paid so liberally and promptly, he always executed these commissions without demur. And so, between the rich man and

the poor, there sprang up an intimacy which continued after the old man's health was restored, and the fees had ceased to drop into the physician's pocket.

In a different way the different patients conspired to build up the young man's practice. The Bells were never weary of sounding the praises of the skillful man who had brought their child from the verge of the grave, where she had been left by a more famous practitioner. And the Bells, though quite ordinary people, made their influence felt in a palpable way. But when a wealthy stock-broker called him in, and he was followed by a great property-holder, he soon discovered that he owed these accessions to his professional visiting-list to the queer and crabbed old man, as his tenants styled him, and he mingled grateful feelings with his natural exultation.

Dr. Adlerberg was a rising man in his profession—a fact soon known and appreciated. Older physicians meeting him bowed to him, or shook hands, while they discussed him among themselves; and younger physicians sneered at his skill, or hinted a lack of it, as often as circumstances allowed, without regarding the fact that such conduct was a gross violation of the code of medical ethics. But the young doctor, though he heard of these last attacks through some too-obliging friends, was wise enough to regard them as tributes to his success, and let his self-satisfaction overbalance the momentary annoyance. He only studied his cases the harder, and at every hour of leisure sought the hospitals, and observed the practice of his seniors, which, whether he agreed with it or not, furnished him with useful lessons. He had an aim in life, namely, success in his profession, and with that another aim was insensibly weaving itself. For the young physician began to discover that his curiosity and interest had led to a deeper and purer feeling, and that he had drifted into love with Mary in spite of her apparent position.

The knowledge cost him some pangs. He had much blue blood in his veins. His mother was of a good American family; but his father had been the cadet of a noble house in Germany, an exile for having dabbled in politics on the liberal side, and so having incurred the disfavor of the grand-duke, his master, at whose petty court he held an official position. When he came here he had the good sense to drop the *von* from his name, and to forget it as nearly as possible; but he never forgot that he had sixteen quarterings, and, though he married an American of less pure genealogy, never failed to assure his son at the *Geburtstag* festival that he was of right a count by title, as his elder brother was, and his father had been before him. And this constant iteration had its effect—an effect not weakened by the death of the elder Adlerberg, and the hard struggle of the son. The death of the senior was hastened by the self-sacrifices he had made to educate his son, and give him that learning which by the true German is revered next to pure blood, and far before money. The son knew this; and his pride was still more intensified by his mother, who, now that she

was a widow, magnified not only the virtues but the rank of her dead Otto.

Nevertheless, blood or no blood, he felt that he loved the fair maid whose social position seemed at least equivocal. And he was in some doubt whether she felt any inclination to return the feeling. For one in an apparently humble position, she was not only marvelously refined in manner, but she had the dignity of a duchess, and the *aplomb* of a woman of the world. He dared not for a long while inquire much about her directly from Mrs. Bell, for fear of committing himself prematurely; and to all insidious attempts to make the builder's wife communicative there was opposed a reticence which might either be the result of obtuseness or design. The doctor did what was the wisest under all the circumstances, being all he could well do—he merely drifted with the current of events.

Mary was more and more a puzzle to him. He could not conceive it possible that one who had been accustomed to labor for her subsistence should possess not only the manner and style of a gentlewoman, but should display in her language and mode of thought the culture of a lady. Certainly she could never have held a purely menial post, for that, whatever advantages Nature may have given to build on, affords no opportunities for culture. He was half inclined to think her a sort of princess in masquerade—the heroine of a modern fairy-tale—and would scarcely have been surprised had the Bells' modest house changed into a stately palace, and the ogre who held the fair lady in durance run away with a shriek of mortification and despair. In one of his conferences with Mrs. Bell he put the question fairly at last.

"Is Mary a connection of the family, Mrs. Bell?"

"Not the least."

"Merely living with you in the capacity of—that is, she is your servant?"

"We don't call her a servant, doctor."

Adlerberg was aware of the euphemism which disguises servitude under another name on this side of the Atlantic, except among well-educated people.

"She is—that is, she seems to be well—to be quite cultured."

There was a twinkle in Mrs. Bell's eyes as she answered:

"She has read a good deal, I think; but she don't do her work any the worse for that. She earns every cent she gets."

"Earns!" "gets!" Those words grated harshly on the ears of Adlerberg.

At this moment Mary herself entered, and held up her finger. She had on a calico-print dress tucked up before, a check apron, and her head bound up in a handkerchief out of character by its fineness with the rest of the costume. One of the fingers was bleeding.

"Those zinc-covered wash-boards," she said, "are a dangerous contrivance. Ours is broken, and I have torn my finger. Is there any danger of lock-jaw?"

The doctor took the wounded hand in his own. The fingers were moist from their recent immersion in suds, but could not have been long there, for they were neither shriveled at the tips nor had these lost the rosy color of the inside of a conch-shell. They were slender, tapering, and shapely, and by no means those of a person used to extreme manual labor. The doctor examined the wound.

"No danger unless you trouble it," he replied. "Make a strong solution of saleratus, if you have that pernicious stuff in the house; let the finger remain in it a few moments, and then bind it up with a soft rag. If it smart, dress it with simple cerate. I am not sure whether it won't do quite as well to continue the washing—the suds containing sufficient alkali. It is lucky your knuckles were not abraded—joint-wounds do not heal so readily."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mary, "then my hurt gives me no excuse for laziness. I hoped my wound would let me play the part of fine lady for a day or two. You'll never be a popular physician if your conscience won't let you exaggerate your patients' ailments. The wages of virtue is poverty."

And back went the girl to her wash-tub. The doctor, after a few more words with Mrs. Bell, returned to his office, where he found a summons from a new patient. The child of a real-estate dealer named Pell had been seized with an eruptive disease.

The physician found the family in a state of high excitement.

"I hope you'll put forth your greatest skill, doctor!" cried the alarmed mother. "Our family doctor is out of town; but Mr. Brand has spoken so highly of your ability that we sent for you. Do you think he is getting the small-pox?"

Dr. Adlerberg, who understood what "he" was meant, examined the child before him, and smiled.

"I rather think the measles, but it is impossible to determine yet. There is nothing alarming in the case, and very little treatment is called for. He wants fresh air in the room night and day, but no exposure to draught; very light food, and a very little laxative medicine. I will pronounce on the disease as it develops itself. Good nursing and strict attention to my orders will set all right."

He wrote a simple prescription, listened attentively to the mother until she had recounted all the ailments and aches of the family for the year previous, said little beyond monosyllables, and bowed himself out. He left behind the impression that he was a most entertaining and agreeable talker, as good listeners invariably do.

"So, another promising opening through old Brand!" he said to himself. "I have not seen that singular old Croesus for a week. I'll drop in on him and study him a little."

He found the old man in his den far up in the tenement-house, and busy with papers.

"You are at work," said Adlerberg, "and so I'll go away. I merely dropped in with no particular purpose."

"Stay, if you have time," said Brand. "I have nothing in hand that can't lie over for an hour or two. Where have you been recently?"

"Just now at the house of a patient whose case I owe to you—a Mr. Pell."

"Ah! Orestes Ajax Pell! What an infernal fool his father must have been to christen him so! What is the matter with him?"

"Nothing; it is his youngest child."

"Well, get the good graces of his wife, and you'll find her a capital hand for electioneering. She helped to build up Dr. Burling's practice materially. I wonder why she has left him?"

"He is out of town."

"Oh! that's it, eh? Still, it gives you a foothold. But you have one disadvantage in regard to practice among women and children. You are single!"

"Marriage does not improve one's skill."

"No; but it does one's practice. Get a wife, man—get a wife of your own. That is the second sign of a doctor's rising reputation, as a phaeton is the third."

"My practice is beginning to justify the carriage, but isn't enough for the wife."

"Let the wife furnish the means."

"Thank you, Mr. Brand. Money would be no dreadful incumbrance with a wife; but I think that a man who marries merely for money takes the worst step he can."

"On general principles that is true enough; but I suppose you have been falling in love with some one who is poor."

The doctor colored.

"I thought as much. I hope you won't let passion blind you. A man can make or mar his future by marriage. The things requisite in a professional man's wife are style, a capacity to advance with his fortunes, and, if her husband be young, the qualities of living on a little more than air, and being her own milliner and mantua-maker."

"I certainly can't afford to marry," returned the doctor. "I have a mother and sister to maintain. My first duty is to them. Then, I have no time for society, and am not likely to meet a suitable person."

"Some of your patients' families, now you are getting into a wealthier set—"

"You can't mean that!" interrupted Adlerberg, with a flash of indignation. "I certainly can take no such advantage of professional opportunities."

"Very chivalrous and all that, but certainly not very profitable," sneered the old man. "Seriously, however, you are right in not marrying for money. If the woman brings all the cash to the matrimonial partnership, she expects to be the senior member of the firm. The husband should be the bread-winner, not the wife. But money is not a matrimonial disqualification. A woman is not the worse for it."

"No; but riches are not everything in a wife."

"Perhaps you have an ideal, or are in love with some pretty and winning girl without a dollar. All right. Earn money, then, and get her. A good

wife might help you to rise in your profession, and would wait contentedly until you had the means to surround her with luxuries—unless she were some blue-blooded damsel, poor and proud, accustomed to fine dresses and gay society as the means to win a husband. In that case you had better wait. But I tell you frankly that, were I in your place, I would, rather than take one of that kind, go lower, and—provided she had somewhat the manners and feelings of a woman of culture—marry one not much above a house-maid—that is, if such persons ever do have the manners of women of culture."

The doctor colored, and, by a furtive glance at his interlocutor, fancied he saw a significant expression on the countenance of the latter.

"Confound the old fellow!" he said to himself.

"Does he know all?"

But the "old fellow" either knew nothing or was determined not to expose his knowledge, for his countenance resumed its ordinary expression. The doctor smiled in an embarrassed way. He was annoyed also, but he could not afford to offend his eccentric patient.

Brand, by way of changing the subject of conversation, rose, unlocked the door of an old-fashioned cabinet, that, from its quaint shape, looked as though it might have come down from colonial days. From this he brought out a dusty black bottle with a green seal, a corkscrew, and a pair of slender-stemmed wineglasses, with bowls almost as thin as soap-bubbles. He dusted the bottle carefully as though he loved it.

"I don't often give my confidence to any one," he said, "and I rarely share this wine, which is of a vintage almost extinct, with another. On this occasion I intend to do both."

He uncorked the bottle and poured out the wine.

"The grape has failed on the island for years," he continued, "and there is little of the wine left. I had this bottled under my own eyes in 1834. I venture to say that the contents of this bottle, like all others I have drunk, are as sound as when they were put in glass. There—try it, and see if you know it."

The doctor sipped the wine.

"Madeira, is it not?"

"Right. The best wine ever made; but not for people of to-day, who have no heads and no discretion."

"I know the wine," said Adlerberg, "but not from much drinking. I was bred on the German wines, and still use them—when I drink, which is rarely. In our profession we are obliged to restrict ourselves. A glass too much, though it might not positively intoxicate, might cloud the brain at a moment when we needed it most."

"Much depends on the man," rejoined Brand. "You know my age. I have drunk this wine all my life—at least, since I was twenty—and, if success in everything I undertook be any test, it clears the brain, not clouds it."

"It suits your constitution, then," said the doctor, "but it would not suit mine."

"All the better for my slender stock. I shall not have to open another bottle to-night." And the old man chuckled grimly. "But to change the subject. I am going to ask your advice."

"Professionally, of course?"

"No—I feel well enough in body; this is a personal matter outside of medicine."

"Then you'll take my advice if it agree with your views, not otherwise; and if you take it, and things go wrong, lay the blame on me."

"I generally have my own way, if my mind be made up; but in this case I am in doubt. As to blame, when the consequences come, I shall be past caring for them."

"I will listen, Mr. Brand, and, if I can, will advise; but, if it be a mere matter of money-making, I am not a competent adviser."

"If it were that, I should seek no counsel. This is not about getting, but getting rid of money. You think I have no relatives living?"

"Excuse me, but there you are wrong. I have never thought on the matter at all. It was literally none of my business; and where I have no business I have no curiosity. Not but that I take an interest in you, Mr. Brand—partly because you have been a good patient, and partly because we have got to personal intimacy, and, so far as I am concerned, I may say friendship. But I never asked for your personal history, or the nature of your connections."

"You are likely to get what you didn't ask for. I have a granddaughter, and, so far as I know, my only living relative. I have offered to recognize her as my heiress, and maintain her as becomes the wealth she is to inherit; but she refuses to live with me, or even at my expense. Her name is Angela, but, so far as forgiveness is concerned, there don't seem to be much of the angel about her."

"Well?" suggested the doctor, after a pause.

"I must leave my money somewhere—I can't carry it with me. My kin have the first claim. But, when I am repulsed during life by this young lady, and told that she would rather starve than take help from me, would she take it from me after death? Had I not better will all to some great public end, some needed institution to benefit the world, and let this girl have the independent, self-sustaining life she seems to prefer?"

"She is of your blood, after all."

"But she has refused all aid from me, scarcely speaks to me when we meet—avoids me—hates me." The old man's voice quivered with emotion. "Yes, she hates me. I am a very lonely old man. I am rich in houses, lands, stocks, gold—my wealth grows like the palace in an Eastern fairy-tale; but I am poorer in one thing than the most wretched tenant in this miserable old house. People call me 'Old Brand, the miser;' I've overheard them—they think I am an avaricious being, living only to hoard and scrape and increase an income that I never spend. Well, I do accumulate money—what else have I to do? You know I am not penurious. The tenants in this house, and in all my other houses, have lower rents than in any buildings like them in town, though

they are not half as friendly to me as they would be if I screwed the life out of them. I would lavish money on that girl—I would surround her with every luxury that money could command; she looks like her dead mother—but she repulses me. She is supported by me now, though she doesn't know it. If she did—But no matter! The question is, Shall I leave her something or nothing—much or little?"

"I am still in the dark, Mr. Brand. I can account for dislike through whim or fancied slight; but I see no cause for the hatred which makes this perverse young lady refuse ease, luxury, and a prospective brilliant future."

"Let me tell you some more: I married when I was long past middle age, and a woman twenty-five years younger than myself. She never loved me—I never expected her to. I did not look for a passion on the part of May for December. I know she took me for my money, as I took her for her youth, beauty, and family. But she made me a good wife for five years, and then died. We had one daughter—an old man's darling. I brought her up with every tenderness and indulgence. There never was a child more petted—a girl whose every caprice was more quickly gratified. I thought to see her mated to some man worthy of her. I kept open house then. She was a beauty, and an heiress in prospect. She had hosts of suitors, and there was not one of them—for I was careful to look into their characters and antecedents before I welcomed them—whom I would not have given her to if she had chosen him. I did not care if they were rich or poor—I had money enough to cure poverty or add to riches. I did not care even whence they sprang, though the Brands a century since were connected with the best blood in Sweden, for birth is folly here. But this girl, so petted, so idolized, perversely, and without waiting even for me to refuse my consent to the match, ran away with a man of low habits and base instincts, whose merits lay in a handsome face and figure, and whose purpose was my money-bags. But I fooled him there—I fooled him there."

Dr. Adlerberg felt it incumbent on him to say something when the old man paused in his narrative, and began to remark that it was a sad *misalliance*, but he was interrupted.

"Not that—no! The fellow had good blood in his veins. He was one of the few of Holland descent here who really have the right to the *van* before their names. He was a worthless branch of a sound family tree. He died by an accident after a drinking-bout, but not before, worn out with his ill-usage and neglect, she came to me with her child. I bade her go back to the home she had chosen before mine. Some friends helped her, I believe, and so she managed for a while to struggle on; but when her daughter was nearly grown, she sent for me in her own sickness and distress. I would not go. I did not forgive her—I never forgave her. When she was dying she sent for me, and I did not go then. Why should I? It was impossible to pardon her—why make her death-bed more miserable by telling her so? When she was dead I offered to take the

granddaughter home, but she told me she would starve rather than owe anything to me. She is of my blood most—she shows it—she does not forgive easily; and it is that very spirit that makes her dearer."

"Good Heavens, man!" cried Adlerberg, "could you live for years near your only daughter, and know that she suffered, while you had plenty?"

"Why not? She was not my daughter—she was another man's widow. She had abandoned me, and for him! I would not have mated the daughter of my lackey with such a man. She wounded me beyond recovery. Some men lose no daughter when they gain a son. I had lost a daughter, and gained no son. Look at me. Lone, friendless, and miserable, and all her work. Unprovoked, for she had given me no chance to withhold consent; ungrateful, for I would have tried to give her the sun if she had asked for it—I could not forgive her. Her daughter said she would starve rather than have my aid—takes it only because she thinks it comes from another quarter. Shall I make her my heiress?"

"She is your sole descendant."

"Then you advise me to leave my fortune to her?"

"No—I advise nothing."

"You *have* advised me, nevertheless. Let us finish the wine. Come, it will not hurt you. Twenty-eight years in glass, and thirty from the wine-press, and not a taint in it. It is as sound as ever, its bouquet as perfect, its body unimpaired. You look on me, I dare say, as a hard-hearted monster, that bottled his anger so many years, and kept it strong to the last. Ah! well, young man, do you get married, and have a daughter, and make her your idol, and have that idol broken, and then—well, you have my secret: as a medical man you have many such. Keep it."

CHAPTER III.

MARY DISAPPEARS.

It was three weeks after Brand had given a portion of his family history to his physician, when the latter received a letter with a German post-mark, addressed to "Herr Graf Otto von Adlerberg, Med. Doct., United States Amerika, New-York." As his father, who had borne the same Christian name, had been dead several years, the fact being well known on the other side of the ocean—in truth, the family being *Erlaucht*, their births and deaths were recorded in the *Almanach von Gotha*—he knew, even had the medical title been omitted, that the letter, with its mixed German and English superscription, was meant for him. As the envelope had a broad black border, he inferred there had been a death in the family. Between the two brothers, the reigning count and the emigrant cadet, there had been little correspondence; between the uncle and nephew, none. He felt, therefore, little interest in the missive, which he thrust mechanically into his

breast-pocket, and then set out on his professional rounds. It was near noon when he returned, and after he had refreshed himself with a slight luncheon he remembered the letter, and, drawing it from his pocket, handed it to his mother, saying:

"There is probably a family letter from abroad. You read German pretty well. I haven't opened it. I suppose it is from Uncle Ernest, and tells all about the death of some forty-second cousin whom we never saw, and would never care to see again if we had—some *gnädiger Herr* This, or *gnädige Frau* That. Take the cream of it, please, between you and Agnes. I'll be quite content with the skimmings."

The mother opened it, and, after reading a few lines, exclaimed:

"All dead! How singular! how strange!"

"Who is dead, mother?" inquired the doctor, carelessly, as he applied a light to his cigar.

"Your uncle, and your cousin, and your cousin's child—all killed by the overturning of a coach on a mountain-road—two killed outright, and your uncle only surviving the accident a week. It is from a lawyer, apparently. You had better read it."

Adlerberg took the letter and read it with astonishment. It was as his mother said, and, as the heir, he was required to come over and take possession of the title and estates. Estates! The doctor felt a grim amusement at the word. There were estates enough, it is true. There was Adlerberg—the counts were *auf* as well as *von*—and there were seigniories in Wiesbaden, Starkenburg, and Upper Franconia, and a village in Swabia. But they were estates in name. Twice during thirty years the property had been put in commission through the extravagance of the holders, and the last count had only escaped this humiliation by living in the poorest way. The interest on the debts ate up everything, and the proud Count von Adlerberg fared less luxuriously than the tenants on his farms, for such the seigniories really were, though they represented what had once been feudal domination, and the right of life and death over vassals. To a young man rank and title were pleasant enough, but not without the means to support them. If he had only fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, the interest of that might eke out the meagre income. "In that case, indeed," he thought, "I might marry." He involuntarily uttered the last three words aloud.

"Why, Otto," said his mother, "I had no idea you were thinking of that!"

The doctor reddened.

"Most men think of it, at some time or other," he said.

"Shall we go to Germany soon?" inquired Agnes.

"Not soon, I fear. We cannot very well support the dignity, and the dignity will not support us."

"But how did your uncle live?" doubtfully questioned his mother.

"He can scarcely be said to have lived," re-

turned the doctor. "He merely existed. I learned as much from an American who traveled abroad, who saw the identity of our names, but never suspected our connection. I did not enlighten him on the matter."

"But who—who is she?" asked Agnes.

"She?"

"The lady you want to marry."

There was a twinkle of fun in the doctor's eyes as he replied:

"You have put the matter in its right shape. The lady I want to marry, for I am not quite sure that the lady wants to marry me."

"Well?"

Like most men the doctor began to put the thing in its worst aspect—men seem to love to exaggerate in such things—and so he spoke in a way that would have roused his indignation had any one else uttered the words.

"That noble and high-born lady, whose coat-of-arms—two sweeping-brushes *saltier-wise* on a field of *azur*, surmounted by a gridiron proper on a field *blanc*; crest, a frying-pan *couchant*, and consequently indigestion *rampant*—I propose to add to the many quarterings of Adlerberg, is at present, I presume, engaged in getting dinner ready for a worthy mechanic on the other side of the town."

"You don't seriously mean to say she is a—house-maid?"

"Not exactly—merely first-cousin to one."

"Just as you have come to rank, and—"

"Oh, if you put it in that way, mother of mine, I shall fling back the old couplet:

'When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?'

It is the time to show that I am disinterested. She can't turn on me afterward and say that I married her for her blood or money. But wait, good people, till I know that I am to get her, count or no count."

"She will be only too glad!" exclaimed the sister.

"How the blue German streak crops out! I suppose I should insist on a morganatic union, first asking the grand-duke to create her *Baronin von Scheuerbürste*. But, if I am successful, you shall call on her, and if she do not impress you favorably, I am open to objections. Pray excuse me for a while. I must pay a visit to a friend with this news—not the lady, but Mr. Brand. It is several days since I had a chat with him, and now I'll give him something to talk about."

The doctor deposited his half-consumed cigar in the ash-cup, donned his hat, and sallied out, leaving the two ladies to talk over the marvelous change in their condition, varied by conjectures as to the features and manners of Otto's beloved—the last theme, though by no means so pleasant as the first, having a grim fascination that was irresistible. They knew from experience that it would be useless to cross Otto, and dangerous to make the family relation uncomfortable for the bride, since the doctor, dutiful son and affectionate brother though he was,

had a strong will and a determined way when provoked to bring either to the surface.

It was not long before Adlerberg reached old Brand's quarters. He was entering the house, when he was confronted by one of the tenants.

"Sure they've locked the dure, an' tekken away the key, doctor."

"Whose door?"

"Owld Brand's. More betoken he hasn't lived there for a week."

"Where has he removed to?"

"Moved, is it? Divil a move he'll move away more! Sure, didn't you know, doctor? That's quare, annyhow, but it's no doctor'd been of use to him, rest his sowl!"

"What is the matter with him?"

"Nothin' the matter now. He moved to his new house last week—an' the day before yisterday he kem back to git some of his traps, an' the crayter—may the heavens be his best feather-bed!—kem out in the dark, an' the banisters gev way, an' down he pitched, an' bruk his neck. God be good to us! An' he never stirred after he fell, an' they took him home, an' it's a gran' buryin' he's havin' to-day, they do say—an' wouldn't he groodge the xpinse av he knowed it?"

A few more questions, and the doctor obtained the facts of the case. The old man had refitted and refurnished a house up-town, but retained his old den for the present, the last being convenient to the greater part of his tenement-property. Coming back one evening for some papers, he had locked his door, and attempted to go down-stairs. Feeling his way, he had leaned too heavily on the rickety baluster, and it had given way with his weight. An account of the inquest had been given by the morning papers, but the doctor had overlooked it.

Adlerberg was, of course, shocked. He regretted Brand's death, too; for the intimacy that had grown up between the doctor and his patient had taught the former some of the latter's good points. Besides, he was grateful for the patients Brand had sent him; and, though all that was over, it was not a thing to be forgotten. There was a mystery in their connection also. The old man was selfish, and seemed to care little for his kind, and was fond of money; yet he had gone out of his way to increase the doctor's practice, and had always paid not only liberal but extravagant fees. Thinking on this point, the doctor went off without making inquiry as to the location of Brand's up-town house, and philosophized a little on the fate of one who had passed by a score of years the extreme term usually allotted to vigorous old men without being injured by disease, and then met his death by an accident which might have happened to a child.

Moving along in a dreamy way, he jostled against Bell. The latter looked up angrily, and then smiled.

"In a brown study, doctor?"

"Yes; I was thinking of the sudden death of a friend."

"Mr. Brand?"

"Exactly. Do you know him?"

"I should think I ought to. He was one of my best customers. I did all his building, altering, and repairing, for him. Pretty close old fellow, but I got along with him very well. Liked me, too, as his remembering me in his will shows."

"So his will has been opened?"

"No; it will be to-morrow. But the lawyer told the executrix, and the executrix told me."

"Who is the executrix?"

"His granddaughter, Miss Van Ruyter."

"Ah, ha! Then he left the bulk of his fortune to her, I suppose, after all. Will she take it?"

"I should think she would. She is not likely to refuse over a million and a half."

"I don't know. From all Brand told me, I should think she had such a hatred of the old gentleman, or rather resentment, that she would refuse it."

"No danger.—By-the-by, he has remembered you, too."

"Left me something to buy a mourning-ring, I suppose?"

"He has left you enough to buy out a pretty good-sized jewelry-shop."

"Are you not mistaken?"

"No; Miss Van Ruyter says it is twenty-five thousand dollars."

The doctor smiled, and Bell, after a word or two more, went on his way.

The smile arose from the reflection that, if this news were true, the difficulty in his path had vanished. If so, and he had no reason to doubt it, there was a hope of living with some one dear to him in the old castle of Adlerberg. The amount was not large, but enough to eke out the income. Only, why had the old man left it to *him*?

That evening he called on the Bells. Mary did not make her appearance; but another girl, coarse, hard-featured, and by no means of fairy size—a female dragoon, in fact—admitted him. After playing draughts for a while, he took an opportunity, while the master of the house was absent for a moment in search of a fresh stock of tobacco—he smoked like a furnace, that master-builder—to inquire of Mrs. Bell about Mary.

"She does not live with us now."

"No?"

"She left us for a better place. But she is coming around to see us to-morrow evening—will you be here?"

"I may drop in, if I be in the neighborhood."

Mrs. Bell was not deceived by this pretense of indifference. She knew that nothing short of an earthquake would keep him away.

And so, next evening, he came.

Mary was there, too; but she was a different person. The house-maid had entirely disappeared. Not that she was much changed in her dress. It is true that she had on a black silk instead of the customary gingham, but it was devoid of ornament and sombre, relieved only by a lace collar, and that secured by a jet brooch. She had a sad look, as though something had happened to trouble her; but her eyes

lightened when she saw Adlerberg. There was a difference in her manner—not much, but sufficient to mark the line between silk and muslin. She received him graciously. Her position seemed to have changed. Mr. and Mrs. Bell had always treated her with a deference incompatible with her position, but now they paid her the utmost respect and attention. She was evidently an honored guest. The doctor noticed and was struck with the fact.

Bell soon excused himself. He was obliged, he said, to go out "on society business." There was an association of master-builders who held a meeting that night. He was chairman of a committee, and was forced to go.

The women went on with their sewing and conversation, and in the latter the doctor participated sparingly. Mrs. Bell seemed all the while to be highly amused at something, but she kept the cause of her good spirits to herself, which reticence added to the doctor's embarrassment. His share in the talk subsided into monosyllables. He volunteered at last to hold a skein, or rather several skeins, of silk for Mary while she wound them off; and this was a relief to him.

At length it was time for the children to retire, and the mother went with them, leaving the doctor and Mary still engaged over the silk. The skein was of a snarly nature, and showed an obstinate disposition, so that the operation of winding was very tedious. The silk was crimson in color, which perhaps accounted for the heightened color on the faces of the two engaged in winding it.

Dr. Adlerberg broke the pause by an effort.

"You have left here, then?" he said.

Mary nodded an affirmative.

"Do you like your new place?"

"Very much."

The silk grew more knotty, and broke up the conversation. But the holder and winder persevered, and the silk was at last wound off. When this had been done, the doctor took Mary's hand, which trembled a good deal, and—

But we have no means of knowing all that occurred, only this much:

"What would your mother and sister say?"

"What can they?"

"But you are a gentleman of good family—your father prided himself on his blood."

"How do *you* know that?"

"And your mother's pride is even stronger."

"But you love me some?" returned the young man, as though taking up something previously uttered; "and why not answer me now?"

"Wait a few days, and then I will say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Shall I see you here, or at—"

"You shall hear from me, Otto."

Just then they heard Mrs. Bell coming, and, when she entered, she found them at opposite ends of the room. She penetrated that very old manœuvre, and smiled in a way that brought the color to their cheeks.

The doctor lingered awhile, but, finding that

Mrs. Bell seemed to have no business elsewhere, finally left.

On his way home, when he recalled that she had called him by his Christian name for the first time, his impulse was to walk over the roofs of the houses. Then came a doubt which brought his steps to the street-level.

"Will she have me?"

It was a very important question to him. He felt himself bound up with her for life and death.

What would his mother and sister say to him, indeed! He had absolutely offered to make a young woman Countess von Adlerberg—though she knew nothing of the rank as yet—who had not only been in certainly an inferior, possibly a servile, position, but, as he began to reflect, had no surname, even to him. He had, singularly enough, never asked that, nor happened to hear it. He had not proposed to a Miss Something or other, but to a Mary.

But what a name Mary was! It fell so musically from the tongue! Had it been Griskiniska, it would have been the same. What were Verdi's melodies—what Beethoven's *sonatas* to that? Songs without words, indeed! Here was the song of songs in a single word—the canticle sung by youthful hearts from the beginning.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS VAN RUYTER.

A WEEK after his last interview with Mary, Dr. Adlerberg received a letter, the superscription of which was in a neat, feminine hand, and, opening it eagerly, discovered it came from an unexpected quarter. It was merely a request that he would make a professional visit to Miss Angela M. Van Ruyter, whose residence was given. As part of his preparations for going abroad, he had taken down his physician's sign and dismissed his patients; but on glancing on the second page he saw by a postscript that the lady proposed, in her capacity of executrix, to give him a check for the amount left him by Mr. Brand, and then he remembered that this was the name of his old friend's granddaughter. Of course, he would go at the hour fixed, which was during the afternoon.

He told his mother of this intended visit, and explained to her its nature.

"She inherits something from her grandfather, then?" asked Mrs. Adlerberg.

"Bell says, and he seems to know, that she has got the bulk of the fortune—very much over a million, he rates it. But a man's wealth is usually exaggerated."

"Is she handsome, I wonder?" inquired Agnes.

"Brand thought so, though rather independent and self-willed. However, all that is nothing to me: I shall take the check as a matter of course, but the patient must seek another physician."

"Ah!" said the mother, "there is a chance for a wife worth having."

The doctor laughed, and rejoined:

"I wish the young lady a good husband, but I rather think it will not be I."

"She would make a better Countess von Adlerberg than a house-maid—a fetcher of dishes."

"Come, come, mother, be just. The young lady you speak of you have never seen. She occupied no merely menial position, but was treated as one of the family where she lived—is treated by them to-day with the utmost deference and respect."

"But what is *her* family? By-the-by, Otto, you have never told us her name."

"Oh, bother the name! I beg your pardon, mother; I did not mean to be disrespectful—"

"But you were," responded the mother, severely.

"I am ashamed of myself. Forgive me; but you will not think unkindly of Mary when you know her—if you ever do," he added, sadly, for he had some forebodings.

"Well, I will suspend judgment until I see this paragon! But I hope, nevertheless, that this Miss Van Ruyter may capture you."

"I am sorely afraid your hope will not be realized," said the son, recovering his temper; "maidens with a million or more in their own right are not to be taken by a *coup-de-main*."

"She was evidently a good daughter," persisted his mother.

"I don't doubt it. I am willing to accord her all the virtues except one—that of being fairest in my eyes. But I must go. I have a call or two to make on my way."

And the doctor got out in haste, fearing a renewed demand for a name he could not give, and feeling annoyed at having received no word from Mary.

At three o'clock precisely, for he had the merit of punctuality, Dr. Adlerberg rang at the door of a rather pretentious house in one of the cross-streets, at the number given in the note, and still further verified by the name of Brand engraved on the door-plate. He had evidently been expected, for, on giving his name, the servant showed him into the handsomely-furnished drawing-room, and departed, apparently to inform his mistress.

The doctor looked around him. The apartment was furnished in luxurious good taste. Certainly old Brand had determined that the housing of his heiress should be all that was desirable. The furniture was massive, but on lines that were consonant with grace, and had evidently been constructed from original designs; even the hangings on the wall were of an arabesque pattern entirely new. The cushioned arm-chair in which the doctor sank was the perfection of easiness. But he had little time to scan his surroundings, for a girl, who was looping the curtains of the windows, turned around, and he sprang to his feet as he recognized Mary.

"You have not kept your promise," he said, after their greeting was over. "You were to have given me my answer soon, and this is over a week."

"Seven days only—are they not few?"

"Not when a man hungers."

She smiled.

"When you go to your patients' houses do you usually make love to the servant-maids?"

"It seems I did so once. You have a place here, then?"

"Yes—a very good place, Otto," she answered, softly, giving him her hand, which she suffered him to retain.

Foolish fellow! He wasn't satisfied with that. He drew her gently toward him, her head fell upon his shoulder, and—well, you know the situation, reader.

The first feeling of rapture over, the doctor said: "I have quit practising physic, as I must tell Miss Van Ruyter when I see her. But she has other business with me."

"Won't you attend to her, then?"

"It will be impossible."

"That is unfortunate, for she has great confidence in your professional skill."

"Is she a confirmed invalid?"

"Ah! *you're* to judge of that. She is not confined to her room, but I think is suffering under an affection of the heart."

"Indeed! Why does she not come down?"

"Are you so anxious, then, to get rid of me?"

"You know not," was the reply, confirmed by one of those tokens which young men have given and young maidens received under like circumstances from time immemorial. "But you see, Mary, I wish to tell her at once that I—"

"Mary! Upon my word, sir, you seem to forget that I have another name; but I don't believe you ever inquired that."

"No—I—"

"King Cophetua loved a beggar-maid; and my king—but I have a name, I assure you."

"Which is—?"

"Oh, now you are suddenly curious; but I take my surname from my father. Allow me to introduce you to the young lady whose troublesome affection of the heart you will not alleviate—Miss Angela Mary Van Ruyter."

"Miss Van Ruyter—you?"

"The mistress of this mansion, and your patient—if you will be so kind."

And she dropped him a mock courtesy.

Astonishment is a good word, but does not express entirely the doctor's feelings; for, though the reader has been in the secret for some time, Adlerberg was not.

"And so you were no servant-girl of the Bells at all—only masquerading? I half suspected it several times."

"I never said I was a servant, though, practically, I was at times as much a maid-of-all-work as ever handled a broom, or brandished that deadly instrument I have so often heard you denounce as the father of dyspepsia—a frying-pan."

"Of course, I believe all you say; but—"

"Which means you are in doubt whether to quite believe me or not. Credence with a 'but'!"

"No, on my honor, darling. But the whole thing is a mystery."

"Easy to solve; but it involves a bit of family history."

"I have my news in return; but I am content to take your word, without explanation."

"But I must tell you, Otto. It is proper that you should know everything. Now, please don't! Some one might inadvertently drop in. Sit there, right opposite to me—do; and dispose yourself to listen."

He obeyed her; but he took possession of one of her hands, and studied the play of her features, as she proceeded to tell him much that he knew, but which was pleasant to hear again from her, and much that he did not. After coming down to the date of her mother's sickness, she said:

"You attended my mother then. It was where I, a young and shy girl, first saw you."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that was why your face always seemed so familiar to me."

"You never studied it, Otto, so closely as I did yours. Your unwearied kindness and attention to my poor mother, the sympathizing tone of your voice, your manner, as respectful as though you were attending the wealthiest of the land—and yet you must have known you could expect no fee in that scene of poverty—all these made an impression on me that was never effaced. I will tell you now what I would never before have told you—never could have acknowledged until now—that your face and figure never left my memory from those days to these."

There was an interruption here, very silly, too, on the doctor's part; but what would you have? Consider that these young people are engaged.

"Then it was to you I owe being sent for by the Bells?"

Mary blushed as she replied:

"Why, yes; I knew your skill. Dr. Mott said that if human art could have availed in my mother's case she would have been saved; so I—well, Otto, I will be frank with you now, I longed to see you again."

"But how did you come to be with the Bells?"

"Mrs. Bell had been my nurse long before she married. Mother was doing tolerably well at the time, and had an interest in a millinery-shop—think of whom you propose to marry with, a house-maid and a milliner's daughter! When mother died, grandfather made overtures to me, and promised if I would come to him he would make me his heiress. Was I wrong in refusing him? Could I help it? He had suffered my mother to live and die in want. I would rather have died than have gone to him. I went to Mrs. Bell, who offered me a home. I consented, provided she let me assist her about the house, in which work I had had practice enough during my mother's sickness. I had no wages, but was always furnished with what I wanted, even to pocket-money. I might have known, had I reflected, that my expensive luxuries there sprang from another source, but I really did not. Now I know it all came from grandfather, who had an understanding

with Mr. Bell, who worked for him as a builder. And that was why—your attention to my mother, I mean—he always gave you such fees, and has left you something in his will.—By-the-by, I have the check ready."

"Keep it for a while, please; I have no need of it at the moment."

"That wouldn't be business-like. But, when this fortune fell to me, do you know what I first thought of?"

"That you would be foolish enough to reject it."

"No, indeed. It would have been mine by right of blood, had there been no will. I accepted it without scruple."

"But what did you think, when you got notice of the inheritance?"

"Bend your head down—don't look at me. That I—could—make—you—rich!"

"My darling," said Adlerberg, "it was a kindly intention; but I have something to give in return—something more than my heart, which you have already."

And then he told her of his recent accession to rank and title.

As the doctor had hoped, his mother and sister took kindly to Mary—for he never gave her her first name of Angela—and this kindly feeling of theirs was not diminished when they discovered her identity with Miss Van Ruyter. They have all been in Europe now for a number of years, and from a recent edition of the *Almanach von Gotha* I infer that the line of Adlerberg is not likely to become extinct for want of heirs male.

LOVE'S BURDEN.

HOW beautiful, ah me, how beautiful!
All the warm glow of gold, sun-shadowed hair—
All the sweet, nameless, soul-subduing spell,
Whereof the sentient presence is Love's prayer,
Calling on immortality to bear
The benison of bliss incomparable—
How beautiful, ah me, how beautiful!

How bountiful, ah me, how bountiful!
Glances that give remembrance wine of song—
Vintage pressed ruddy from the grapes of love;
Touches that give the soul wings swift and strong,
Force to encounter life's embattled wrong,
Tones that attune to joys or griefs that move—
How bountiful, ah me, how bountiful!

How wonderful, ah me, how wonderful!
Eyes that beget glad service ere she speak,
Hands that make sacred common things of earth,
Mouth whereby gladdest melodies seem weak,
Whose fragrance blossoms, vying, vainly seek,
Presence that bids new rapture into birth—
How wonderful, ah me, how wonderful!

How pitiful, ah me, how pitiful!
Henceforth to me all beauty is but ill,
No grace or wonder can the dull earth give;
Its fragrance is as pestilence to kill,
Its melody for evermore made still,
Save it can call my dead again to live—
How pitiful, ah, Christ, how pitiful!

"THE LAND O' THE LEAL."

IT is a favorite remark with people who dwell much on the history of their own time that this is an age of change; and, certainly, the small but famous "Land o' the Mist" presents to-day social features the antitheses of which we need not go back one hundred years to discover. To the Scottish people of a year so distant as 1776 the period must have seemed remote when the scenes which were afterward depicted in the "Fair Maid of Perth," or even "Waverley," could have had their counterpart; when the half-nude Highlander of Central Caledonia used to sweep down like a whirlwind from his own bleak patrimony to satisfy his hunger on the fat beeves of the Lowland Sassenach, who would rather see a host of Northumbrian moss-troopers under a Percy, or a cloud of Yorkshire crossbow-men under a Longchamp, ravaging his lands, than hear of one disorderly clan of those terrible Scythians, with broadsword and fillibeg, crossing the northern upland; when the Frenchman was the natural ally of the Scottishman, and when a thousand Quentin Durwards

formed the trusty body-guard of the descendant of Charlemagne. Many coats have been worn out since then, but perhaps the most notable if not the most gratifying change of all is that which has been going on during the last two or three decades.

The union of England and Scotland has been fraught with blessings to both countries. Not the least of these is the fact that "English" and "Scotch" are now almost synonymous terms. In England, and especially in London, a great proportion of the civil-service offices, of manufacturing and business interests, and of military and diplomatic semi-sinecures, are in the hands of pushing Scotchmen, who wear their honors as naturally as if the architects of Westminster Abbey and the Tower had been native-born denizens of Union Street, Aberdeen, and as if they felt conscious that the pedagogue king had saved London from stagnation and oblivion by colonizing it with ruby-locked, needy sons o' the Mist. And, in Edinburgh, many of the great physicians and lawyers, in Glasgow many of

the purse-proud but public-spirited merchant-princes, drop their *A's* with such painful frequency that one cannot help thinking them delightfully innocent of the knowledge that one day, on a certain field, their ancestors, with the long-bows and Lincoln green, did to death the Scottish king, and all but annihilated the Scottish nobility—that disastrous day when the "flowers o' the forest were a' wede awa'." The two peoples are so inextricably blent together by the ties of marriage and kindred, of common interests, and of common sentiments of loyalty and honor, that, if Edward Longshanks were to arise stern and menacing from his grave to complete the work of quelling his "rebellious vassals," he must certainly retire in bewilderment and disgust.

But, with these satisfactory results of a union which was effected by treachery and meanness, the Scotchman has lost his *identity*, or is fast losing it; and it is as a Scotchman at home, as a social subject, that we now wish to study him.

There is something essentially aggressive, and absorbent, too, about the English people, and it is an unconscious something which, like the "demon" of Goethe, influences for good or evil all with which it comes in contact. If they are "brutal, stupid, and sullenly brave," they have, nevertheless, the power—let etiolologists or psychologists determine its nature—of metamorphosing a people with whom they may have immediate and protracted intercourse. The only people with whom they ever have had such intercourse is the Scotch; and the latter, having been drinking the Circean cup of their influence for the last century and a half, are rapidly being transformed, like the companions of Ulysses, not, indeed, into swine, but most assuredly into John Bulls of a peculiar but still very decided cast.

A change is going on in the *educational* methods of the Scotch. They have been long and justly famed for their general intelligence, and for the parochial system which scattered excellent schools broadcast over the country, on the bleak moorland as well as in the crowded town. Poor, indeed, must have been that father who could not pay three shillings a quarter to educate his child; and very un-Scotch, indeed, must have been that mother who would not have worked her fingers off sooner than her child should not read, and write, and count well, and be able to say in what zone Calcutta is; and ultra-progressive, and thoroughly disliked by his own sort, would be that farmer or doctor who did not send his son for his "rudiments" to the same country-school with his servant's, to race with him in "practice" and "square root," and to tussle crazily with him over a shinty-ball on their laggard way home. Though the emoluments accruing to a teacher were small, and most of the scholars were the children of peasants, ploughmen, and artisans, who aimed at nothing further than the ordinary branches of an English education, the teachers were, in many instances, university men, who had gone, or were going, through a full curriculum of the arts and sciences, and therefore could teach Latin and Greek, French and mathematics. The result of this cheap

and efficient education was, that the sons of many poor and humble people pulled their way up to honorable positions in life, either at home or abroad; and, no matter how remote the district, the sort of boorish ignorance and half-aliveness which prevailed—and still prevails—in some English Saharas was unknown. As regards the teacher himself, he was enabled, by the help of his salary and fees, to work his way up through the expenses of a university, all the more if he had obtained a bursary there. He taught the school during the summer, and filled it with a substitute during the five months which he passed at college. And if, aiming at the pulpit, he had finished his academical curriculum, and had become a divinity student, it was a still easier matter to hold a parish-school, for the Church permitted him to attend six partial sessions in lieu of four full ones. In him, therefore, besides the clergyman, the rudest country parishes had a man of literary tastes, and the clergyman a companion of education equal to, and ideas fresher than, his own; but, better than all, he was a man in whom the son of the poorest peasant, at the most trifling cost to his parents, found one who could prepare him to enter a university. Thus a "liberal education" was brought to the door of the humblest cottage, and Scotland could boast of having, in proportion to her population, four times as many of her sons who had received a university education as England, and no comparison could be instituted between the *general* intelligence of the two countries. And yet the accommodation provided by law for teachers in those days was very inadequate. The "heritors" of Scotland, or the landed proprietors, in most instances grugged the schoolmaster anything beyond his legal pittance. To them, indeed, the country owed little gratitude. They grew rich by the spoils of the Church; starved the teachers; and opposed, with dogged determination, every reform in Church or state—meriting the description given of them by a St. Andrews professor to his students: "Gentlemen," he said, "there are just two things in Nature that never change. These are the fixed stars and our Scotch lairds."

New schemes of education have changed all this. The schoolmaster is abroad now—the schoolmaster *in propria persona*—the "certificated," square-and-ruled production of normal schools and training-mills, who insists that "method, method, method," is to the unfolding of the young idea what Demosthenes held "action, action, action," to be to the making of an orator. Many agencies have been at work in his creation, but, as we are not writing the history of the period, we can only glance at the salient points in a panorama of facts too numerous and confusing to grasp in their entirety.

For one thing, the disruption of 1843 conducted materially to alter the national conformation. The Church of Scotland, at least, has never recovered from the dire shock of that upheaval in her ranks. In the North Country, at the present day, the free churches are full on the coldest Sunday, while the worthy parish minister has to take his shivering pre-

centor and congregation into his cozy parlor, and even there they will not occupy all the chairs. There is no doubt that the seceders—who at first, as is the manner of reformers, displayed rather leveling and ruthless tendencies—frightened away many of the better sort from Presbyterianism altogether, and widened the distance between the gentry and the mass of the people. The numerous class of servant-girls, and with them, of course, farm-laborers, went over to the new body *en masse*, taken with the novelty of the thing; and their "moderate" or old-Kirk employers had the satisfaction of knowing that their menials—who were allowed to consider the question at issue to be one which affected their eternal destinies—believed in their hearts that they were on the road to perdition, and were proper objects for their commiseration and prayers. The people were disintegrated: thousands joined the new Church; hundreds of the gentry, disgusted with the *mêlée*, joined the Episcopacy; a feeling of religious caste strongly developed itself; divinity-students, who regarded a good congregation as more desirable than even a good living, became disheartened and were lost to the ministry; the schools were affected—and, in short, the whole country was revolutionized. And only three years ago the conservative Church of Scotland, too, abolished patronage, and the whole texture of the student-communities was, therefore, changed. Now, we presume that no man to-day (unless, indeed, he were seeking office!) would defend church patronage. But, as even the Corsair had "one virtue linked to his thousand crimes," the system of patronage had one redeeming feature. Through it, boorish cubs were licked into shape, and vulgarly-bred lads acquired the manners of a gentleman, for most of those who had the ministry in view could obtain the favor of a patron in no other way than by becoming tutors in gentlemen's and noblemen's families after the completion of their course. In this capacity—entering the houses of landed gentlemen, associating there with people of cultivated habits—they, however humble their origin, acquired those courtesies and graces of manner and bearing which were more the characteristics of the jolly Scottish clergymen of thirty years ago than they are of their successors. It would be quite a mistake to suppose that the pulpit has kept pace with the advance of the people in other respects. There are notable exceptions, but the Scottish parish minister of to-day is only a preacher—not the second gentleman in the county, and the local fountain-head of literary and antiquarian lore. The manly traits and strong, universal sympathies which so preëminently distinguished the late Norman McLeod are by no means so common in the Scotch Church as they were even twenty years ago, whatever its ministers may have gained in evangelical breadth and activity. The gentry have now stepped across the Tweed, or sent their sons and daughters across—which of them does not boast a dingy house within bugle-call of St. James's? The average Scottish clergyman's salary has not advanced with the increased cost of living,

and is not equal to that of a French cook in one of the Edinburgh hotels; the inadequacy of the means of creditably supporting themselves and their uniformly large families, of which most ministers have to complain, is draining away talent from the pulpit; and the young men who nowadays aspire to the ministry go through the course in the shortest possible time—six years—and pass their vacations in mission-work, or in their fathers' workshops or barns. Family tutorships are all but extinct in Scotland; the numerous subdivisions of society which have become so clearly defined during the last thirty years demand permanent and special teachers, who may go to college if they choose, but who must, though they were Porsons in scholarship, and Arnolds in natural capacity for imparting instruction, tread for the specified time the floors of an exacting but red-tape normal school. Students there are, indeed, who omit a session and go to recruit their finances by teaching, but it is to England—to one or other of the cheap boarding-schools whose name is legion in that country.

The habits of students at college, too, were formed on a much less expensive scale than they are now, although, even yet, the course is far from costly from an American or English point of view. Usually two men hired a large room with bedroom-closet attached, and either slept together or furnished the room with another bed. Such a room, and well furnished, could be obtained for six shillings a week—that is, three shillings each; and this included fire and gas, and, what is more, cooking by a landlady who took a motherly care of her "laddies." She bought and cooked whatever was ordered, and on Saturdays presented the account with all the items figured in it, the whole amounting to about eleven shillings each. The fees for a session amounted, and still amount, to ten pounds nine shillings; and twenty weeks, at the rate of eleven shillings for lodging, attendance, sustenance (boarding, as we understand it, was unknown), added to this, make a grand total of twenty-one pounds nine shillings for the whole session. When they gave an occasional supper to a few friends, they made up for the outlay by dinners of potatoes and ox-livers, which cost them three half-pence a head. Sydney Smith might joke about Scotchmen cultivating the arts and sciences on a little oatmeal when he applied to them the line of Virgil's first bucolic—

"*Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena*;"

but the poorest of them lived not so poorly, after all, and perhaps it was as well to be trained so as to be taught, on the John Bull system, to make a god of their belly.

It is not, however, that there is any considerable change in the students' condition; the provoking and almost disreputable thing is, that the Scottish universities have been abandoned by the Scottish nobility, a body of aristocrats whose annals are, on the whole, perhaps the most contemptible on the earth, notwithstanding that they have afforded the themes for some of our most beautiful ballad poetry. There

was no dearth of the sons of nobility and "gentry" in the Scottish colleges even twenty, nay thirteen, years ago. The writer of this article attended the class of Professor Aytoun, the distinguished lyricist and *littérateur* of Edinburgh University, in the session of 1863-'64. On his left hand sat the son of a Canongate blacksmith, who by stress of application, which nearly cost him his life, obtained, on passing from the parish-school, the bursary to which he is indebted for his present position—that of judge in the East Indian Civil Service, at an annual salary of two thousand pounds. On the writer's right hand sat Lord Archibald Campbell (second son of the Duke of Argyll), who is now an energetic Liverpool merchant. On the bench behind him sat Alfred Guelph, then a midshipman in the navy, now the highly-popular and intelligent Duke of Edinburgh. There were also in the same class a son of the Duke of Roxburgh and a brother of the then Lord Lovat, besides numbers of the inferior but equally exclusive "gentry." To the writer's certain knowledge, there is not a single member of the nobility, and very few, indeed, of the gentry, attending either in Edinburgh or Glasgow this year, whatever the case may be in the other two universities. And, surely, it cannot be urged that this falling off is due to a deterioration in the quality of the instruction given, for the English universities at their best have never, at least in the gross, surpassed the Scotch colleges.

However that may be, the landed gentry—and others, too—now send their boys to England, either to one of the public schools, or under the charge of some clergyman, who by his own hard toil ekes out a wretched living by receiving pupils for special and persistent "stuffing" in Latin, Greek, and Church history—the three sacred branches of an Englishman's education. Either way, the boys get Anglicised and Episcopalised, and thereby the gulf that separates them from the mass of the people is made wider and wider, much to the loss of the country, whatever the gain may be to themselves. And in Scotland, too, the boarding-school system is gradually making its way to John O'Groat's; it is considered "the thing" to have the English accent; well-to-do farmers—men whose whole household traditions are Scotch—will not scruple to ignore Edinburgh with its excellent ladies' schools, and Aberdeen with its incomparable classical schools, and send their sons to manipulate hexameters in Harrow or Rugby, and their overgrown and ruddy daughters to some "academy" in Richmond or Twickenham, kept by a "madame," who will teach them to forget Scotch—ay, and English, too—for forty pounds a year; and widowed ladies of means, left with a family, will fly across the border, and take a cheap, tumbling farmhouse in Epping or Wandsworth, in order to have their children learn to say "sho" instead of "sure," and "wy" instead of "way."

As is well known, Scotland has been, and still is, the stronghold of Calvinism and decalogical observance, and if there is any one trait in a Scotchman's idiosyncrasy which would seem to be capable of defying change, and to be impregnable to the assaults

of modern "liberalism," it is the ingrained respect he has for the Sabbath. But a certain change is coming over the Scotch people even in this respect.

And certainly there was a cramping strictness about their observance of the Sabbath which has imparted a color of severity to our impressions of the Scotch folk that is all but indelible. When a semi-religious periodical like *Good Words*, not to say a newspaper, is ostracised on the Lord's day; when to walk into the fields during the interval between the two services is considered an indication of levity; when (as Dean Ramsay relates in his delightful "Reminiscences") to a young English tourist, who is preparing for an after-dinner stroll on Sunday, and who, in answer to the dissuasive entreaties of his Scotch landlady, desperately says, "You must have read that our blessed Lord himself walked with his disciples on the Sabbath," that lady, in her extremity, retorts, "Oo, ay, maybe I hae; and—I dinna think the mair o' him for daeing it!"—certainly we might feel warranted in ascribing something of fanaticism to the national interpretation of even the Mosaic teaching. But in making our conclusions we should remember that there is no people on earth that has not an abnormally-developed bump of some denomination or other; and, in regard to Scotland, we should not lose sight of the actual fact that her sons owe much to the manner in which they were taught to remember the Sabbath-day and keep it holy. Though this strict observance is not, and cannot be, very agreeable to the volatile temperament of the young, it is the means of training them to those habits of patient endurance, obedience, and self-denial, to which, as much as to their good school education, Scotsmen owe their success when they have gone forth, in rivalry with the natives of England and Ireland, to push their fortunes in the world. The qualities which make Scotsmen the sinews of the Australian colonies, of Western Canada, and to a great extent of India, are the same which enabled the Ninety-second Gordon Highlanders at Quatre-Bras to suffer themselves to be cut to pieces rather than evade orders, though "some one had blundered;" and they are in both cases qualities which are directly attributable to their traditional reverence for the Sabbath, with all that this reverence implies. The outside world may be treated to piquant stories of the Scottish Sabbath; but what Scotchman lives within the four corners of the world who does not, in his heart of hearts, make the fourth commandment but the preface to Isaiah's beautiful paraphrase: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." We have heard of a statement, in reference to the young men from the Scotch country-districts who go astray on their release from

the restraints of home, that they perish because of the strictness of their early training. We believe that such a statement neither originated with a Scotchman nor would be corroborated by a Scotchman—certainly not by a leal Scotchman.

The fact is, that most of the current stories which are told in ridicule of the Scottish Sabbath—such as that of a woman who parted with a valuable hen because it persisted in laying an egg on the Sabbath-day—are all rubbish. They possess the same value, in point of fact, that the worthy Mr. Punch's caricatures do, and are as fair a representation of the reality as are a Suffolk ploughman's impressions of his American cousin. Scotchmen may have been too scrupulous, and sometimes even glaringly inconsistent; but, whatever they were, they were not fools. Even Scott, who ought to have known better, has exaggerated this trait in his countrymen's character as much as Dickens has overdrawn the characteristics of the London *gamin*. His Balfour of Burley, though a striking picture, is altogether steeped in the Rembrandt hues of his own imagination. There are more Balfours of Burley in Scotland to-day than there were then, or have been since. There is considerable and growing laxity in regard to the Sabbath, for instance; and yet the Scotch will not abate one jot or tittle of the *letter* of the commandment, as other Christians are doing. An Edinburgh Scotchman to-day will cry "*Peccavi*" over every violation, direct or indirect, of the minutest ramifications of his convictions; but he would sooner join with Colenso in disavowing the Pentateuch altogether than consent to have his convictions on that point modified. Balfour of Burley may be found next Sunday, "atween the preachin's," sitting down to a princely fish-dinner at Newhaven, two miles from Edinburgh; in the evening at half-past seven you will see him standing, with his hands locked behind him, in the vestibule of the High or the Free High Church, solemnly discussing knotty points of doctrine with a brother elder, whose similarly elongated face betrays his determination to avoid all allusion to the inscrutable occupations of the afternoon. His character is as immaculate and his dealings as fair as ever, but he is not so true to his convictions as of yore. Sorrowfully shall we say it then—he is becoming something of a hypocrite, but a hypocrite unto himself more than to the world; for his is that Spartan breast which would submit to be torn to pieces rather than be the iconoclast of its own ancestral lares, and he is the link between the Scottish men of stern faith and iron souls and that younger generation whose closing auspices not a man of us can discern or foretell.

And passing away with him is the good old, formal, keen-humored, warm-hearted lady, whose dry strictures upon the growing fondness for English manners, and subtle, sententious *bonmots* on the most trivial topics, constitute the all-satisfying charm of books like "St. Ronan's Well" or "David Elginbrod." Even thirty years ago she was not singular, on the cozy French flats of Edinburgh ten-story houses, and she was as pungent, yet generous, as the

full-bodied claret with which she regaled the select few of learned and witty celebrities who made her house their club. Instead of her severe and wrinkled face, and crisp but kindly allusiveness that, while it quickly exoriated humbug, breathed as a bracing frost on all around her, we have, on the one hand, an Anglified lady, on the other a dame who, though she cannot get rid of the last mangled remnants of her Scotch, is cultivating a weed which is certainly not indigenous to Scotland—prudishness.

For, last of all, and to us saddest of all, the Scotch, as a *spoken* language, is passing away; and, however inevitable such a consummation may be, it is due in a large measure, if not, indeed, altogether, to the influence of Anglicanism.

For, first, the English warp and stultify the meaning of every word which they impress into their own polyglot language. With Scotch words especially it is remarkable how apt they are to take them up in a wrong sense, and persist in using them so till the habit becomes inveterate. To take two instances: By the word "plaid," an Englishman understands a checkered kind of *cloth*. He speaks—and we here speak too—of a lady wearing a "plaid shawl," a "plaid scarf," etc. The word, until within the last few years, was never used in Scotland, except as descriptive of a particular *article of dress*—a kind of mantle. This, indeed, is generally composed of checkered cloth, but a Scotchman would no more call the *cloth* "plaid" than he would speak of kersymerie cloth as "gaiter." He would call it "tartan," if it be the well-known Highland cloth of diverse colors; if not, he gives it no special name. Even the pronunciation given to "plaid" by an Englishman—namely, "plad"—is disagreeable to a Scotchman's ears, being totally unauthorized by his own usage. Again, the well-known word "canny" is used by Englishmen regarding Scotchmen in an opprobrious sense, under which it used to be all but unknown in Scotland. Such and such a Scotchman is described as "canny," meaning cunning, or circumventing. As the word is Scotch, whatever its ultimate derivation may be, the Scotch should be best qualified to assign it its proper signification. Fundamentally, this is simply "knowing," or "seeing clearly and impartially;" secondly, "prudent and sensible," as the result of such insight; then, actively, "disposed to act in a gentle and fair manner." Hence, when an Ayr or Renfrew Scotchman speaks of one of his neighbors as a "canny man," he means "an inoffensive and just man," one with whom it would be safe to have dealings, which is something very different from what the prejudiced Englishman means when he speaks of "Scotch canny." In Scotland a mischievous horse is called "no canny," and when the common people speak of some old woman as "surely no canny" they mean something malign in character—in short, a witch.

And, secondly, the *more* than average Englishman regards Scotch as broken English, as a dialect like that of Lancashire or Somerset. How he has become possessed with this delusion, let philologists, or rather metaphysicians, say. It cannot be because the

Scotch language is inexpressive, or not copious, or inelastic, for it is all three. Nor is it at all a provincial dialect—the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity and rude, local humor. It is the language of a whole country, long an independent kingdom, and even yet separate in character, laws, and manners. It was the common speech not fifty years ago of the whole nation in early life, and with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals throughout their whole existence; and, though in later times it is being laid aside by the more ambitious of the present generation, it is still recollected, even by most of them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected in their imagination, not only with that olden time which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty, and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colors of remembered childhood and domestic affection. All its phrases conjure up images of schoolboy innocence, and sports, and friendships, that have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this that it is the language of a great body of poetry with which we hope most Scotchmen are familiar, and, in particular, of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness, nature, and feeling, than any other lyric compositions that are extant—and we may perhaps be allowed to say that it is an ignorant as well as an illiberal prejudice which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of England.

Nevertheless, Scotch is obsolescent: the tongue of Burns, Cunningham, Hogg, Ramsay, Tannahill, and a host of other lyrists, is being disowned even on the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon." It would be hard, indeed, to find a district in Scotland, with the exception of portions of Peeblesshire and the inland district of Ayr, in which pure Scotch is spoken. The language, in its present uncouth state, is "broad" enough in all truth; the Babylonish dispersion itself could not have produced anything more jarring and discordant than the English-Scotch-Irish *patois* of the Canongate and Gallowgate. Not twenty years ago the country clergymen, and not a few city ones, preached in Scotch. To-day the minister will honor the ancient language only in a gossip with one of his last-generation parishioners, who clings tenaciously to the "guid auld tongue." The Scottish maiden may, and does, prattle unconsciously in Scotch when she comes home in the evening from the school in which its accent is considered a barbarism, but she shrinks from it when there are visitors in the house, or when her sweetheart, the young doctor, is by. It is only "to point a moral or adorn a tale" that the people will condescend to use the language of the Ayrshire ploughman; though, assuredly, in his inmost heart, be his accent that of the dapper, loquacious cockney, and his pursuits in London or Calcutta, the heart of a Scotchman must ever melt with tenderness on hearing—

"The dear auld sangs his mither lo'ed sae weel."

THE WILD-DOVE'S NEST.

THE last notes of the Easter-hymn, announcing the resurrection of the Saviour, had resounded from the church of a little Russian village, and echoed away through the still night over the lonely steppes. From the doorway of the church streamed a crowd of men, women, and children, all in their best attire, and most of them were soon gathered around the great heaps of bread, bacon, sausages, and other provisions, which were piled up on the open space in front of the building, ready to be blessed by the priest.

"Christ is arisen!"

"Yes, he is truly arisen!"

So called out to each other friends and foes, masters and servants, at the same time greeting each other with the customary "kiss of peace;" for at this season, in Russia, all enmities are forgotten, all distinctions leveled, and the whole people become one great family.

"Christ is arisen, Alexei!" cried an old man, with white hair and beard, to a young one, whose dress showed him to be in good circumstances.

"Yes, he is truly arisen, my father!" answered the latter.

"And where have you left Masha?"

"She staid at home, my father, to take care of the inn. A traveler might arrive, and those who serve the public must be always ready, you know.

Won't you come to our house after all is over here? Father Paul is going to bless the meal for us."

"I'll come, Alexei; and God grant that to-day I may again see cheerful faces among you! Yes, yes, Alexei, it is not with you as it ought to be in a Christian house. See, the grace of the Lord is upon you; your table never lacks bread and salt. And yet the merry laughter that used to warm my old heart when I was there is all forgotten. Why are you no longer happy? Is your little woman not the neatest wife for ten versts around? Is your boy not as fine a little fellow as though our Lord God had taken him under his special care? What has changed you so, then, that for months nobody has been able to understand you?"

"Let that rest, my father," answered Alexei, gloomily. "I must go now and see how things stand at home."

The old man shook his head as he looked after him, and then piously touched his cross as the priest, followed by the deacon, came out of the church to sprinkle, amid solemn, sacred music, the holy-water on the Easter-supper.

Opposite the church, at the farther end of the open space, was the "station," of which Alexei was proprietor. The house was especially distinguishable from those around it by its greater size and cleanliness. It was built of wood, and a great court-yard,

with stables, stretching out behind it, indicated its character. Through the little, white-curtained windows the light glimmered cheerfully out into the night. Inside, in the roomy reception-chamber, everything was decorated in holiday style. A long table, covered with rough but spotlessly white linen, awaited those who were to be entertained. In the middle of it, surrounded by huge hams, sausages, great cakes, and plates of sweet, sugared cheese, prettily inlaid with preserved fruits, was displayed the Easter-lamb, baked and covered with elaborate ornaments. Among these viands glistened invitingly numerous flasks of strong spirits and of sweet wine. In addition, the indispensable *samovar* (tea-kettle) was in its place; and its low, pleasant song did more than anything else to make the whole scene thoroughly homelike.

"Marfa, see what you have forgotten! Where are the bread and the salt?" So called out a young woman to a stout, elderly maid-servant, who was just entering the room. "Make haste," she continued. "The mass is over, and Alexei, Vasilyevich, and Father Paul, will soon be here; and you know Alexei likes everything to be in order."

"I'm just going to bring them, Maria Alexeivovna. The master sha'n't have anything to complain of. I only wish you had as little reason to complain as he has."

At these words a deep flush reddened the pale cheeks of the young wife.

"Why are you talking about that again, Marfa?" she said. "Is it proper for servants to blame their masters? Hurry! hurry! There they come now!"

The old servant went out murmuring, and Masha hurried to the door to receive the expected guests.

"Christ is arisen!" she cried.

"Yes, he is truly arisen!" they called out to her, joyfully.

"But where is Alexei?"

"In the stable looking after the horses," said a man-servant, coming in at the same time. "He says he'll soon be here."

"Attending to the horses before he has given me the Easter-greeting!" murmured Masha, while a look of deep sorrow came over her mild face.

"You are a charming woman, my darling," said Vasilyevich, the old *starost* of the village, "and a good housewife, too. How fine you have made everything look! It won't be our fault if the table shouldn't be cleared. But what keeps Alexei? Ah, there he is!—Now, look here: oughtn't you to be glad to have such a little wife? Just look at the plump little mother, and your heart can't help laughing. Only, she ought to carry her head higher, and not be always looking down. And she used to be so gay!"

With a constrained manner Alexei interrupted the old man's good-natured remonstrance.

"To the table!" he exclaimed, leading the way.—"There, your health, my father! Fill up! The spirits are good."

The glasses rang, and amid laughter and joking the supper began. How the guests enjoyed it, and

how they laughed and talked! But the host and his wife were very quiet. Alexei went from one place to another, attending to his guests, and followed by the quick glances of Masha, who sat with her lips pressed together as though she were striving to hold back the sorrow that continually sought utterance.

At last the friends took their leave. Alexei followed them to the threshold and waved after them the last adieux. Behind him stood Masha, leaning against the door-post, her folded hands hanging down wearily. All her strong love shone in her moistened eyes, and prayed for some return from the man whose back was turned to her.

A violent struggle seemed to be going on in his mind. Suddenly he turned around, threw his arms about her, kissed her three times, and, in a low voice, uttered the usual Easter-greeting. Masha stood as if turned to stone. Half unconsciously, she made the customary response, while her whole form began to tremble. As he felt this evidence of her emotion, Alexei withdrew his arms from her neck and stepped back hastily. Seeing her eyes heavy with tears as she held her arms out toward him, he was unable to bear the strain upon his feelings any longer.

"Go to bed, Masha—it is time," he said, with difficulty, and then hurried away. She gazed after him in silent despair, until, at last, her tears fell fast. But the cry of a child from the dark inner room recalled her to a sense of her surroundings.

"What is it, my darling?" she called out. "Don't be frightened; I'm coming to you. Ah! you love me yet, my soul, my all!" And with these words she hurried into the house, closing the door behind her.

She had hardly disappeared before something began to move behind the great tree in front of the door. Then a woman, covered with a dark mantle, stepped forth and looked carefully around. Her tall figure seemed, in the dim light of the moon, almost gigantic. With a peculiar, stealthy manner of moving, she swept across the path and climbed upon the wooden bench in front of the house. From this position she could look through a window into the front-room; and she gazed earnestly downward and inward, her dark eyes glowing with eager intentness. But the lights had been put out, and it was impossible to distinguish anything inside. As she stepped down and turned around toward the moon, its light fell on a strange young face, distorted by wild anguish. Great black eyes gleamed under their long lashes; dark, wavy hair fell over a high forehead and hung down in disorder; and an aquiline nose, full, voluptuous lips, and the general cast of her features, indicated a Hebrew origin.

Like lightning-flashes the signs of hatred and of pain chased each other across her face. She raised her clinched hand and shook it threateningly toward the house, while her lips moved as though she were uttering curses against its inmates.

Just then the sound of voices, coming nearer every moment, announced the approach of some villagers, who, after taking part in the ceremonies at

church, had greeted the Easter-morning with full libations of brandy, and were now on their way homeward. They halted as they saw the tall figure hurrying away from before Alexei's house.

"The devil take her! that was the Jew witch! What does she want here in the village? Knock her down!" cried one of these men.

"For God's sake, Andrei," said another, holding him back, "do you want to put an end to yourself? In the night the devil's children can do what they choose; and it would be a sin to hurt anybody to-day, too. We'll get even with her yet, and then we'll pay her back for all she's been doing to us for so many years."

The others seconded the last speaker; and, restraining the ardor of their overdrunk comrade, they disappeared in the darkness.

Meanwhile the night-wanderer had left the village, and taken her course toward a low hut, in the midst of a carefully-kept garden, about a hundred paces outside the place.

She passed through a little gate in the high hedge and sat down on a large stone near the garden-well. Easter had come far on in the awakening spring. The odor of buds and blossoms was on the air, and a light breeze cooled her heated brow. As she sat gazing on vacancy, a sad picture of the past was before her mental vision. She saw herself as a child, escaping from a home which had nothing congenial for her, to seek the society of other children. Her father had been a traveling brandy-vender, and had died in this village shortly after her birth. Her mother had obtained permission from "the proud Bariga," as the villagers called her, the proprietress of the whole neighborhood, to build a hut on the spot she now occupied. And here she had since lived, shunned by all the rest of the community, in the midst of her garden, where she raised many strange herbs, out of which she prepared salves and liquids as remedies for every known evil. She had won the favor of the noble lady through her skill in fortune-telling and her ability to brew certain essences intended to smooth away wrinkles and bring back the color to cheeks from which it had fled, as well as to overcome fevers and physical troubles generally. When Bariga was in the village, one was sure to find the ill-omened crone with her every day, helping the lady to resist the attacks of *ennui* by interpreting her dreams and predicting her future, of course in the rosiest of hues. During these visits she did not fail to keep her patroness informed of all that went on in the neighborhood; and many increases in the burdens and requirements laid upon the villagers by the proprietress were by them ascribed, not without reason, to the influence of the evil-minded Leah. It was not strange, therefore, that she soon became universally hated and feared. The superstitious peasants would make a wide *détour* to avoid passing her hut, and when they met her would touch their crosses and secretly spit, to prevent any bad effect of the meeting, just as they did when they chanced to meet a priest or a hog on first going out in the morning, for such a meeting was also, in their

opinion, ominous of evil. Indeed, the appearance of the old Jewess was really calculated to excite distrust and repulsion. Her tall, meagre, but strong-jointed figure, her thick, gray hair protruding from under a bright-red head-cloth, her prominent nose, hooked like the beak of a bird of prey, and her narrow, firmly-compressed lips, always set in a mocking smile—all these physical characteristics helped to make up a picture which could hardly have been more repellent, and which was marked by a certain demonic expression that might have suggested to even less ignorant observers the thought of something superhuman. Even for her child she appeared to have little affection; and her only joy seemed to be in noticing how Happiness, which had not often smiled on her, also many times turned its back upon others.

The fear of her famed skill in using magical herbs made the peasants very careful not to offend her openly; but all the curses which they furtively sent after the hated Leah fell back on the little, innocent head of poor Rachel. When she sought the society of the village children, who had often heard herself and her mother reviled and threatened at their own homes, she was driven back with scorn and ridicule; indeed, was pursued with stones and offensive epithets. The cry of "Go back, you Jew witch-breed!" and the violent usage that always accompanied it, froze up all the natural, childlike feelings which had made her seek the companionship of other children, and planted instead an undying hatred for all, or nearly all, those who composed her world. In hiding-places of the forest, to which she had been chased like a wild animal by her persecutors, she brooded over the cruelty with which she had been treated, until the old saying, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," which she had learned from her mother, came to her with a vivid reality, and seemed to offer the true rule of action by which to guide herself in life.

But one boy differed from all the other children in his treatment of her. This was Alexei, the station-keeper's son. His father's greater familiarity with the outside world had made him less subject to gross, unreasoning prejudice than the people of the village; and his humane and liberal teachings and example, together with a naturally kindly and generous temperament, induced Alexei to take the part of the persecuted little Jewess. He not only shielded her from much ill-usage, but sometimes, also, when he chanced to meet her wandering on the lonely steppes, would play with her companionably, or tell her some of the wonderful stories he had heard related by his grandmother. Then she would be truly happy. But, when any one else approached, these blissful experiences would, for the time, come to an end; for Alexei's friendship was not strong enough to allow him to show it in public.

Years had passed, and Rachel was now a woman. She had become beautiful; but the stones that had been thrown at her in her dreary childhood had left their marks upon her soul, and had given her beauty a peculiarly wild, unwomanly character. And yet

her defiantly-gleaming eyes would suddenly grow wonderfully soft and gentle when she saw Alexei, who was now the handsome young part-proprietor of the station. When these two met in the presence of others, they would exchange a passing glance, and go on silently. But, meeting without witnesses, they were as frank and friendly as of old, laughing and chatting as naturally as when they had played together ten years before. These were the only sunbeams in Rachel's cloud-shadowed life. And it was not strange that all her human sympathies, repulsed in every other direction, should have clustered around the only person who had ever shown any kind feeling for her. She sought opportunities of meeting him, listened breathlessly to the sound of his steps, and looked after him sadly and desolately when he left her to join the wide circle of his friends and relatives.

Not being lonesome, like her, he could not feel the great void that was left in her heart when he turned to leave her. He looked upon her merely as a friend, toward whom he felt kindly, and whose hard life he pitied; but to her he was more than the sun itself.

Alexei had known nothing of actual love until Masha came to the village, whither she had been brought by her uncle after the death of both her parents. But he quickly became the most ardent of her numerous admirers; and, in the course of time, their engagement was announced by the gossips of the little community. Their wedding was marked by unusual festivities, in which nearly every soul in the village took part. Such a feast as few of the good people had ever before seen was prepared in the station-keeper's house; while outside, on the wide space in front of it, lusty voices sang the songs most suitable to the time, and crowds of girls and young men danced to the music of an ancient violin, played by the old cook of the Lady Bariga.

But, in the lonely hut outside of the village, there was a very different scene. In one corner sat old Leah, looking gloomily at Rachel, who sometimes hurried frantically around the hut, wringing her hands in wild despair, and sometimes flung herself down on the stone floor and tore at her disheveled hair. As the merry dance-music sounded in her ears, she broke out into bitter curses, calling on heaven and hell for help in her impotent rage and agony. The news of Alexei's marriage had broken upon her unexpectedly, burning into her heart and brain like a stroke of lightning.

"The false-hearted hypocrite!" she cried, aloud. "Only a few days ago he spoke to me so pleasantly, and smiled at me in such a friendly way, and all the time he was carrying treachery in his heart!"

Poor Rachel! While Alexei spoke to her he was thinking of his love for another, and he did not even know of her love for him. But she said nothing to herself about that. As her mother came to her side, and tried to speak to her, she pushed her roughly away, and began cursing the hour in which she was born.

At last the sounds of the wedding-festivities

ceased, and the stillness of night descended upon the village. Rachel had sunk down by the little window of the hut, and lay there without moving, her eyes fixed on the darkness outside, and her thoughts turned upon the greater darkness within her own soul. Suddenly her mother again came softly to her side, knelt down, and began whispering in her ear.

"He despises you," she said, "because you are one of the chosen people. He has deserted you because the cowardly superstition in his soul stood between you and him. Now, revenge yourself! Take advantage of his superstition, and revenge yourself through it. Your heart will be at rest when you have made him suffer too. Revenge yourself! 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!'"

Rachel rose to her feet. Her mother's words had taken possession of her mind and soul, and given her a new purpose in life. In her desperation she seized upon this idea as a drowning man catches at the first object within his reach. Revenge! That was what she would live for. They had taken everything else away from her, but that she could still treasure up in her heart.

The first year of Alexei's married life was one of unbroken happiness. At its close he brought his first-born child to his own father to receive the old man's blessing; and not long afterward the first grief came upon the young couple in the shape of the aged father's death. But their sorrow was rendered more easy to bear by their complete happiness in each other; and their devotion and unity of feeling was talked of throughout the whole village.

Meanwhile Rachel avoided meeting them; but when they came within her sight her eyes would follow them with a look of intense hatred. Had the Lady Bariga been in the village, the hatred of the two Jewesses for Alexei and his wife might have been gratified through her. But she had for some time past been residing at Moscow; consequently, her coöperation could not be counted upon. Only one other means was within their power; this was to work upon the superstitious feelings of their intended victims; and no one was better able to do this than the crafty Leah.

When Masha's child was a few months old, some one advised the young mother to buy of the old Jewess a luck-bringing root, and to hang it on the child's cradle, as a preventive against fever. Masha soon afterward followed this advice, which was quite in accordance with her own ideas. Coming to the old woman's hut, she found her alone; and Leah's eyes glittered as she thought that the long-expected opportunity had come at last. She first gave her visitor what she desired, and then begged her to let the cards be consulted for the sake of discovering what Fortune had in store for her. She laid out the cards, consulted them carefully, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"Unhappy Maria Alexeivovna! Alas, your fortune threatens danger! I see a sacred custom violated in your house, and a curse will come upon you from it. But remember, don't speak of what I

have told you to any living creature, not even to your husband. If you do, the curse will come all the quicker and harder!"

Masha shuddered as she listened to the hag's dismal forebodings. Throwing her a piece of money, she hurried away, with a mind full of fear and anxiety. Following Leah's injunction to keep the matter a secret from every one, she strove, with the utmost care, to avoid the fulfillment of the prophecy by any such violation of customs, made sacred by popular superstition, as had been predicted; and, in this way, her fear and anxiety were heightened by continual brooding. Indeed, her peace was already destroyed. Believing implicitly in the truth of the old Jewess's prediction, she was never free from the apprehension of what was to come upon herself and those dear to her.

One evening she stood at the door, looking out to see whether Alexei were coming home from the fields. He soon came in sight, seated in his wagon, and driving rapidly toward the house. As she ran joyfully to meet him, he sprang down, crying:

"Welcome, little mother! Just look here, and see what I've brought you."

At the same time he took from the wagon some object carefully covered with leaves.

Masha took it and began hastily removing the leaves; but in a moment her face assumed a look of absolute terror. The leaves had concealed merely a wild-dove's nest, with two featherless young ones in it; but the sight evidently caused her the utmost anxiety.

"For God's sake, Alexei," she cried, "what have you done? Don't you know that, if any one disturbs one of these birds, all his love will die?"

Alexei stood as if turned to stone.

"My God!" he said, partly recovering his self-control, "I didn't think of that! The nest was so pretty, hanging in the pear-tree on the edge of our millet-field. It seemed to have been put right into my hands; and the little ones were crying for hunger, and the old birds didn't come."

"Ah, I'm afraid the prophecy is coming true!" said Masha, without hearing him.

"What prophecy?" asked her husband.

She related to him what Leah had predicted. He listened with deep concern; but in a few moments he began trying to control his agitation, and made an effort to laugh.

"Foolishness, my darling," he said—"all foolishness! How could my love for you die? It is so strong I would rather not live myself than give you up!"

With these words he put his arm around her neck, and bent down to kiss her. But it seemed as if a shadow had come between them; and, hardly knowing why, he drew back, and went away without saying anything more.

At that moment Rachel was standing behind a clump of trees near by, eagerly watching the scene, her eyes sparkling, and her face full of triumph.

"It is done!" she exclaimed. "Now, you doves, bill and coo any more if you can!"

From that day all cheerfulness disappeared in Alexei's household. Masha became paler and paler, and her husband struggled in vain to close the breach that had opened between them. He found it impossible to conquer the belief that his love was really dead, and went gloomily about in a state that was not far from desperation. Thus they both lived on, followed constantly by Rachel's vengeance.

In the village all were at a loss to account for this change. Neither of the persons concerned would answer any questions about what they believed to be a solemn, terrible, and mysterious judgment.

Alexei's conduct and manner at the Easter-festival had rekindled the public curiosity about the matter; and, on the succeeding evening, it formed the chief subject of conversation at the house of Masha's uncle, where a specially-invited party had assembled to play cards.

"I thought I'd have bad luck," said one of the players, striking the table with his fist, "when I saw the Jew witch run across my path this morning!"

"Would to God that they might be driven out of the neighborhood!" said another. "The old one bewitched my cow last summer, so I had to give her away—the cursed devil! She just went across the meadow and muttered something, and from that hour the beast wouldn't eat a thing."

"Do you know, we saw her last night before Alexei's house?" said a third. "She stood there, and said her magic words at the house, and when we came up she ran off."

"Before Alexei's house!" exclaimed Masha's uncle. "Then *that's* where the magic comes from that makes them both pine away so horribly!"

In a moment all sprang to their feet as if a new light had burst in upon them.

"And shall we bear this any longer?" they began shouting, in wild excitement. "Shall we wait and see how the devil's crew will drive the blessing out of our houses with their hellish spells? Away with the whole gang of them!"

As if these cries had given the signal, they all rushed furiously to the door and out into the open air. Some of the villagers were still sitting on the benches in front of their houses, and the news of the last outrage perpetrated by the hated Jewesses spread among them like wildfire. The little body of men increased every moment, the excitement of each one helping to heighten that of the others; and yells and curses resounding through the still night air inflamed the already raging passions of the fanatical peasants. A few of the more rational men tried in vain to stem the torrent of excitement. They were shouted down immediately, and the mob rushed on toward Leah's hut.

"If we don't do it now, she'll bewitch every one of us!" roared the ringleaders.

"Set their house a-fire, and get rid of them for good!" screamed the others; and in a few minutes the wild swarm was before the Jewesses' hut.

Its two inmates heard the furious uproar, and

tried to escape by flight. They were flung back into the house, the doors were shut on them, and the hedge was broken down and piled against the walls. Fire was soon brought and applied, and in a very short time the flames were leaping up toward the sky. A ghastly cry sounded from within as the old woman beat with her fists against the already smoking doors, vainly struggling to escape. But Rachel stood quietly in the middle of the hut, making no movement and uttering no sound. She seemed almost like a tired child just going to rest.

Now the flames have reached the roof, and tongues of fire are licking the somewhat moist reeds that cover it, before the great body of flame, like a huge, red serpent, shall take a strong hold upon them. Now the rafters begin to bend and crack; now the whole roof is flaming high; now it begins to sink downward; and now it falls crashing into the room below! At the same moment such a frightful scream echoes from within that the heart's blood of the most maddened among the raging mob seems frozen at the sound; and for a few seconds afterward nothing is audible but the hissing and crackling of the fire.

Suddenly the loud voice of a man was heard shouting, "Stop, you murderers!" It was Alexei, who, with his own employes and the old priest of the village, was hurrying up, hoping to be in time to hinder a part of the mad work. Masha came swiftly behind him. "Shame on you!" she cried to the mob. "They are innocent of causing our unhappiness. We will swear it by our salvation."

Alexei instantly began the work of rescue. He seized the burning bushes that were heaped against the door and tore them away, careless of the burns he received while doing it. He ordered his men to throw water on the hut with their pails, filled at the spring in the yard; and Father Paul, the priest, encouraged them with active help as well as commendation. The mob, whom Leah's last cry of agony and terror had completely sobered, also soon began helping to put out the fire they themselves had kindled. Alexei at last cut away the door with his axe, rushed into the hut, and quickly reappeared bearing the unconscious Rachel in his arms. He laid her down on the ground, and then hurried back into the hut. The fire had by this time been almost entirely extinguished, although a great mass of glowing and partly-burning wood still lay in the room which had formed the interior. Several other men now followed Alexei into the hut, and helped him to throw aside the smoking ruins of the roof. As they did so, the body of the old woman was disclosed to their view. A rafter had fallen on her, and she was already dead. Father Paul, seeing that no help was possible here, said: "Let the body lie there for the present, and carry the daughter into the village. I hope there is some Christian man among you who will receive her into his house."

"Bring her to our house," said Masha, earnest-

ly; and accordingly the unconscious Rachel was lifted up and carried carefully to the station. There she was laid upon a bed, and Masha lost no time in trying, by every conceivable means, to soften her sufferings. Alexei had staid behind to take measures for having the old Jewess decently buried; and when this duty had been accomplished, he came home to help his wife in her attempt to save Rachel. In the earnest endeavor to accomplish this good purpose, the estrangement between them was, for the time, forgotten, and both thought of nothing but what they were trying to do. At last Rachel opened her eyes, and as the agony she was undergoing caused her to recall the awful scene through which she had lately passed, she involuntarily groaned aloud. In an instant Masha was at her side, renewing the cooling bandages with a light, skillful touch, and then gently supporting the sufferer's head. Behind Masha stood Alexei, the tears in his eyes, and the deep sympathy in his look showing how thoroughly his pity was aroused.

"Poor Rachel!" he said, in a low voice.—"Ah, Masha! if you knew how good her heart is! I am the only one that knows it; for I have always felt as if she were my sister."

"And she shall be my sister, too," said Masha, very tenderly and gently. "She shall live with us, and be at peace here in our home."

In truth, Rachel was already nearly at peace. The word "sister," applied to her so affectionately by these people whom she had wronged, and who were treating her so tenderly, banished every remnant of her former hatred. The new experience of being called loving names, and touched by caressing hands, made her almost forget her terrible sufferings, and awakened all the better feelings in her nature. And in the gentler mood which had now come over her, she no longer deceived herself with the idea that Alexei had acted treacherously toward her. She lay still for a little while, her tears falling fast, but her spirit calmer than it had been for many months. Yet she felt sure she had not long to live; and, with an earnest desire to make amends for some of the injury she had done, she motioned to Alexei and Masha to come close to her side.

"I am dying," she whispered to them, faintly, "but I want to ask your forgiveness for what I did to you. I placed the nest in the tree where Alexei found it, and so it was I and not he who disturbed it. I put it there for him to take, because I made myself believe that he had trifled with me, and I wanted to be revenged on him. I feel now that I had no reason to think what I did. I hope you will both forgive me, and be as happy as you were before."

She took their right hands and joined them together with her last remnant of strength. Then her own hands fell away from theirs, her eyes closed—she was dead!

Alexei and Masha, with their hands still clasped, knelt down by her bed, and forgot in prayer all that hate and superstition had made them suffer.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT.

BY GEORGE SAND.

XI.

ALTHOUGH I found it necessary to watch my son's movements, I did not wish him to have the least suspicion of it. I went home, and, when he appeared, did not give him a hint of my discovery. Jacques arrived about ten o'clock, saying that he had just returned from a hunting-party, and could not pass the door without coming in to inquire after our welfare.

"Didn't you kill anything?" said Madame Chantabel; "for, contrary to your usual luck, your hands are empty."

"Pardon me, aunt," he replied, "I have left one poor hare in the kitchen."

"Will you play a game of piquet with your uncle?"

"I am at his disposal."

I saw plainly that Jacques had something to tell me.

"Perhaps we had better take a walk in the garden instead," I answered, taking his arm.—"You have a great fire for the season, ladies, and it is stifling here."

"Well, what is the news?" I said to my great boy of a nephew, when we were alone. "You appear to be entirely cast down."

"Cast down to the depths, cast down to death, my good uncle! It is just as I told you—Henri treads upon my heels. There is an appointment every evening at the tower of Perceмонт."

"Who told you so?"

"I saw, I watched, I followed. This very evening—"

"Did you listen?"

"Yes, but I couldn't hear anything."

"Then you are an unskillful fellow. He who does not hear the clock knows nothing of its sound."

"Do you expect me to believe that Mademoiselle de Nives has a meeting with Henri to tell over her beads?"

"Did she pass her time in this way when she was with you?"

"She made fun of me, and perhaps she is now doing the same with my cousin; but in making fun of everybody she risks her honor, and that is serious."

"Did you not tell me that it was impossible to subdue her will, or take advantage of her innocence?"

"I said that on my own account, for I am little skilled in the use of words or in the eloquence that produces conviction. Henri is an advocate; he knows how to say—"

"Then he is more dangerous than you, whom I believed irresistible."

"Ah! uncle, you are laughing at me, which means that you abandon my cause!"

"Have I promised to help on your love-affairs?"

"You listened to my story with an attention that I took for interest."

"I have not made up my mind upon the subject, and am very little interested in your projects for securing a fortune. If you think of marrying a million, that is an affair between you and Charliette, and I will not be mixed up with it."

"Uncle, you humiliate me. In truth, you treat me with great injustice. The million is of no value, if the wife is dishonored."

"She is not—of this I am sure; but she will surely be some day, if she shows the same want of judgment as she has already done."

"You know, then—"

"I know what you are going to tell me, and make this reply. If she has relations with Henri, they are and must remain pure; but if this young lady takes every day a new confidant, she will end by finding some one who will compromise her, and the scandal will be reflected upon your sister. As, however, it is she, she alone, who interests me in the whole affair, I shall to-morrow commence proceedings to put an end to a vexatious and ridiculous situation."

"To commence proceedings? Ah! uncle, what are you going to do? Inform Madame de Nives? ruin this poor child?"

"Why, then, do you accuse her?"

"I do not accuse her! I complain of her, that is all; but I would sooner cut off both hands than do her an injury. If you knew how grand and good she is with all her faults, you would excuse her as being simply a little absurd and romantic!"

"However, if she leaves you in the lurch, and if, after having deluded you with her mystic projects, she takes a husband, and this husband is not you?"

"Well! uncle?"

"Will you not seek to be revenged?"

"No, never! On that day I shall get drunk like a Pole, or shoulder my fowling-piece, I cannot tell which! but to wrong her, to speak evil, to betray—no! I could not! She is not like any other woman; she is an angel, a strange angel, an insane angel; there are some perhaps like her in this way; but she is also the personification of a kind heart, good intentions, disinterestedness, and charity. An act that would be wrong in another person is not so for her. No! she must not be harmed. No, uncle, forget everything I have told you."

"Well done!" I replied, taking Jacques's hands in mine; "I see that you are still my sister's child, the good Jaquet who never injures any one but himself, and redeems everything with his heart. I think now that you really love Mademoiselle de Nives. If she possesses the noble qualities you say she has, I promise to do everything in my power to bring

about your marriage with her. I will see her, question her, and study the matter thoroughly."

"Thanks, my dear uncle! but your son—"

"My son has nothing to say concerning it."

"Indeed—"

"Do not talk to me of him before I understand the state of affairs. Go to bed, and give up being a spy. I will watch, but I will watch alone. You understand me! Keep quiet, or I will abandon your cause."

The big Jaquet embraced me, and I felt his warm tears on my cheeks. He went to take leave of my wife, grasped Henri's hand convulsively, and, mounting his pony, set off at full gallop for Champgousse.

I waited patiently through the whole of the next day. As Henri had foreseen, it rained incessantly, and it was impossible for Mademoiselle Ninie to go out. After dinner she climbed upon his shoulders and whispered to him.

"You two have secrets?" said my wife, struck with the sly and mysterious appearance of the child.

"Oh, yes, great secrets, and I shall not tell," replied she, putting her little hands over Henri's mouth—"Don't tell them anything, my dear Henri, and please carry me to the fountain."

"No, it is impossible," said Henri. "There is no fountain this evening. The rain would swamp our paper-boats; we must wait for another day."

He got up and went out. Ninie began to cry. My wife wished to console her. I did not give her an opportunity, for, taking her in my arms, I carried her to my study to show her some pictures. When she had forgotten her disappointment, I endeavored, without questioning her, to find out if she were capable of keeping a secret; I promised to make beautiful paper-boats for her the next day, and to make them sail on the pond in the garden.

"No, no," she said; "your pond is not pretty enough. On the fountain in the meadow! there the water is beautiful and clear. And there, too, is Suzette, who knows how to amuse me better than you, better than Henri, and all the world."

"Suzette is, then, a little girl of your own age, whom you have met there?"

"Of my age? I don't know; she is larger than I am."

"Large as Bebelles?"

"Oh, no, and not so old! Suzette is very pretty, and loves me so much!"

"And why does she love you so much?"

"Bless me! I don't know; perhaps it is because I love her in the same way, and embrace her as much as she wants me to. She says that I am pretty and very lovable."

"And where does Suzette live?"

"She lives—bless me! I guess she lives at the fountain; she is there every evening."

"But there are no houses there."

"That is true. Then she comes to see me so as to make boats for me."

"This, then, was your great secret with Henri?"

"I was afraid Bebelles wouldn't let me go out."

I saw that the child had not been intrusted with the secret, and would easily forget the pretended Suzette if she did not see her before her mother's return. I saw, also, why Henri had been in such a hurry to put the old room in order at Percemont, for, regardless of the rain, he went there as he had promised, and did not return until ten o'clock. When his mother had gone to bed, he said to me:

"I deceived you the other day, my dear father. Allow me to relate to you this evening the true story; but, to commence quickly and clearly, read this letter that I received by post on St.-Hyacinthe's evening."

"SIR: Render a great service to a person who has faith in your honor. Be to-morrow evening at the *fête* of Percemont. I will be there, and will whisper in your ear the name of Suzette."

"You see the orthography is a little fanciful. I imagined some frivolous adventure or a demand for assistance. I followed you to the *fête*, and saw Jacques dancing with a fascinating village-girl, with whom he appeared to be very much enamored, and who, passing near me, threw adroitly into my ear the word agreed upon—'Suzette.'"

"I invited her to dance with me, to Jacques's great displeasure, and we came rapidly to an explanation during the *bourrée*."

"I am not Suzette," she said, "but Marie de Nives. I am living in strict concealment at Vignollette. Emilie, my excellent, my best friend, does not know that I am here, and her brother Jacques is displeased with me for coming. I have not told them my secret, for they would say I did a foolish thing; however, I wish to do this foolish thing, and I will do it, unless you refuse your assistance and friendship. I demand them, and I have a right to expect them. You did me a great wrong without suspecting it. When I was at the convent of Riom, you wrote me letters that were looked upon as criminal. On account of these unfortunate letters, I was taken from this convent, where I was loved and treated kindly, and shut up at Clermont under more severe regulations. Jacques helped me to escape. I went to Paris to obtain legal advice. I now understand my rights, and shall soon come into possession of my estates; but, while I condemn my step-mother, there is in my heart one tender and ardent desire: I want to see her daughter, my poor father's daughter, my little sister Léonie. She is at your house; manage in some way to let me see her. The present time is favorable, and another such opportunity may perhaps never occur. Your whole family is here; the child is alone with her nurse in your house. I have skillful spies at my command, who keep me informed of all that goes on. Take me to your house, let me only see my sister. I will just look at her while she is sleeping, and I will not waken her. Grant me the privilege of seeing her, and I shall owe you eternal gratitude."

"The time and the place were not suitable for discussion. I cannot tell what answer I should have made if it had not been for an awkward incident provoked by Jacques's jealousy. He put out the

signal-light, and, in the confusion that followed, Mademoiselle de Nives, seizing my arm with an extraordinary nervous force, hurried me along into the darkness, saying:

"Now, God wills it, you see: let us go to your house."

"I was literally blind. This light, that was bright enough to put one's eyes out, having been suddenly extinguished, I walked without knowing where my steps tended, and my companion seemed to lead me. After a minute or two, I recognized that we were going in the direction of the meadow, and that we were not alone. A man and woman were walking in front of us.

"It is my nurse and her husband," said Mademoiselle de Nives; "they are faithful servants; fear nothing: I have others besides these in my service. I have my sister's nurse, who was discharged, and now watches over my interests."

"Do you know," I said, "that you make me uneasy by acting in this way?"

"How is that?"

"Perhaps you have a plan of carrying off the child, in order to have the mother in your power? I give you warning that I shall oppose it absolutely. She has been confided to my parents, and, although this confidence is a little strange, we are responsible, and consider the trust sacred."

"You have a very bad opinion of me," she replied, "and must have heard many unkind reports concerning me. I do not deserve them, and am resigned to wait for the future to justify me."

"Her voice has a penetrating clearness and sweetness. I was ashamed of my suspicions, and tried to make excuses for my brutality."

"Do not speak," she said; "it will delay us—run!"

"And she hurried across the meadow, scarcely touching the soil, light as a bird of night."

"We stopped a moment when we arrived at the garden-gate."

"I have not yet found," I said, "a way of taking you to the child without danger of your being seen by the servant who has charge of her. I warn you that Mademoiselle Ninie sleeps in my mother's chamber, and that during her absence a nurse, installed in an easy-chair, sleeps perhaps very lightly. I know nothing about her; she is a young peasant with whom I am not acquainted."

"I am acquainted with her," replied Mademoiselle de Nives; "she came to Emilie's, a fortnight since, to ask for work. We gave her some, and I know that she is gentle and good. Do not be troubled. I know, also, that she sleeps soundly, for she did not waken during a frightful storm. Come, quick, let us enter!"

"Allow me—you must enter alone with me. The persons who accompany you will remain here to wait for you."

"Of course."

"I led her, without noise, to my mother's chamber, guiding her through the dark passage-ways. I entered first, softly. The little nurse did not stir. A

candle was burning on a table behind the curtain. Mademoiselle de Nives took it resolutely, in order to look at the sleeping child; then gave it to me, and, kneeling by the bedside, glued her lips to Ninie's little hand, saying, as if she were praying to God:

"Grant that she may love me—I swear to love her dearly!"

"I touched her gently on the shoulder. She arose and followed me submissively to the garden. There she took both my hands in hers, saying to me:

"Henri Chantabel, you have given me the greatest happiness I ever experienced in my hard and sad life; you are now for me like one of those angels whom I often invoke, and who inspire me with calmness and courage during my meditations. I am a poor girl, without mind and without instruction. Those who had charge of me brought me up in this way; they did it on purpose, for they thought the more ignorant I was the less power I should have to assert my rights. But the light necessary to guide my steps comes from above; no one can put it out. Have confidence in me, as I had confidence in you. Confidence is so noble! Without it everything is evil and impossible. Permit me to see my sister again, to hear her voice, to read her looks, and to receive her first kiss. Let me return to-morrow, disguised as to-day. Remember, no one knows my face; your parents have never seen me, and Madame de Nives herself would perhaps not recognize me, for she has not seen me for many years. I will hide somewhere, you will bring Léonie to me, you will be there, and you will not leave her. Must I entreat you on my knees? Behold me—here I am!"

"A little disturbed by her exaltation, but conquered by the charm emanating from so remarkable a person, I consented to a meeting at the tower of Percemont the next day at dusk, promising to find some means of taking her sister to meet her, and I asked permission to inform you of what was going on."

"Oh, no, not yet!" she cried. "I shall tell everything to your father myself, for I have much to tell, and he will be obliged to listen to me; it is his duty to Madame de Nives and my sister. I can ruin them, but I do not wish to. There is one thing on which I have not entirely made up my mind; I must see the child again, and, if your parents oppose it, I should not know what I ought to do. Promise to keep my secret for a few days."

"Well, I promise. But Jacques? What shall I say to him if he asks me any questions?"

"He will not ask you any questions."

"Is he not your fiancé?"

"No, he is nothing to me but a generous and excellent friend."

"But he loves you. That is very clear."

"He loves me, yes, and I return it with all my heart; but there is not a word of love-making between us."

"You swear to keep my secret?"

"Yes, I swear. Oh, how I love you!"

"Not so much as Jacques!"

"Still more."

"After this she took flight with her companions, leaving me astonished and nearly stunned with the adventure."

"The next day—that is, day before yesterday—I decided upon the fountain in the meadow as the most favorable place for the meeting. I found means of informing Charlette, that devoted nurse, who came in the daytime to explore the wood of Percemont so as to find her way about without following the beaten paths. She is a skillful and sagacious woman. I showed her the fountain from the hill above it, and the path through the vines that led to it. I took down the fences, and the same evening, while playing with Ninie, carried her, without telling her anything, to the meeting with her sister, who was waiting for her under the willows. The acquaintance was quickly made, thanks to the paper boats; but I must say that Mademoiselle de Nives's passion for this child was like that of an irresistible lover. In a moment Léonie was hanging upon her neck, and devouring her with caresses. She was unwilling to leave her, and I could only induce her to go back to her nurse by promising to bring her the next day to the fountain and Suzette."

"Yesterday I kept my word. Suzette had crammed her pockets with rose-colored and blue paper. She made, with the dexterity of a nun, charming little boats that floated delightfully; but Ninie was not so much amused as on the evening before. She had made up her mind never to leave Suzette, and insisted upon taking her home with her for a nurse. I had great trouble in separating them. Finally, this evening for the last time I saw Mademoiselle de Nives in the tower, where we had agreed to meet. I considered this interview useless to her plans, and allowed it with regret, since the bad weather prevented me from taking Léonie to her sister. I went to the meeting a little out of temper. Mademoiselle de Nives is an irritating person. She throws herself on your neck, morally speaking. She has inflections of tenderness and exaggerated expressions of gratitude which must trouble poor Jacques profoundly, and have made me impatient more than once; but it is impossible to give expression to the disapprobation she provokes. She is not affected, she does not study an attitude, she is naturally beyond the region of probability, and yet she is in the right when her point of view is accepted. We talked for two hours, *à tête-à-tête*, in the tower, where I had kindled a great fire of pine-cones to dry her wet garments, and was obliged to see that she was warm in spite of herself. Fearless, and like one insensible to all external influences, she had walked smiling under a beating rain, and smiled anew in seeing me troubled on account of her health. She manifested no more embarrassment nor fear in finding herself alone with me, coming to an interview dangerous to her reputation, than if I had been her brother. The nurse staid below in the kitchen, warming herself also, and troubling herself no more at leaving us together than if eccentricities of this kind were nothing

new to her. All this would have turned the head of an ambitious fool, for Mademoiselle de Nives is an eligible person, and can be easily compromised; but I hope that you have a sufficiently good opinion of me to be very certain that I have not made love to her, and shall not do so. This is my romance, dear father. Tell me what you think of it, and if you blame me for having allowed the *adverse party*—for my mother pretends that you are the defender and legal adviser of the countess—to embrace her little sister Ninie without your knowledge?"

XII.

"REDUCED to these proportions, the affair is not serious," I replied; "but you have not told me the most important part—your conversation of this evening, your only conversation; for, until this time, you could exchange nothing but a few interrupted words, as you were not alone together."

"Yes, indeed! the two preceding days I escorted her half-way to Vignollette through the woods; the nurse—I ought to say the *duenna*—walked at a respectful distance."

"Then you know what those great projects are upon which Mademoiselle de Nives, your client, intends to converse with me?"

"An attempt at reconciliation between her and her step-mother; Mademoiselle de Nives wishes to be at liberty to see her sister occasionally."

"I believe that the interviews will be dearly purchased, and the requirements for making such an engagement serious. Marie de Nives has no power over Léonie de Nives, and the law will give her no support."

"She relies upon you to find the means."

"Do you see any?"

"I see a thousand if your client looks only for money, as mine claims she does. The important question is, the duration of the friendship of the two sisters."

"Everything appears simple when suppositions are taken for accomplished facts. Suppose that my client—since client she is, according to you—has an unconquerable aversion to her step-daughter, that she fights for her fortune, but that it is only for her daughter's sake, and that she would like better to have her remain poor than be exposed to the influence of a person of whom she has so poor an opinion?"

"You will plead with her for poor Marie."

"Poor Marie is greatly to be pitied for the past; but, now she is free, I own that I feel no special interest in her."

"You are not acquainted with her yet."

"I accept her as you paint her, and as Jacques has described her. Your two versions, differently drawn up, agree in essential points. I think she is an excellent person, with very pure intentions. Is that sufficient to make her a judicious woman, a serious being, capable of directing a child like Léonie, and of inspiring some confidence in her mother? I do not believe her capable of inspiring respect."

"Indeed! I assure you she is deserving of great respect."

"That is to say, you have been very much interested in her, and have known how to conceal it from her through respect for yourself!"

"Do not speak of me; I am out of the question. Speak of Jacques."

"Jacques has been still more interested and probably more timid than you. Jacques is a youth whose wild deeds and depths of sentiment need not be much dreaded by any person ever so badly brought up. Shall I tell you what I think? I do not believe your client in danger, but I think her dangerous. I see her in a very agreeable and even diverting situation, since she finds means to reconcile in her conscience, obscurely enlightened from above—or from below—the frivolous pleasures of life with celestial ecstasy. She cherishes in the convent the idea of being a wise virgin, but has the instincts of a foolish virgin, and, from the moment that she throws off the restraint of austerity which, armed at all points, forms the strength of Catholicism, I do not see where she will stop. She has nothing to put in the place of this terrible yoke necessary to minds without culture, and consequently without reflection. She has no philosophy to create a law for herself, and no appreciation of social life and the obligations it imposes. She forms a fantastic idea of duty, seeks her own in the combinations of romance, and has not the least idea of the most simple moral obligations. It pleases her to leave the convent before the time—close at hand—fixed by the law for her deliverance; she did not know how to find a proper protection for this rash act, and accepts that of a woman who speculates upon the liberality of the suitors she recruits. She finds it natural to accept Jacques Ormonde for a liberator, passes eight days alone with him, and, as he does not inspire her with love—so I understand—cares very little for the passion aroused in his breast, the hopes he cherishes, the bursts of anger and suspense she imposes upon him."

"Father, she is entirely ignorant of these things, and has no idea of the passion of love."

"So much the worse for her! A woman should have an intuitive perception of what she does not know by experience; otherwise she is not a woman, she is a hybrid, mysterious and suspicious, whom every one should be afraid of. Who can tell where the awakening of the senses will lead such a person? I believe that the senses already play the principal part in that angelic chastity that drives the young lady from Jacques's arms into yours."

"Say, rather, from Jacques's arm to mine; she has sought and found only protectors."

"One improvised protector is a great deal. Two are much too many for two months of liberty! Why has not this heroine of romance succeeded in overcoming my repugnance to become acquainted with her and listen to her story? Since she knows how to disguise herself so well, she might have found entrance here as a servant—we were looking for one to take care of the child!"

"She thought of it, but was afraid of my mother's

penetration, who she knows is prejudiced against her."

"She was afraid of your mother, and she was afraid of me! Invited by Miette and Jacques to trust her affairs to me, she did not dare to follow their advice—she does not yet dare. She prefers to apply to you in order to see her sister, as she applied to Jaquet to escape from her cage. Shall I tell you why?"

"Tell me, father."

"Because the support of young men is always assured to a pretty girl, while the old exercise their judgment in the question. Beauty produces a rapid proselytism. A young man is combustible material, and does not resist like an old, incombustible man of the law. With a tender glance and a suppliant word, in the twinkling of an eye, she finds brilliant cavaliers ready for every foolish enterprise. She trusts to them her most intimate secrets, and they are delighted to be received as confidants. Is this confidence the supreme favor? She lures them on in this way and very soon controls them. She accepts their love provided they do not express their feelings too plainly, exposes them without scruple to scandalous tongues, makes use of their money—"

"Father—!"

"Not you! but Jacques is already in for a large sum, I tell you. She is rich, will pay her obligations, and preserve a sincere gratitude for the two friends—except by marrying a third; the others will get out of the affair as they like. I tell you, my son, you have just passed two hours in a *liti-à-liti*, intoxicating and painful at the same time, with an angel; but, united with this angel, there is an ungrateful devotee and, perhaps, a consummate coquette. Take care of yourself—listen to what I say to you!"

My son, while listening to me, moved about uneasily, his eyes fixed upon the embers, and his face pale in spite of the red light reflected upon it by the fire. It seemed to me I had touched the right chord.

"Then," he said, rising and fixing upon me his great, black eyes full of expression, "you blame me for having helped to carry out the plans of this young woman?"

"Not at all. At your age I should have done the same thing; only, I tell you to be on your guard."

"Lest I fall in love? You take me for a school-boy."

"It is not very long since you were one, and this is all the better for you."

He reflected a few moments, and replied:

"That is true; it is not very long since I was in love with Miette, when the thought of her made my heart beat, and kept me from sleeping. Miette is much more beautiful now; above all, she has an expression, and I do not see that freshness and health injure the ideal in a type of woman. The Greek statues have rounded outlines in poetry. Mademoiselle de Nives is pretty like a little boy. Her paleness is a matter of fancy. And then it is not beauty that takes possession of the heart—it is character. I have studied this character—a character entirely new to me—more judiciously than you think; and, in all

that you have just said, I think there is much truth, in regard to ingratitude, especially. I could not help telling her that she made Jacques suffer cruelly; she believed herself justified in saying that she had made no promises to him."

"She does something worse than that you did not think of. She tries to injure Emilie's character."

"I thought of it, and told her so. What do you think she said in reply? Emilie's character cannot be injured. She possesses a purity beyond all stain. If any one said that I behaved improperly while under her roof, the whole country would reply with one single voice that it was against your cousin's will or without her knowledge. And you also, would you not cry out to the detractors, 'You spoke falsely? The proof of her respectability is, that she is my betrothed, and I am going to marry her?'"

"Very well. Did you reply to this question directly?"

"I made no reply. It was repulsive to me to discuss Emilie and my secret sentiments with a person who cannot comprehend human sentiments."

"I regret that you made her no answer."

"Tell me, father, do you think that Emilie—"

"Go on. Emilie—"

"She must know that her friend has been absent every evening for some days?"

"It seems impossible that she can be ignorant of it. The house at Vignollette is large, but in such a secluded life the absence of one of the two inmates must be noticed."

"Mademoiselle de Nives pretends that Emilie asks no questions and manifests no uneasiness. How do you explain this?"

"By the religion of a generous hospitality. See the letter I received from her yesterday."

Henri read the letter and returned it.

"I see," he said, "that in the bottom of her heart the good and dear child blames her strange companion. She is right. Did you notice that she was unhappy the last time you saw her?"

"Emilie unhappy? No, but displeased."

"Displeased with Mademoiselle Marie?"

"Evidently."

"And perhaps also with me?"

"I don't know what she thought about you."

"Mademoiselle de Nives says that Miette has a great sorrow."

"For what reason?"

"That is the reply I made; there is no reason for it. Miette is not in love with me."

"And you added, 'I am not in love with her?'"

"No, father, I did not say so; I avoided speaking of myself; it could not interest Mademoiselle de Nives. What day will you receive her?"

"She runs the risk of meeting her step-mother, who may, who ought to return for her daughter at any moment."

"Madame de Nives cannot return yet; she is ill in Paris."

"Who told you so?"

"Mademoiselle de Nives has her closely watched. She took the influenza while running around Paris

and the suburbs to surprise her in some *flagrante delicto* favorable to her hostile plans; as she had only false information, she made no discoveries."

"This young woman may then come to the tower to-morrow with Miette. Your mother intends to pay visits at Riom, and will know nothing of the affair. I wish for your assistance at the interview, since you are the counselor of Mademoiselle Marie. I shall, perhaps, call up Master Jacques, and give an order for Léonie to be brought to us for a little while. I want to see with my own eyes if this grand passion for the child is sincere. Go to sleep. To-morrow, early, I will send an express to Vignollette, and perhaps to Champgousse."

The next day I wrote to Emilie and her brother. At noon I went to the tower with Henri and the little Léonie. We found Miette there with Mademoiselle de Nives. Jacques, who lived farther off, arrived last.

My first word was an act of authority. Charliette was on the threshold of the kitchen, but, perceiving me, quickly took refuge within. I had seen her, however, and, addressing Mademoiselle de Nives, demanded if this woman was on the watch by her orders. Mademoiselle de Nives seemed surprised, and said she did not come with her.

"Then," I replied, "she comes on her own account, and I shall order her to go away."

I entered the kitchen without giving Marie time to get the start of me, and asked the distracted Charliette what she was doing in my house. She replied that she came to receive Mademoiselle Marie's orders.

"Mademoiselle Marie does not need you; go away. I forbid you from ever putting your foot in my house without my permission."

"Ah!" cried Charliette, in a dramatic tone, "I see that my dear young lady is ruined! You are all against her!"

"Go," I resumed; "the quicker the better!"

She went away furious, and I rejoined the ladies in the apartment refurnished by Henri. Mademoiselle de Nives wore her costume of a village-girl, which was marvelously becoming to her, I must confess. Léonie threw herself into her arms; they were inseparable. Emilie also caressed the child, and found her charming. I saw that at the last moment Marie had made a full confession. Henri appeared a little embarrassed in carrying out the part he had assumed. He heard opportunely the step of Jacques's pony, and went down to help him in putting it into the stable.

During this time, coming and going, and without having the appearance of wishing to enter upon the subject at present, I observed the features and attitude of Mademoiselle de Nives, and found her simple and sincere. This point gained, I examined my niece; she was changed, neither pale nor cast down, but serious, and as if armed for any combat with a high and magnanimous will.

Jacques entered, and met with a cordial welcome. He kissed respectfully the hand that Mademoiselle de Nives extended to him without the least embar-

arrassment. He was much disconcerted by astonishment and uneasiness, and appeared to be nerving himself up for a crisis beyond his power to avert.

"Now," I said to Mademoiselle de Nives, "we are going to discuss matters that will be very tiresome to Mademoiselle Ninie. She may go and play in the yard, directly under our eyes."

"Yes," cried Léonie; "with Suzette!"

"By-and-by," I said. "I promise to let you see her again before she goes home."

"That is not true; you will not call me back."

"I give you my promise," said Mademoiselle de Nives. "You must be good, and obey M. Chantabel. He is master here, and every one is willing to do as he wishes."

Ninie submitted, but not without making Suzette promise to sit near the window, where she could look at her every moment.

When we were seated, Miette began resolutely:

"Uncle," she said, "you have consented to receive my friend, and I thank you for her and for myself. You have no need to question her in regard to the events that brought her under my roof, for you are perfectly well acquainted with them. She comes to ask your counsel upon her future course, and, as she knows what kind of a man you are, has for you the respect you merit, and the confidence that is your due; she is resolved—so she promised me—to follow your advice implicitly."

"I have but one question to address to Mademoiselle de Nives," I replied; "and my opinion of her cause will depend upon her answer. Why, on the eve of the time fixed for her certain and absolute liberty, did she think it her duty to quit the convent? Reply without fear, mademoiselle: I know you have much frankness and courage, and all the persons present are in your confidence; it is important that I should be so also, and that we all deliberate upon what is most favorable to your interests."

"It is difficult for me to make the public confession you demand," replied Mademoiselle de Nives, who appeared much moved by the presence of Henri and Jacques; "but I can make it, and I will make it."

"We listen respectfully."

"Indeed, M. Chantabel, I had a reason that you will scarcely credit for escaping from the convent before the proper time. My ignorance of real life was so profound—and this is not my fault—that I believed I must show a determination to stand up for my legal rights before I came of age. I was persuaded that, if I allowed one day to pass beyond this term, I was bound by this act to remain in the convent for life."

"Were you told this enormous falsehood in the convent?"

"No; my nurse Charlotte pretended to have asked legal advice in Clermont, and advised me to distrust the patience with which the nuns and confessors awaited my decision. 'They will not harass you,' she said; 'they will surprise you, and suddenly say to you: 'The hour is passed—we hold you for your whole life.''"

"And you believed Charlotte?"

"I believed Charlotte, having only her in the whole world to be interested in me, and tell me what I thought to be the truth."

"But since you found out she was deceiving you?"

"Do not make me speak evil of this woman who rendered me great service—interested service, I know—but I availed myself of her aid, and am still receiving it. Let her go for what she is worth. She is perhaps unworthy of your attention."

"Pardon me: I must know if I am in the presence of a person counseled and directed by Charlotte, or by the friends she has around her."

"I am ashamed that it is necessary for me to reply that the persons present, commencing with yourself, are everything to me, and Charlotte nothing."

"That is very well so far, but I must insist upon other conditions before I undertake to save you from the dangers and difficulties into which this Charlotte has thrown you. You must swear that you will not see her again, have any correspondence or any kind of connection with her, so long as you remain with my niece. You ought to understand that the presence of a woman of this character defiled the abode of Emilie Ormonde."

It was, I believe, the first time that Mademoiselle de Nives ever heard the plain truth. Frightened and menaced, on one side, by clerical thralldom; spoiled and flattered, on the other, by her nurse and the blind love of Jacques, she had never before heard the language of reproach. She blushed with confusion, which appeared to me a good omen, hesitated a moment for a reply, then, by a spontaneous movement, turned to Miette and said, casting herself on her knees and throwing her arms around her:

"Forgive me, I knew not what I was doing! Why did you not tell me?"

"I should have told you, if you had trusted me," replied Emilie, embracing and raising her. "Until this morning I did not know how guilty and contemptible this Charlotte is."

"I will never see her again!" cried Mademoiselle de Nives.

"You swear it?" I said.

"I swear by my eternal salvation!"

"Swear upon your honor! Eternal salvation is never compromised as long as a moment for repentance remains. It is a beautiful idea to make God greater than the justice of men, but here we treat of facts purely human, and are occupied with matters that may be useful or injurious to our fellow-beings."

"I swear, then, upon my honor, never to see Charlotte again, although, in truth, human honor, as usually understood, seems to me a frivolous thing."

"It is there the shoe pinches," I replied. "Will you permit me to make a little explanation that is very necessary?"

"I am listening," said Mademoiselle de Nives, sitting down again.

"Very well. When the expression 'human honor' has no clear meaning for the mind, it is best to

withdraw from the social sphere and communion with mankind. One lives then in a sublime companionship with the divine Mind, and monastic rule imposing solitude and silence exempts one from all obligation to the human race. I know that you do not wish to choose this life; then, as maid or wife, consecrated to works of charity or to the occupations of this world, you must have a guide and master to teach you the obligations of life. You will do no good, entirely by yourself, outside of the cell, since you disdain to learn anything of practical life. You will need a spiritual director to utilize your charity, or a husband to regulate the propriety of your conduct. You are nearly twenty-one years old; you are fascinating, and conscious of your power, since you make use of your fascinations to carry out your plans from day to day. From the moment when you began to exert an influence upon the mind of others, you have no longer the right to say, 'I do not know what I shall do—I will see!' You must see, and will at once; you must choose between a husband and a confessor, otherwise there is no means of dealing with you in earnest."

"What?" cried Mademoiselle de Nives, who started up, astounded at my rudeness; "what are you saying to me, M. Chantabel? What do you demand of me?"

"Nothing but the free exercise of your will."

"But precisely!—I do not know my will. I wait until God inspires me."

"Has God inspired you thus far? Did he command you to run away with Jacques Ormonde?"

"Uncle," cried Jacques, "you forced my secret from me; you had found it out before, and I thought it would be sacred with you, and all at once you torture me! Permit me to retire; I am stifling here, suffering martyrdom!"

"I do not blame you, Jacques," said Mademoiselle de Nives; "I intended to tell your uncle all that he knows already."

"So much the more," I resumed, "since you confided it to my son, with permission to reveal everything to me."

Jacques became pale, looking at Henri, who remained unmoved. Then he looked at Marie, who cast down her eyes in confusion, then raised them immediately, and said, with a *naïve* simplicity:

"It is true, Jacques, I told everything to your cousin, for I needed him to accomplish an enterprise in which you would have refused to aid me."

"You know nothing about it," replied Jacques. "My cousin certainly merits all your confidence, but I had given you a sufficient proof of my devotion to have a right to it also."

"You forget, Jacques," I said, "that when Mademoiselle de Nives needs any one, as she says herself, she comes to the point directly, without troubling herself about other people. She could, doubtless, have taken your arm to look at Léonie through the park-railing, or to accost Henri in your presence, or to make romantic visits to him in this tower, the unquestionable innocence of which you

would prove from your own experience; but all this would not have succeeded so well. Henri would have distrusted a person presented by you, and consequently compromised. He would have reasoned and discussed, as I am now discussing. It was much more sure to surprise him, give him a mysterious rendezvous, confide herself to him like a sacred dove whose purity sanctifies all it touches, finally open her heart to him free from all attachment or consideration toward you. Experience has proved that Mademoiselle de Nives is not so much a stranger as one might think to the manner of action in real life, and that, if she ignores the suffering she causes, she divines and appreciates the manner of making use of it."

"Henri!" cried Mademoiselle de Nives, pale and with clinched teeth, "do you share in the cruel opinion your father has of me?"

Henri's face was for a moment contracted with an expression of anguish and pity; then, suddenly gaining the ascendancy with the heroism of a good conscience, he replied:

"My father is severe, Mademoiselle Marie; but on the whole he says nothing that I did not say to you here last evening, while alone with you."

Mademoiselle de Nives then turned to Jacques, as if to demand from him aid and protection in her distress. She saw that he was weeping, and took a step toward him. Jacques took two, and, carried away by his good disposition as much as by his want of conventional manners, he threw his arms around her, and pressed her to his heart, saying:

"Indeed, all this is not my fault! If you deserve blame in regard to me, I know nothing of it the moment you suffer. Will you have my blood, will you have my honor, will you have my life? Everything is yours, and I ask nothing in exchange, as you know very well."

For the first time in his life, thanks to the rudeness of my attack, Jacques, struck to the heart, found real eloquence. The expression of the countenance, accent, gesture, everything was sincere, and consequently serious and strong. It was a revelation for us all, and especially for Mademoiselle de Nives, who had never before understood him. She was sensible of the injury she had done him, and read it in her own conscience. She started like a person seized with vertigo on the border of a precipice, and threw herself back; but she instinctively drew near again to the heart whose manly beating against her own she had felt for the first time, and from that resting-place addressed Emilie.

"You ought to make the severest reproaches to me," she said, "for I have been, it is plain, ungrateful to your brother, and a coquette with your cousin! As usual, you say nothing, and suffer without complaining. I promise solemnly to make amends for everything, and to be worthy of your friendship!"

"May God hear you, mademoiselle!" I said, holding out my hand to her. "Pardon me for having made you suffer. I think I have unraveled the truth from the labyrinth into which Charliette threw you. I feel sure that henceforth you will reflect and

engage in no more adventures whose consequences can be turned against you. Now we will talk about business, and see how you can be reinstated in your rights without making a scandal or commotion. Let me tell you that I accepted your step-mother's confidence upon one condition, that of acting as a peace-maker. I am not interested in her personally; but she did a wise thing: she knows that I adore children; that in every case where these poor innocents are concerned I plead for their interest, and, whether I was willing or not, she trusted her daughter to me. There is poor Ninie, beautiful and good, and, as far as I can see, moderately happy. Her fate will be worse with a mother embittered by poverty."

"Say nothing more, M. Chantabel!" cried Mademoiselle de Nives. "Regulate yourself, without consulting me, the sacrifice that I ought to make, then give me a pen, and I will sign without reading. You know the amount of my fortune, and I know

nothing about it. Arrange everything to make Ninie as rich as I am. I wanted to see you to tell you this."

The generous girl turned toward the window while speaking thus, as if to throw a kiss to her sister; but, not seeing her, she called and received no reply.

"Dear me!" she said, running to the door, "where can she be? I do not see her anywhere!"

At the same instant the door was thrown open impetuously, and Ninie rushed into Mademoiselle de Nives's arms, crying out in a voice strangled by fear:

"Hide me! hide me! Mamma! she is coming! she is running! she is here on the stairs! she will find me, and whip me! Don't let mamma have me! Hide me!"

And she rapidly thrust herself under a table, the thick covering of which reached to the floor.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

COUNT GAULTIER'S RIDE.

A. D. 1521.

NAY, ye shall hear how it befell!
It will not take me long to tell
How, on the tall cliff's slippery side,
I wooed and won my peerless bride;
Yet for no respite would I pray.—
Ha! Gaston, 'twas a woful day
For thee, I know; thy love lies cold,
But mine was fiery, fierce, and bold!

King Francis led the lordly chase
O'er field and fell, till in the race
Of horse and hound the chance was mine
To ride with queenly Catherine.
No soul was nigh, for all the train
Was scattered over hill and plain.
Ay, she was peerless! tall and grand,
The haughtiest lady of the land—
Mate for an emperor, eye of fire,
That flashed out fierce with sudden ire
Beneath the black arch of her brow!
That such a silken slave as thou
Should prosper in thy suit for her
Was strange, in sooth; and that did stir
The very essence of my life
To gall and bitterness and strife,
Setting my inmost soul on fire
With baffled pride and vain desire.

We rode together far and fast;
The huntsman blew a distant blast
To call us back; vain, vain the call!
Fate closed behind us like a wall
To shut us in alone, while she
Rode to her own dark destiny;
For, as we galloped side by side
In fierce career, her evil pride
And scorn of me that curled her lip
Made but a bitter draught to sip.
"Sir Count!" she cried, "ride, ride! and see
If ever thou canst master me

In love, or aught where woman's will
Can make her strong—ay, look thy fill!
Frown if thou wilt, I fear thee not!
Whereat there flushed an angry spot
Upon her cheek, and bitterly
I swore to conquer her or die!
She laughed a bitter, scornful laugh
That seemed to smite me like a staff
Across the face; the very air
Grew strange and dark with my despair!
Was no good angel hovering nigh
To warn her, proudly sweeping by,
While, like a banner of black death,
Her long, black tresses to the breath
Of the swift wind we left behind
Waved to and fro? Her pride was blind!
Sudden her steed swerved from the track,
And, rearing, fell; then, reining back
My own upon his haunches, I
Leaped down beside her.

Not a cry
Of pain she uttered, but arose
Calm, with her hateful, cold repose,
And stood there, leaning 'gainst a tree,
Taking no heed or note of me.
The sun was sinking red as blood;
Beneath our feet the purple flood
Of the broad Loire ran swift and deep,
While from its edge—a beetling steep—
Rose the tall cliff on which we were.
My hand I straightway offered her
To bear her up, but, starting back
As though a serpent crossed her track—
"Hold, hold, Count Gaultier! touch me not!"
She cried. "Is honor, then, forgot?
I scorn thee as I scorn thine aid!"

How royally she stood, arrayed
In her rich garments, with one hand

Stretched forth in gesture of command !
Her great, black eyes shot dusky fire
And stung me through !

Then, coming nigher

To where she stood, I felt at last
My fierce love hold her firm and fast—
Safe, at my mercy, far away
From human aid. The dying day
Grew on a sudden wondrous still,
As conquered by my own wild will,
That with a fierce, unholy joy
Burst forth to rend and to destroy.
A red mist swam before my eyes,
And all the fiery evening skies
Seemed stained with blood, as if they knew
And blushed for that which I should do.
Fair Nature neither joys nor grieves,
But tremulously the little leaves
Shook for a moment in the calm ;
Then far, far off, like saintly psalm,
We heard a distant convent-bell
Toll on the evening air a knell ;
While ever and anon the sound
Of the swift river, where it wound
At the cliff's base, rose faintly there—
Woe's weeds were all her wedding-wear !

Grasping her fiercely by the arm,
I whispered hoarsely : " Dame ; thy charm

Of power is broken ! Swear to me
Thou'lt set the craven Gaston free
To go his way, and pledge thy hand
In troth to me, else, where we stand,
Thou look'st thy last upon the sun !"
In truth, she made me answer none,
But looked unutterable scorn !
Cursed be the day when I was born,
That ever I should live to brook
The bitterness of that last look !
One fiercely-ravished kiss, then down,
Locked in my sinewy arms and brown,
I leaped with her across the brink
And crashed upon the rocks.

I think,

Sir Gaston, I have won the race !
In her crushed body couldst thou trace
Aught fair as she was once ? I know
That thou wilt tarry, but I go
To dwell with her where'er she is—
Our love was pledged in that one kiss !

Now bear my broken body out
As was the judgment—let them shout
To see me bound upon the wheel !
Ha, Gaston ! never shalt thou feel
The wild, sweet passion of that sin,
Nor how the brave can woo and win !

THE OWNER OF "LARA."

AT the close of an April day, just as the steamer Orizaba was entering the harbor of Santa Barbara, on the California coast, two gentlemen upon her upper deck thus ended a conversation. Said one :

"She is, indeed, a glorious animal, and I am disposed to purchase her if you are disposed to sell. I have seen her trot several times, but I never had a chance to examine her until now. You land her here?"

"Yes ; we try her against Medicine Bow, Kana-ka, and Watchman, at the park this day week. If you will send me your address, I will see that you and your party are provided with passes."

"You are very kind. Again permit me to congratulate you upon the possession of her."

"Congratulate me ? No, no ! You are mistaken. I am merely the agent, the manager. There, yonder, is the owner of Lara."

Following the direction of the speaker's nod, the other beheld, half sitting, half reclining, in a steamer-chair at the farthest extremity of the deck, a most charming young woman, busily chatting with an older lady who sat near by, though a little in the rear. Her dress was of light silk, relieved with lace and tulle, which, though they appeared only at the neck, the breast, the ends of the broad sleeves, and possibly in a veil about the skirt, seemed to invest her completely, and to make her imponderable. One would have said that any gust of wind might have wafted her over the rail and across the waves. But that would have been an error, for both

the face and figure of the young lady were things of weight. Her cheeks were rounded, and of an exquisite hue—a pale brown combined with a paler red—something that one does not see oftener than twice a decade. Her eyes were moderately large and dark, and they sparkled with intelligence. Her small, red lips were mobile, constantly changing their position to laugh, or to weep, or to sympathize ; she could express more with her silent mouth than most other people with whole batteries of features. She had disposed herself in her chair with that confidence that begets grace. And, while listening to her companion, she carefully stroked the back of a horned toad—a reptile of fearful aspect—which lay tranquilly in the bare palm of her left hand. Now and then the pet would open its almond-shaped eyes and stir its wicked tail. When these symptoms of wakefulness appeared, the mistress would pass the tips of her fingers a few times over its mottled back, and set it dozing again—an achievement which always brought to her face a smile of satisfaction.

The stranger, no less delighted than astonished at the new face upon matters, immediately began to negotiate for a presentation to this most agreeable of capitalists. The negotiation was not a speedy one, for the manager was wary by instinct, besides being a stickler for etiquette whenever either of his two queens, Lara or her owner, was likely to be concerned ; but it succeeded finally.

The talk was still about the horse, but as different from the previous talk as champagne is different from claret, though both are wine. The poetry and

romance of the matter now came to the surface, and all considerations of racing and bargaining were retired. At a short distance from the spot where this group gathered sat a Franciscan novice, who was on his return to the mission in Santa Barbara, having performed some errand for the church in San Francisco. He was a young man, scarcely thirty years of age, having a thin, delicate face, a pair of large, wan eyes, and an expression in which patience and long suffering had set their melancholy seal. He was clad in the long, coarse, gray gown of his order, with its peaked head hanging at his back. From his girdle depended his string of holy beads and a crucifix. Upon his head he wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, whose curving edges gave to his features a certain grace and delicacy that might belong to those of a woman. In his long, attenuated hands he held a vellum-covered book, which he endeavored with all his might to study, but which fell continually from before his eyes as his attention was distracted by the novel sights and sounds with which he was invested.

The somewhat noisy disclaimer of the agent regarding his ownership of the horse Lara had caught his ears, and the development of the fact that the young lady was the sole possessor of this wonderful animal had provoked his utmost astonishment. He now sat listening without disguise, making the most he could of the many strange words and epithets that fell from the lips of the speakers; and his countenance, so far from showing that he reprehended the worldliness of what he heard, gradually became the mirror of the pleasantest sensations, and a warm smile—a smile such as had long been foreign to him—began to play about the corners of his sensitive lips.

"Do you know, I was positive that she could trot when father first bought her?" cried the young girl, who had quickly opened her heart to her sincere interlocutor. "Why, when she walked into the paddock, with at least a dozen other colts, I picked her out immediately. And, if you'll believe it, the lovely little thing came right over to me, and I in nothing but a calico dress, and put her cheek close against mine—so!" And, with tears of joy standing in her eyes, the fair owner pressed her hand upon her face, moving it slowly up and down, to imitate the behavior of her love. "And then it was quite a year before father would speed her at all. He laughed at me, and said 'Pooh-pooh!' in the most maddening way. Finally I told him that if he wouldn't do it I'd put Lara in a gig myself, and let one of the boys take her round the track on my own account. Of course I wouldn't do that really, but he was afraid, and so he 'pooh-poohed' again and surrendered. Well, it was really tiresome. The little minx would spurt and spurt, but never trot a fair half-mile in any sort of time. But I *knew* that she had it in her. I *knew* that—that she was a treasure. And so I sat down to a regular siege. I said to myself she is foolish, like a girl of sixteen; and I remembered how I acted at sixteen. I made up my mind that she needed to have her ambition stirred.

Of course the only way to do that was to trot her against an old roadster, and just there papa and I had another pitched battle. I wanted him to speed Lara against Blue Grass, and to let Lara beat once or twice, and then to let Blue Grass beat her—if she could; and so on—manage it with tact, you know. Oh! but didn't papa stare? He couldn't have been more astonished if I had asked him to stand on his head. 'No! no! no!' he roared, and he didn't speak to me for two days. But I cried, and teased, and wheedled, and of course I wore him out. He then declared he would give up his whole life to please me; that he would turn all his men and horses into trainers for Lara, and sink every dollar he had if he only got 2.20 out of her. Of course, you understand that he said that in a rage. Then I knew that all was right. We began on the 20th of June. We trotted her a little, and she lagged, and bolted, and did everything silly. On the 22d we tried her in three heats with two others, but she did absolutely nothing but torment me. The next week she showed a better spirit, and, after rushing past Blue Grass on the second quarter, she left the track, knocked her gig into little pieces, and broke Jeffries's collar-bone.—How is poor Jeffries, O'Connell?" She looked over her shoulder at a small, shorn, clean-shaven young man, who sat close by, listening eagerly but meekly to all that was said.

"Much better, miss," he replied. He was Lara's driver—a man without price.

"I am very glad; he is a very fine horseman. Well, now listen, please, and see if it wasn't exciting," she said, turning to her new friend. "It was on the 8th of September in the forenoon that Lara became famous. O Lara! Lara!" She was seized with one of those convulsive shudders of delight which one notices, now and then, upon occasion, even in the most rare and delicate of the sex.

"Lara was permitted to trot with Blue Grass, Halpine, and Mignonette, three of the very best horses papa had in his stud. They were speeding for the October races, and the drivers were very much in earnest. There were only three people besides the time-taker on the judges' stand, and papa was dreadfully anxious. I did not say a word. Out they came, Lara behind, tossing her head about—so—as independently as you please. For the first two heats she did nothing but excite the other horses. Yet I kept up a stout heart. I won't say that I did not begin to doubt, but I stood very still. Papa, with his hand in the breast of his long brown coat, looked like a general, and he and the time-taker kept glancing at each other after each quarter; but it was all about Blue Grass—poor Lara never came into their heads. But just as the horses were taking their places for the third heat, Lara looked at me. I am *positive* she looked at me! She turned her head away over her shoulder—so—and I *knew* I caught her eye. They made three false starts. But, at the fourth, away they went! My heart jumped right into my mouth, for that lovely little thing took the lead of Blue Grass and Mignonette

in the first eighth, and trotted away like lightning with Halpine! Father turned pale, and snatched up his field-glass. Then Blue Grass drew up; then Halpine lagged, and Lara led! But six inches behind was that great horse blazing with fury and flying along like the wind. And she shot by. But only for a second! At the third quarter Lara was at her shoulder. Then they came down on the homestretch. Lara was fairly on fire! Her nostrils were wide open, her ears lay back close to her head, her eyes stood out, and oh, she flew—just flew! Just as they reached the last eighth, a whirlwind raised a cloud of fine dust, which shut out everything for two or three seconds. Papa glared at it as if he expected two ghosts. I trembled from head to foot. All at once, as if they leaped out of the earth, there came the two horses, and Lara led—yes, led! Oh, I shrieked! I jumped! I clapped!"

In the excitement of her remembered ecstasy, the young girl here brought her palms violently together, and bestowed upon the horned toad a shock that must have caused it some momentary anxiety. A burst of ringing laughter followed this mischance, and with her fair head thrown a little on one side, and a little backward, the enchanting maid gave herself up to the glee of the moment.

The gentleman who had listened to the story bore his share in the laughing with great good-will. The frank, free, open-hearted recital of this triumph had seemed to him to be something very sincere and very graceful, and he regarded the relator with a new enthusiasm. But his pleasure was nearly at an end. When the young girl returned once more to sobriety, her eyes met for the first time the eyes of the novice.

Upon the young man's face there was a look of mingled wonder and, if one may say so, of adoration. His eyes had grown brighter, his pale cheeks had flushed, and his lips had lost their gravity. All that he had heard had been a revelation. Never had he seen such beauty before and so near by, and never had he heard so pure and so joyous a voice relating so strange and exciting a tale. He was filled with a thousand new emotions, but not knowing how to give vent to them—as the people of the world might have done—he sat abashed, and not a little confounded.

The effect upon the young girl of this sudden encounter was instantaneous. Her feminine respect for the religious office checked her mirth in a flash, and she cast her eyes quickly upon the deck. A moment later she began half secretly to change her position. Little by little she drew her skirts in, and by degrees she composed herself within narrower limits. She crossed her hands upon her lap, and drew her breath half warily out of instinctive regard for the holy shadow which had fallen upon her.

The friend, still interested in Lara, asked a few more questions, and only a few. The replies he obtained were given briefly, and in a low voice. "Yes, she improved from that time.—Father's affairs were found to be in a very bad state after his death.—Oh, no, he had secured Lara to me by some law-

papers long before—I don't know what they were—indeed, I don't know nothing about it—nothing, sir.

The last words were accompanied by a gesture of impatience—a passionate outward fling of the hands, and a sudden catching of the breath—something easily understood by a looker-on like the present one. In a moment he arose, and after a few kind words, which, however, were wasted on the air, he went quietly away.

The young girl then turned to the lady who sat near by and placed her hand in her lap. But she remained silent. Her expression was like that of one who might have said within: "How wrongly have I shown myself! What will be thought of my lightness and frivolity? He will think I am a child; that I do not respect him because he is a Catholic. I am very uncomfortable. Indeed, Lara is bringing me a great deal of trouble."

She secretly thought to see the novice again, and unobserved by him, in the bustle of the landing, but she was disappointed. The young man slipped ashore, and was gone before the party upon the upper deck began to move.

The manager, Dyckman, had foreseen and had prepared for everything, and the ladies found a carriage waiting to convey them to their hotel. There was rarely a fault in this man's arrangements; all that he undertook was carried out upon order and system; he had an eye for trifles as well as for horses. The strangeness of the little town she drove through had no charm whatever for the distraught maid. Had she arrived the day before, she would have gazed with wonder at the oddly-dressed people, the throngs of scurrying horses, and the dingy old houses and walls, with their palace-gardens. But now she rode by with an air of indifference, and, when the carriage stopped at the porch of the great public-house, with its scores upon scores of awaiting guests, they had to touch her upon the arm to arouse her.

An hour later, while preparing for dinner, she heard a sudden clash of discordant church-bells from a distance. She stepped out upon the piazza before her windows, and, looking in the direction whence this sound proceeded, beheld, a mile away, against a background of lofty and beautiful mountains, an ancient Spanish mission built of white stone, and flanked by bell-towers. This spectacle accorded with her temper, and she stood for a long time with her eyes turned half wistfully, half wonderingly, upon it. The last rays of the setting sun fell full upon the sturdy walls with their lofty cross, and covered them with a glorious light. The air was soft and warm; numberless odors of flowers arose from the broad gardens below, and a hundred evening murmurs came up from the village.

"That is his home," said the young girl to herself, "and this is mine. Yet I wonder if we are so different from each other, after all? He did not look very angry, and I should not have blamed him if he had."

The manager, Dyckman, commonly dined with the ladies, and during the meal gave them a synopsis

of all that had occurred to Lara during the day. On this evening there was more than usual to relate, but the fair mistress paid but scant attention. She was glad that the horse had been landed safely, and that she had a comfortable stable—but did any one know if strangers were admitted to that strange cathedral, or church, or whatever it might be, on the plain yonder? She was also glad that the wagers were all in favor of Lara, but she had quite made up her mind to forbid pools being sold on any course where her horse trotted. No; she would not go out to the stable to-night; O'Connell would see that Lara wanted nothing. And she would like to have a clarence or a light carriage of some sort to-morrow, at ten, please, for a short drive about town, if dear aunt is quite willing.

On the following day they were at the huge door of the ancient sanctuary. A priest saw them, and hastened to show the way. He led the party into the church proper, and stood patiently while they gazed with awe and wonder at the great, dingy walls, the tattered paintings, and the tarnished altar with its multitudinous ornaments. There was an odor of dust, of decay, everywhere. A long silence was disturbed by the rising of a worshiper from his knees in a gallery above their heads. He overturned a stool in his movements, and in falling it made a noise of thunder along the echoing roof. Presently Brother Baptiste said that he must go away, but he would speak to Brother Michael, who was coming, and who was not always busy at this hour. Brother Michael was the novice of yesterday, and he was not a little disconcerted at being presented to the lady of yesterday.

He led them everywhere, talking rapidly and constantly to madam, and saying but little to the maid, who followed carelessly behind. Such are the first tactics of those who are thinking constantly of each other. There was an old cemetery full of the neglected bones of the fathers of the church—mostly Spanish—also a dismantled garden, redolent of the delicious perfume of a thousand flowers, that even neglect could not kill under such a sky. Brother Michael showed them these, and then led them up to the towers, and spelled out the antique Latin on the cracked, green bells.

"But aren't they all very poor here, sir?" asked the acute madam, with great politeness.

"Yes," returned the other, "very poor, indeed. Our brotherhood is one, you remember, that condemns its members to poverty. The Church itself may be rich, but its priests, no. Eighty years ago this mission owned ten thousand sheep and six thousand head of cattle. But now it is so poor that we gain our sustenance by holding a school of boys, which I will show you. Father Malacchi is teaching the geography-class at this moment. If you will listen in this direction you can hear them at their recitation."

Madam turned her head, and the others exchanged glances in the rear.

"And are you able to do much good among your people?" pursued the lady.

"But little, madam. We have nothing to spare, and without money prayers avail nothing. You see that the building itself is neglected. It needs to be repaired everywhere."

The young man uttered these disparagements in so decided and so hopeless a tone that one could not have thought that he was covertly begging. Yet to the ears of the young girl the complaints had a most pathetic sound, and she reflected upon them deeply.

When Brother Michael led them below again, she spoke to him for the first time. They passed a room opening from an outer corridor, through whose open door they saw a piano, a heap of score-sheets, and a violin. The sun shone in upon the floor most cheerfully.

"Are—are you at all musical?" she asked, with a funny air of repenting the question immediately after beginning it.

"We play a little, sometimes," replied the other, glad to break the ice. "Father Malacchi has an E-flat cornet; Peralta, one of the students, has a violin; and I—I know a very little about the piano—do you?—or rather do you know a great deal?—or, I mean, anything?—about the piano, of course!"

There was great confusion in both faces. The little entanglement made them better known immediately.

They entered the music-room at once, and spent two hours playing Beethoven and Mendelssohn. The novice worshiped in his heart the beauty of her face and attire, while she was nearly in tears of sympathy for his office, his coarse robe, and his religious face.

As they departed, Brother Michael remembered himself, and, withdrawing his thoughts from the world, bade the visitors adieu with cold courtesy. The owner of Lara, on this account, passed an unhappy night.

It was forty-eight hours before she went to visit her horse. She would not have gone then unless they had told her that the animal showed signs of failing appetite. But, hearing this, she flew to the stable, crying, in a voice full of remorse:

"O Lara, Lara! my poor love! Here I am—here I am!"

She threw her arms about Lara's neck, and the grateful beast whinnied a long welcome. On the next day she was better than ever, and beat her usual time by half a second.

Dyckman was delighted, and said to the aunt:

"We must keep the two together, for Lara depends upon pettings and caresses as much as any girl I know of. Miss Clayborne should go to the course with us every day. The horse would be surer of her record; and that, of course, means money."

But they could no more get Miss Clayborne to go to the course than they could get the course to go to Miss Clayborne. She suddenly developed a profound and diligent love for Nature, and for the Nature which immediately surrounded the mission.

Four days later the visit to the old church was repeated. Miss Clayborne said that she wished to

ask about the history of the mission, and the aunt could but praise a taste for archaeology. While there and while again walking in the church the young lady found opportunity to speak to their custodian, Father Ramon—a stout, genial, middle-aged man of great experience in the world, he having been student, lover, senator, and soldier, in different foreign countries, long before he had become a Franciscan.

"You are not well provided for here, father, are you? I mean, there are many things that you would improve if you had the means—the furnishing of the altar, for instance?"

She had become bold and self-reliant of late, and could now speak without faltering.

"Yes, young lady, you are right; there are many things that a little money would change."

He thought of his threadbare gown and his stock of under-garments among the rest.

"Would a thousand dollars be of service to you?"

"A thousand dollars!"

"If it would, I will gladly make the Church a gift of that amount—if you will direct me how to proceed."

There were a coolness and a sincerity about this proffer that put Father Ramon on his guard at once. It was clear to him that the young lady had the power to do as she proposed, but that she was acting with a full appreciation of all that was concerned was not so plain. She seemed girlish, untaught, and impulsive, and it would ill become him and his fellows to accept so important a gift from such a hand.

Yet he replied with warmth, and sent the girl home thrilling with delight because she had done so signal a thing in so good a cause.

Meanwhile the manager conceived that he had reason for complaint. The interests of the horse were suffering, and, as a faithful servant, he felt aggrieved, and he carried a sober face.

"If you did not look so very cross, dear Mr. Dyckman," laughed Miss Clayborne across the fireplace in the evening, "I should ask you a question, I think."

Miss Clayborne in good spirits! This was an opportunity not to be lost. Therefore the manager's face cleared up in a twinkling. The fortunes of Lara were worth any complaisance.

"You see that I am always cheerful when you remember to speak to me," replied the other, gayly, though with a shade of reproach. "I will answer a host of questions."

"Well, then, how much money is there at my disposal in the city?"

"You mean subject to your immediate draft? A little over three thousand dollars—thirty-three hundred, perhaps."

"I am glad of that."

"It may be necessary for me to draw something on Lara's fund. It is getting small, too: there are but thirty thousand left."

"Why, what has happened?"

Dyckman boiled within with indignation, but outwardly he was pacific. He upbraided Miss Clay-

borne roundly, and brought tears to her eyes. Finally, he sent her off to her chamber in a fit of passionate weeping.

"If Lara's spirit fails her, then all fails, and she will lose everything. You are her spirit. She loves you as dearly as ever dumb creature loved a human being, and, while you seemed to know this only a little while ago, and used to haunt her stable and encourage her, you now appear to have forgotten it. I do not know what the reason is."

Before the end of another week, the shrewd aunt took alarm. Miss Clayborne had committed the whole history of the mission, together with the long Spanish names of its former fathers, to memory; and had established herself a sort of guide and conductor to all new guests who desired to pay the place a visit. Nothing escaped her zeal. In her imagination she repeople the whole bare country which surrounds the church with its old throngs of Mexican peons, and she became able to describe with great minuteness the religious feasts and festivals of a hundred years before, giving glowing descriptions of all the ceremonies, the robes, and the banners, that were commonly put to use.

In the mean time, Lara lost a race to Medicine Bow. The pride of Dyckman received a crushing shock, and he no longer bore a pleasant face in the little family. Miss Clayborne said nothing. True, she hastened to the stables when the news of the loss was related to her, but there were no signs that she felt aggrieved at the condition of affairs, or that she had the least intention of mending them. Her manner was cool and entirely tranquil, and even toward her manager she showed none of that ill-grace that she might have been expected to entertain simply as a rebutter of his.

It belonged to good Father Ramon to bring matters to a crisis. He sent a messenger to the manager one evening, requesting a private interview in a little garden attached to the hotel. The two men became friends at once; they recognized each other as belonging to a fair-minded, free-spoken, lenient race of worldlings, and they conducted themselves accordingly.

Father Ramon came to learn about the responsibility of Miss Clayborne, and he told the story of the offer to his church of the thousand dollars.

"She is amply able to pay it," said the astonished Dyckman; "but it seems to me that the gift would be another proof of a certain dementia that has been in progress of late."

Father Ramon asked for an explanation, and the manager detailed to him the relations of Miss Clayborne to her horse, and then of her desertion of her post, and the apparent decay of her interest.

"That is very odd," cried Father Ramon; "for there is a lay-brother of ours in the church who is becoming demented in precisely the opposite direction. Instead of attending to holy matters, he has taken to secular things; and he gave me an excellent account of your horse's defeat last Thursday. He was seated upon a hill-top near by, and he had my field-glasses. He is a capital young man, too."

"Can it be possible that it is the same one who has visited the stables where Lara is? He wears the Franciscan dress?"

"Always."

"Aha! then he is a monk after my own heart. They call him Brother Michael?"

"You are right—Brother Michael." No sooner had madam, the aunt, derived a suspicion from what she had observed than she became more watchful than the stars. No movement of her niece escaped her, and, just as the days passed, just so much more perplexed and harassed did she become. At length, feeling that to observe longer, unknown to the observed, savored of duplicity, she boldly took the young girl to task—though indirectly. Instead of charging her with loving a monk, she charged her with respecting the religion he professed, and then narrowed the case by degrees down to the mission of Santa Barbara, intending to close in upon Brother Michael, the heart of the matter, a little further on.

But, when she arrived at this point, Miss Clayborne let loose such an impassioned flood of words that she felt disarmed for the day.

"O my dear, loving aunt!" the young girl had cried, throwing her arms about the old lady's neck, "who can see those few men, poor, comfortless, neglected by the world, living in that great stone house, devoting themselves forever to the cleansing and up-raising of these poor souls about here, and not pity them and praise them? Some are ill from their hard penalties; some are old, with gray hair; and some are young as I am; and yet all are happy to do this work of God in their own way. And I, with my silk dresses and my jewels, feel so like the dust under their feet! What are all my pleasures and wishes beside this simple, true-hearted way of life? Oh, that I had a thousand Laras, that I might scatter them everywhere, just to show how truly I could be humble, and poor, and mean, for the Lord's sake!"

The aunt thought it of little use to speak to the manager about this matter, at the present stage at least, for it was essentially a woman's affair, and women had best settle it if they could. On the other hand, Dyckman, thinking it essentially a man's affair, forbore to tell all he knew to the aunt. Hence, a silence which made mischief, or what appeared to be mischief.

On a bright morning—a morning which Nature seemed to have made for better things—Miss Clayborne handed the manager a letter just as he was about to leave the house.

"You are going to the stable," said she. "I beg you not to read this until you reach there; and, before you return, think well of what you will say to me."

Dyckman, with a sinking heart, took the note and went away. He confidently expected that he was discharged from service; therefore, that he and his beloved horse must separate. But it was worse than that. No sooner did he open the letter than he became pale as a ghost. With the paper in his hand behind his back, he walked up and down for nearly an hour, with a face full of pain. Then he took a

horse and hastened off at full speed to find Father Ramon. Miss Clayborne, who was watching, saw him go, and followed him with her eyes as he galloped over the bare, hard roads, and until he arrived at the mission-gates. "What can he want there?" she faltered to herself, and then went and sat down in distress to await his return.

Dyckman found the priest in his study.

"Father Ramon," said he, "the disaffection we have been speaking of has reached a high point. Miss Clayborne directs me to sell Lara—to dispose of her at any price."

The good man's face exhibited the utmost astonishment and concern.

"Does she give a reason?"

"No. But she gives what she thinks is a reason: she says that of late she has come to look upon horse-racing and its concomitants as devices of the evil-one, and that, however that may be as a matter of fact, she has come to dislike the atmosphere she lives in, and intends to change it at any cost."

"That does not sound ill."

"Very true. But it does not come from her. These are the notions of some one else."

"Are you sure?"

"Brother Michael."

"Impossible!"

"Impossible? He is a Franciscan monk."

Father Ramon laughed a little, and replied:

"Brother Michael has just gone from here. He came to confess something very different from that confessed by Miss Clayborne. He, it seems, begins to weary of an ascetic life, and to long for the world again. And it is my opinion that it is the beauty and grace of this young lady that has brought the change about.—Now that I have told you that, I will tell you something else, which it is right that you should know." The priest arose, and, drawing the manager into a corner of the apartment where the walls were four feet thick, said: "This young man and Miss Clayborne are closer friends than you think; they have had frequent interviews, that neither madam, the chaperon, nor I, knew anything about." Dyckman looked aghast. "Yes, it is true. Besides chatting together in the church when she made her visits, they met one another in their strolls among the hills, generally up the glen at the back of the mission—it is very beautiful there."

"Curse the beauty! The girl has gone mad. In love with a monk?"

"No, no; in love with his office, rather; but he is a novitiate only, and not yet a monk."

"But is he in love with her?"

"I am not so sure. He is wonderfully enchanted with the gayety and the life she represents; but, inasmuch as she resents her life and believes in his, and he resents his life and believes in hers, I think they both are safe. It would be the best plan to let them go on until they discover their mistakes. Then they will repel one another. I will bring Brother Michael back to the mission, you will lead Miss Clayborne off to 'countries new,' and the little entanglement comes to a peaceful end. What do you think?"

"You may be right."

"I believe, moreover, that they will begin to understand one another very soon. If you observe closely, I think you will see in Miss Clayborne certain signs of unhappiness, gradually growing to signs of wretchedness. When these occur, you may rejoice, for a grand explosion is at hand."

The manager rode back to the hotel with satisfaction if not amusement showing itself in his face, for he dearly loved a paradox. Miss Clayborne, who was still watching, saw him, and wondered greatly. Later in the day she looked at him inquiringly, half hoping that he would expostulate with her regarding the sale of Lara. But he said merely, though with gravity:

"I have already received an offer for the horse, but I shall wait a few days in the hope of getting a better."

"You are very kind, sir." There was little gratitude in the tone, however, and less in the face, which she quickly turned aside.

Forty-eight hours had not passed before Father Ramon's prophecy began to be fulfilled. The aunt declared to the manager that her niece was failing daily. "Good," thought the other; but he said:

"I am very sorry; perhaps, though, you are mistaken; but at any rate we go in a fortnight, for the house is to close at the end of the month."

"But why not at once?"

"We must stay to sell Lara," said the manager, grimly; "that is, if the poor beast does not die of sorrow meanwhile."

The frank and cheerful girl who had laughed so loudly and so happily upon the steamer's deck three weeks before had indeed fallen into a quandary. She was confounded by a host of considerations that had never presented themselves to her before—questions concerning human duty, rights, and privileges; and, untaught in reasoning and filled to the topmost with a thousand ardent and generous sensibilities, she led the life of one distracted. She grew ill—that is, if a languid pace, a waxen cheek, and a listless eye, may be reckoned an illness; and unbidden, though welcome, she often laid her head upon her aunt's breast and wept most sadly.

She did not speak. It did not lie within her power to do so. Had she ventured to explain or exculpate herself, or to define what she wished to do, she would have encountered pitfalls on every hand, contradictions, untruths, absurdities.

Madam, who could bear the burden of secrecy no longer, told the manager all she knew, and frequently came to him with bulletins given with trembling tones and with teeming eyes.

Now she said: "I awoke three times last night, and found her reading her Bible. Once she was walking the floor with her face in her hands." Again: "She constantly murmurs to herself, and moves her head, as if talking to some one. At these times she often has fits of weeping which make me weep too—and why, I do not know." And again: "Today she threw a book into the fire. The cover flew

back, and I saw it was something about the 'Sacred Heart.'"

At length, however, the manager himself began to take fright. The wan, drooping creature that now and then crossed his path was but a poor effigy of the handsome girl he had known and loved so long. He was on the point of going to the aunt, one evening, with his awakened fears, when Father Ramon came in, bearing news.

"They are to meet to-night for the last time, and to decide which way they are to turn. Brother Michael, poor lad, is a spectre."

"They are to meet to-night?" repeated the manager, with a frown, fixing his eyes meantime upon the other's face.

The priest returned his gaze with intelligence.

"My friend," said he, laying his hand upon his arm, "this interview will be one of the most pure and melancholy that have ever taken place between human beings. These two people are trifling with matters which are beyond their years and experience, and they have discovered that they are as widely apart as the two poles. They have been trying to reconcile their differences. Meantime another element has crept in, and neither of them recognizes it."

"What do you mean?"

"You will see."

"But who is this Michael—Brother Michael, as you call him?"

"A man of good blood, good education, and good heart. His real name is Manuel Cortez. He would make a better citizen than priest; hence I have said nothing against his yearning for a life of action. But we are delaying."

"Delaying?"

"We must be present at this meeting, though under the rose. It is time for the children to separate. If they do not, voluntarily, then we must counsel them. It is now nine, and bright moonlight."

To the west of the mission is a ravine, or more properly, perhaps, a glen, full of live-oaks and sycamores. Along its rocky bottom runs a perpetual stream of the purest water, which, rushing and falling amid the thousand obstructions of its banks, makes a ceaseless murmur year in and year out. The pastures near by are filled with wild-flowers, which diffuse their perfume in every breath of air, and until a late hour at night the birds chirp in the branches. At a short distance the sloping flanks of the mountains arise with their forests and precipices, and the beholder is at once charmed with what he finds beside him and inspired with what he sees above. The place contains many natural retreats, chambers with carpets of grass and walls of verdure, where the guests in the town hold their *fêtes*, and where the children play their holiday games.

In one of these quiet retreats there now walked slowly to and fro beside each other, yet apart, the young novice, and the owner of Lara. The faces of both were averted, and were turned downward. They were passing the last silences, those dead calms that might be broken at any time by the

last words. All that could be said had been said, and now naught remained for them but to bid their adieus and to go their ways. At the end of the glade they turned and began to retrace their footsteps. The light fell upon their features and showed them both to be drawn and pallid with grief.

Father Ramon, beneath the trees, whispered to his companion :

"Poor children—poor children! They think they are disappointed in one another. If he would become a priest, she would take the veil; and if she would remain in the world, he would follow her. They think that these differences are everything. In reality they are nothing.—They are speaking to each other."

Said Brother Michael :

"I must ask you once more. I must feel certain, for I should destroy myself if I found, after all, that I had mistaken what you said. Shall you enter a convent?"

"I—I am resolved."

A few more hapless steps in silence.

"And whether I become a priest or not?"

"Yes—yes! Oh, how can you make me say the things over and over again?"

"I do not know. It is impossible for me to understand. To me you seem all life and light. You have restored me to sunshine and energy, yet at the same time you disappear in the shade—"

"Stop!—stop!" cried the young girl, with a sudden congelation of her tearfulness and sorrow; "we have no right to go over that again. Let us—let us separate, now."

She turned and slowly extended both her hands, meanwhile fixing her eyes upon her companion's. Without approaching, he made a single gesture of friendship, released her, and stepped back. She gathered the skirt of her dress, for she remembered she was accustomed to do that when she was not agitated, and then said, in a trembling voice :

"Good-by, and God bless you, Brother Michael!"

"Good - by, Miss Clayborne, my very dear friend."

"Look, look!" cried the manager, under the trees; "they are going different ways, and there is an end to the wretched affair!"

Brother Michael, in his long gown, moved away toward the mission with his arms folded, and his head bent upon his breast. The other took fifty resolute steps which carried her nearly to the edge of the copse. A few more would cause her to disappear. She stopped and looked over her shoulder.

"Watch that face!" cried Father Ramon, plucking the other by the sleeve; "can agony of spirit do more than that?" The young novice still moved onward, until he too reached a point to pass which would be to destroy hope. It was not human to take those few remaining paces without faltering. He hesitated, then went on, then hesitated again—and then paused. Then warily, as if afraid of being discovered, and slowly, as if but half resolved, he turned his head and looked backward.

It was enough. The young girl suddenly stretched out both her arms, ran quickly back a few paces, and cried in a piercing voice, full of terror and entreaty :

"Brother Michael! Brother Michael! I yield! you are right! you are right! You were going away. Oh, if you knew how I love you, you would not treat me so!"

The young man, having moved at the first word, was beside her before she had finished speaking.

"My friend," said Father Ramon, laying his hand on the arm of his companion, "this is something in which we cannot interfere. This is the reality of the matter; all the rest was superficial, and I feared they would not discover it until it was too late. Look at them. A woman and her lover make the finest group in Nature."

"Come, let us go; we have no right here." The manager was confounded.

"Shall we not speak to them? I—"

"Speak to them! A dozen fortunes could not tempt me to do that!"

The priest, surprised at this sudden show of sensibility, paused a moment and then acquiesced. He locked his arm in that of the other, and they went carefully away.

Brother Michael quitted the mission, and, becoming once more the Manuel Cortez of his childhood, assumed the friendships, the garb, and the life, of the period. Miss Clayborne married him in this new guise without regret, but sold Lara on the next day, in order to conciliate her stars, which refused to wink at so much recanting. But there was a trick in the trade in spite of its elevated object. Dyckman became the purchaser, the first owner retaining a third of the prospective earnings, and a quarter-interest in all pools for fifteen years. Yet it is only fair to say that it was her lawyer who managed this; she being too busy in adoring her husband to think of such things—though she made no serious objection when it came to light a little later.

A NAKED BABE.

O LITTLE naked babe, demure and sweet!
While the cool wavelets of the west wind pass
Beyond thee, over the tufted, slender wheat,
And, like a brook, the pink-topped clover flows,
Thou seest the gold-red beetle at thy feet
Begin to tune his cithern in the grass
With soft, reverberant song-murmurings,

And over thee, on royal purple wings,
A butterfly swings round a scarlet rose.

Wise-eyed thou look'st into the heart of things
Where like red heat the life of beauty glows,
But dreamest not how lovelier far than these
The bright flesh of thy downy body is!

A HERO OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

TAINÉ, in his "Ancien Régime," makes frequent allusions to the Marshal de Richelieu, who, indeed, in any study of the eighteenth century—so fully does he personify it—can scarcely be ignored. One of the least balanced and most notorious characters in French history, he played, without any extraordinary ability, so prominent a part in important events that it is impossible to separate them from him, or him from them. He was a man particularly qualified to confound moral theories, and to italicize the most ironical passages in the interminable volumes of Fortune. Possessed of unquestionable talent for many things, and garnished with a number of showy virtues, he seems to have rejoiced in abusing the one and contradicting the other. Looked at from one side, he was a fearless soldier, a clever statesman, a generous friend, an accomplished gentleman, a brilliant wit; looked at from the other side, he was a skulking fellow, a political blunderer, an embodiment of perfidy, a heartless profligate, a trifling egotist. All opposites appear to have centred in him. Hero and knave, leader and fawner, inspirer and betrayer, prince and pander, academician and ignoramus, he was a glittering ambiguity whose acts contravened his words, and whose words misinterpreted his acts. Certain parts of his life read like Bourdaloue, Pascal, or Bossuet; certain other parts like the poems of Dorat, the romances of Laclos, or the fables of Grécourt.

From the very first, Richelieu's career was a splendid satire on the fitness of things—a remarkable violation of all rational probabilities. Where he succeeded, he should have failed; where he failed, he should have succeeded. He seems not to have paid the penalty usually exacted by offended Nature or outraged Justice. His days flowed on as smoothly and shiningly when he was guilty of baseness and supreme turpitude, as when he crowned himself with laurels, and merited, in this or that instance, genuine esteem. Fortune clung to and caressed him when he had forfeited every right to her favor. No wonder he spoke of her as a woman who, having loved him once, loved him still, and whose devotion he could not tire by continued disloyalty and shameful misbehavior. He literally received according to his undeserving. His career, a varied and pictorial record of happy accidents and inverted ethics, arrests attention by its memorable peculiarity and its representative character. He belonged essentially to his age, and his age belonged essentially to him: they informed and moulded one another. He expressed the elegant frivolity of his time, its fondness for intrigue, its unscrupulous gallantry, its mocking temper, its unflagging gayety, its moral skepticism, and all the polished and perfumed dissipation which enabled it, by the last refining upon social art, to restrain if not to subjugate the natural instincts. To apprehend the strangely artificial, the normally abnormal spirit of the reigns of Louis XIV., Louis

XV., and Louis XVI., one can hardly dispense with the biographical facts of the Marshal de Richelieu, which serve also to suggest the causes of the great Revolution.

LOUIS FRANÇOIS ARMAND DU PLESSIS, Duke de Richelieu, was the sole son of Armand Jean Wignero du Plessis, and of Anne Marguerite d'Acigné, his second wife, and was the grand-nephew of the famous cardinal. Born in Paris, March 13, 1696, two months before the usual time, he was so very small and delicate that nobody believed he could live, and he was privately baptized according to the Roman Catholic Church in order to fit him for heaven. For a long while he was kept in a box of cotton, and the physicians of the family repeatedly announced his speedy demise. He ought to have died by all the laws known to the faculty: it was wholly unnatural and illogical for him not to have done so. But he was always prolific of surprises, and began his being with a great one. For three years he flattered between the known and the unknown, and then he was publicly baptized—Louis XIV. and the Duchess de Bourgogne holding him at the font, and Madame de Maintenon, who, while the wife of Scarron, had been a particular friend of his father, assisting at the ceremony. The sprinkling must have done him good; for he grew strong after it, never had a second illness, and, in spite of the fatigues of military campaigns and very irregular courses, he always enjoyed robust health, and lived to be nearly ninety-three.

The boy's education was neglected. His father, no scholar himself, was absorbed in pleasure, notwithstanding his years, and surrendered his son to the care of an incompetent instructor, who, wishing to keep his place and hide his deficiencies, regularly reported the remarkable progress which his pupil had not made. The boy was bright enough, but he was willful, hated study, and loved the interdicted. When but fourteen he was presented at court, and received by the king with special favor. Madame de Maintenon, who was greatly interested in him, as was very natural under the circumstances, wrote to his father that she was delighted at the youth's success at Marly. "Never," she continues, "did a young man have a more agreeable entrance into the world. He pleases the king and the entire court. Whatever he does he does well. He dances exquisitely, he plays gracefully, he sits a horse admirably, he is not timid nor bold, but always respectful. He jests becomingly, he converses excellently; indeed, he falls so little short of perfection that I can see in him nothing to criticise. Madame the Duchess de Bourgogne has paid marked attention to your son." In order to curb his impetuous temperament, and to interfere with the sentimental conquests he had already begun to make, his relatives and friends decided to wive him. He objected, but he was too young to resist stubbornly so powerful a combina-

tion, and, before he was quite fifteen, he was matched with Anne Catharine de Noailles, his father's step-daughter by a third marriage. The means employed had the very opposite of the desired effect. An uncongenial marriage, instead of cooling, intensified his fiery temperament. He cast himself headlong and at once into all the pleasures of his age. He played and lost heavily; he angered his father by all manner of disobedience; he scorned alike the caresses and tears of his bride, who adored him, while he remained wholly indifferent to her. Occasionally he promised amendment, but his promises were broken whenever he was exposed to the irresistible coquetries of the young and lovely Duchess de Bourgogne. Neither he nor she was prudent, and the king, who was then in his pious stage, looked with extreme disfavor on all gallantries of the court, and zealously watched the most secret details of the conduct of the members of his family. The consequence was that, after being warned in vain by his father and friends, he was suddenly arrested and consigned to the Bastille. The duchess seems to have been no more than imprudent, as Richelieu himself avowed, and he was seldom unwilling to have his flirtations understood at their worst.

The young offender had for companion in his imprisonment the Abbé de Saint-Remy, a virtuous priest, who had consented to share his confinement in the hope of exercising a religious influence upon him. To the abbé he owed all the classical education he had, and with him occupied his enforced leisure in translating Virgil. He was more surprised than pleased one day to find his wife added to the dual company. She had been sent by Louis in order to complete, by the force of her charms, a conversion which had been to him unaccountably delayed, and on which the zealot monarch had set his mind. He probably thought that even such a man might become fond of his wife when he was debarred from the society of all other women; but he was greatly mistaken. The duke complained that her presence aggravated his punishment. Still, she was regularly brought to him once a week, and the governor of the Bastille had royal orders to diminish the rigors of the prisoner's captivity in proportion to the cordiality of his reception of his spouse.

This is said to have been the sole instance on record in which a political prison has been employed to redress connubial wrongs. Think of a prince who was called the Grand Monarch personally interfering in a domestic disagreement!

Thus forced upon him, the duke came to hate his wife, and he had no hesitation in telling her so, which, adding to the discomfort of his situation, increased his aversion to her. He never pardoned her for obtruding upon his captivity, and, after his release, he treated her so ill that she finally did her best, according to Soulavie, to deserve his detestation by imitating the disloyalties from which she had once suffered so much. She did not live long, poor woman! She died five years after her marriage. Her husband said she had few attractions; but Saint-Simon, in his "Memoirs," speaks of her as amiable,

witty, and accomplished—as a naturally sweet spirit whose life had been made wretched by the vices of the man she had so devotedly and fruitlessly loved.

Richelieu's unwillingness to comply with the wishes of his regal master caused him to remain in the Bastille for fourteen months. He would have staid there longer, had not murmurs of indignation and compassion at court, particularly among the women, with whom the duke was always a prime favorite, influenced Louis to set the young scapegrace at liberty. He was then sent into Flanders as a musketeer, under Marshal de Villars, who had taken a great fancy to him, and who soon admired him for his coolness and courage under circumstances the most trying. At the deadly siege of Freiburg both were badly wounded almost simultaneously—Villars in the hip by a ball, and Richelieu on the head by a stone, the traces of which he carried to his grave. The latter was intrusted to bear the news of the surrender to the king, who was so pleased with the neatness and spirit of his replies that he said: "The honor of your wound effaces the shame of the warrant I have signed against you. Bear yourself nobly; for I believe you destined to great things!"

After the death of Louis XIV., and during the profligate regency of the Duke d'Orléans—a natural reaction from the constrained morality and indigo piety of the closing years of that monarch—Richelieu bade fair, by his manners and licentiousness, to form one of the brilliantly-wicked circle of *vauts* of which Orléans was the centre. But his remembrance of the generous patronage of Madame de Maintenon, and his flattering reception at Sceaux, combined with his spirit of contradiction, drew him to the party of the Duchess du Maine. The regent liked him not, and the dowager-duchess, the impetuous princess-palatine, abhorred him. Presently resentments rose between the two dukes, and the younger endeavored to increase and aggravate them. He even boldly announced that he should take special pains to deserve the ill-will of Orléans, and to this end he set himself up as a rival to the regent in his most cherished gallantries, and was entirely successful. He likewise abandoned, or pretended to abandon, the beautiful and accomplished Charolais in order to devote himself to Charlotte Aglaé, Mademoiselle de Valois, the regent's daughter. His passion for the young princess seems to have been simulated, while hers for him was sincere, ardent, and exalted.

Richelieu, by his attentions to the Countess de Gacé, in the aphelion of prudery, angered her husband, who sought a quarrel with him at a ball of the opera. Sharp words having passed, they sallied into the street—Saint-Thomas du Louvre—and fought (February 17, 1716) before a crowd of their friends and lookers-on. The count was wounded slightly, and the duke was run through the body, unhappily without touching any vital part. For this open violation of law and custom, the combatants were sent to the Bastille, where they received the visits of the whole court. After six months they were released;

but not before the duellists had embraced and dined sumptuously with the governor of the prison. The duke's captivity so drew upon the sympathies of the lovely Charolais that she found means to see him repeatedly in his dungeon, thanks to an ingenious disguise, and he rewarded her constancy, as soon as he got out, by seeking the society of Mademoiselle de Valois!

A circumstance which made a grand reverberation about that time was a duel fought in the Bois de Boulogne between Mesdames de Nesle and de Polignac for the possession of no less a personage than the erotic Richelieu. This brought his reputation as a heart-breaker to so dizzy a height that few women could think of him without a swimming of the senses. He became the rage of the sex, the absolute sovereign of their affections. A sort of sentimental nympholepsy seized upon all feminine Paris. It became the fashion to surrender to him at sight, and actresses, duchesses, adventuresses, and princesses, hurled themselves alike at his fascinating head. A French writer says it is impossible to understand the fascination he exercised. He changed the forms of modesty, and displaced the springs of self-love itself.

Meanwhile the conspiracy of Cellamare to overthrow the regent was discovered. Richelieu had taken part in it, incited against Orléans because he had shown more indifference to than hatred of the young nobleman who had labored to render himself odious. Although it has been denied, there is no question of his guilt. He committed positive treason, even offering to Spain his regiment and the frontier city of Bayonne, which, though often besieged, has never been captured. Some have thought his motive to have been the facilitation of a marriage with Mademoiselle de Charolais (he was then a widower), who would have allied him to the house of Bourbon. The probability is, that he was impelled only by fickleness and restless ambition. He had barely reached his majority, and plotting at that age is more likely to arise from hot-headedness and unreflection than any deliberate design. Fortunately for him, his fate lay in the hands of Dubois and the regent, who were both inclined to clemency: the one on principle, the other by temperament. Instead of cutting off his head, which they might have done in the interest of society, they committed him to the Bastille—his third incarceration—where, for a while, he was closely confined. He was soon allowed the use of books, a backgammon-board, and a bass-viol, as a means of killing time, with occasional visits from Mesdemoiselles de Charolais and Valois, who suppressed their jealousy through their anxiety and apprehension for their common friend. It was not long before the fair Charlotte managed, despite bolts, bars, and guards, to be his companion and comforter. To such indiscretions were the two princesses driven in their vain efforts to keep the inconstant, when they saw their infatuation shared by all women, and himself, curled, perfumed, and elaborately dressed, walking in the open gallery, while fashionable and titled ladies jostled

one another in the street below to catch a glimpse of his fine figure, posing and parading for their delectation.

At the end of six months the regent yielded to the entreaties of his daughter, the poutings of Charolais, and the solicitations of Cardinal de Noailles, whom Richelieu, already seriously ill, had persuaded that longer confinement would cost him his life. The sole condition exacted, if any, was the promise of Charlotte to her father to wed the son of the Duke of Modena. Following his enlargement, the young scoundrel was banished to Conflans, and then to the village of Richelieu, where his great ancestor had been born, and whence he was allowed to return only to assist in the departure for Italy of the princess who had sacrificed herself for him. A recent cruel experience had at last opened her too partial eyes, and cured her of an attachment which was unworthy of her, and ill requited by him. He was granted leave to go to Saint-Germain, where he had a country-seat, for a temporary stay, and afterward to reside there. For some months he was forbidden to see either the king or the regent; but, his usual good fortune asserting itself, he was restored to favor; his offenses were speedily forgotten, and he bore his restoration with as much importance and insolence as if his receipt of a pardon had been a gracious condescension.

New honors attended him. Before he was twenty-five he was admitted to the Academy, which his grand-uncle had founded, in place of the Marquis de Dangeau. The Abbé Gédéon paid him the compliment that, in a time when the whole kingdom was bent on speculation, he had not so forgotten his position and his rank as to seek for sordid gains. The compliment was deserved. Richelieu was one of the very few noblemen of distinction who, during all the wild excitement occasioned by John Law's financial schemes, culminating in the South-Sea Bubble, did not yield to the seductions of stock-jobbing. He was worse employed, however, and would have been the gainer by substituting avarice for some of his other vices. He delivered, on the occasion, a very creditable discourse—for him; but most of it was supplied by Campistron, Destouches, and Fontenelle, whose elegance and eloquence he so ingeniously mingled with his own matter that his plagiarism was not suspected. His original manuscript has been preserved, and Soulavie, who wrote his memoirs in nine volumes, and who had access to the manuscript, established its authenticity by innumerable faults of orthography.

At twenty-five (March 6, 1721) the precious fellow was received into Parliament, as a representative of his duchy of Richelieu, and Matthieu Marais, in his journal, notes the splendor of his appearance, his mantle and stockings being of a very rich stuff of gold, which cost two hundred and sixty livres the ell. He says the duke resembled Love personified, which he might easily have done, if the indulgence of uninterrupted habit sets any impress on the indulger. The last two years of the regency

he spent in Anacreontic pursuits; but he was so much less obstreperous than usual that the only thing that seems to have attracted public attention was his duel with the Duke de Bourbon, on account of the bewitching Charolais. The combat was not very interesting, since the chief offender was not hurt, for the reason, perhaps, that his desert so imperiously demanded his expunction.

Under the regency, Richelieu, who had masked his ambition by assumed indifference, was one of the titled men of pleasure who danced attendance on Madame de Prie, in hope of gaining her favor. He grew weary of waiting after a while, and, ceasing to offer her incense, she smiled upon him, and so approved him that she caused him to be appointed ambassador to Vienna. This post, greatly sought, was quite beyond his expectations; and yet he got it without effort, and even without exciting jealousy. Such is the success that accompanies the way of the wicked! This period (1725) seems to mark his transmission from a life of love-making to a life of ambition—not that, henceforth, he relinquished love-affairs, but that he made them secondary; a means to an end. The embassy to Vienna involved delicacy and difficulty which might have deterred the most experienced diplomat. The object was to neutralize the rancorous attempts of Spain, on which they wished to inflict an affront by turning its efforts to the profit of French politics, in hope that, sacrificing its interest to its desire for revenge, it might purchase, by a humiliating and onerous agreement, the hostility of Austria. His enemies were very sorry, and his friends greatly astonished, when they learned that Richelieu, at first kept at the gates of the capital, where all-powerful influences were brought against him, had actually received the audience so long and pertinaciously withheld. He returned there in November with a retinue which surpassed any that had preceded it, and gave to an ordinary favor all the appearance of a victory. He acquired by his prodigal display and luxurious entertainments a popularity that materially helped him, and, by subtle calculation and remarkable tact, obliged his pusillanimous and insolent adversary, the Duke de Ripperda, to yield him place, and depart in mortification for Spain. Finally, he secured the promise of the neutrality of the empire, its coöperation in a treaty of reconciliation with Spain, and the hope of a cardinal's hat for the Bishop of Fréjus, who had become prime-minister.

Richelieu was lucky to the end, even in his blunders. Moved by his love of the marvelous, he was gravely compromised, along with the Abbé de Zinzendorf and Count de Vesterloo, in an affair of sorcery, rendered tragical by the death of one of the actors. But he managed to overcome the grievous impression caused thereby, and to go back to France to enjoy there, with brilliant impunity, the benefits of his success. That remarkable and romantic embassy procured for him the Order of the Holy Ghost. His extravagance in Vienna had so seriously impaired his fortune that he felt obliged at times to take money from his friends of both sexes, of whom

Voltaire was one, and Madame de Tencien, the mother of D'Alembert, another.

For the next few years he was so little pleased with and succeeded so ill in the gynocracy which ruled France in the name of Louis XV., that he quitted Paris and entered the field under Marshal de Berwick as colonel of the regiment that bore his name in the war then waging for the throne of Poland. He was wounded at the siege of Kehl, and after a single campaign, having been made a brigadier, he married, April 7, 1734, Marie Elisabeth Sophie de Lorraine, second daughter of the Prince de Guise, who was accomplished, and would have been beautiful to any other man than her husband. Like all women who had any relation to him, she loved him passionately. She died in his arms, six years after, without revenging herself for his infidelities in the manner of the time. She bore him two children, the Duke de Fronsac and Countess d'Egmont. This brilliant match was not pleasing to the Princes de Lorraine, who had a poor opinion of the duke's character, and a still poorer one of his nobility—new and slender compared to their ancient line. The pretensions of the house of Richelieu had been rudely assailed in political pamphlets during the regency, and some of the satirical things that had been printed having been repeated by the Prince de Lixin, soon after the duke's marriage, led to a duel in which the prince was slain. The tragic result made a great noise, augmenting the survivor's reputation for courage and gallantry, and rendering him still more formidable to men, more delightfully dangerous to women.

In 1738 Richelieu, then forty-two, was appointed field-marshal and lieutenant-general of the king in Languedoc. The year following he fought a desperate duel in Paris with M. de Pentenrieder, a German with whom he had some disagreement in Vienna, the pretext for the encounter being rivalry in an affair of gallantry. He killed his man—for he was accounted one of the best swordsmen in France—but he himself received wounds which it was thought would prove fatal, and from which he never quite recovered. He had always abused his strong constitution and superb health in every possible manner; but up to this time nothing less than sharp steel had been able to impair them. While confined to his room from his hurt, Voltaire came and offered to settle forty thousand livres on him, saying that he himself should not be able to serve him very long. Both believed themselves near their end, and condoled with one another after a sentimentally-moribund fashion. And yet the philosopher lived near forty, and the duke some fifty, years longer. In the midst of death, we are in life! Richelieu declined his friend's offer; he must have known by past experience that, when he needed anything, Fortune would cog the dice for him. She has an ironical trick of showering blessings upon the bold and magnificent sinner, and the duke was exactly that. The speedy death of the Prince de Guise, his father-in-law, rendered pecuniary aid unnecessary by most opportunely supplying a purse that a career of reckless dissipation had made very lean.

Very soon Richelieu resolved to pay court to the king. He well understood the weaknesses of Louis XV., and turned them to his best advantage. He gained his entire confidence by degrees, winning his way to the royal favor as steadily as if he had been a courtesan, whose part, indeed, he stooped to play. He quietly undermined Madame de Mailly, and put her sister, Madame de la Tourmelles, in her place. As nobles of that era were glad to do, he arranged the intrigues of the court; he enacted the pander; he became the confidant of the licentious prince; he covered himself with a courtier's success, which we should regard as private infamy. And all the while he called himself, and was for that time, a gentleman. He was a valiant soldier, too, and prated about his honor, dearer to him than life, but less dear than genuine dishonor. Verily, the changes of a century are moral revolutions! He did not, however, neglect other means less ignoble of advancement. He displayed in his government of Languedoc many qualities that were highly creditable, and not to be looked for in him. At the breaking out of the war for the Austrian succession (1741), in which Louis had entered against the advice of Fleury, Richelieu was enabled by skillful management to offer to the king an entire regiment equipped and maintained at its own expense. Greatly pleased with this kindness, Louis created his son, hardly nine years old, the Duke de Fronsac, and named him colonel of the fine regiment, and with unconscious irony appointed his father (February 4, 1744) first gentleman of the bedchamber, in place of the young Duke de Rochecouart, deceased.

Thirsting for military glory promised by the war, Richelieu had early taken the field, and exerted himself to inspire the king with the same ambition. Louis, finally yielding to his persuasions, set out for the theatre of hostilities (May 3, 1744), the duke accompanying him in the capacity of aide-de-camp, although he had just been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general for his brilliant courage, applauded, the previous year, by the whole army, at the battle of Dettingen. The campaign, which had opened very favorably, was shadowed by the alarming illness of the king at Metz. The duke, availing himself of his privilege as gentleman of the bedchamber, stuck to the royal bedside, where Mesdames de Châteauroux and Lauraguais had also ensconced themselves. For many days he kept from the sick-chamber the chief officers and even the princes of the blood, striving to encourage the patient and retard the interference of the priests, who were resolved upon the dismissal of the favorites. At last Louis, always a spiritual poltroon, recognizing his danger, clamored for his confessor, ordered the departure of his mistresses, and received absolution. His theological bugaboo being thus removed, he got better. At this time Richelieu received, from the Minister d'Argenson, notice, equivalent to an order, to quit Metz. With his customary audacity, he refused to obey, believing that his royal master would sustain him. He was sustained; he recovered his ascendancy over the king, contributed greatly to the recall of

Châteauroux, and was on the point of profiting by her pitiless retaliations, when an unexpected death, which he was unwilling to believe natural, restored power to Maurepas and D'Argenson, waiting only for their dismissal. Politically checkmated, he hurried to the army to efface his failure by military success.

The campaign of 1745 marks the culmination of the marshal's prowess and fame. The victory at Fontenoy, usually ascribed to Saxe, partially belongs to him, unless, indeed, as the too modest Irish claim, the whole glory should be engrossed by their brigade of exiles who fought that day on the side of the French. In that action the external chivalry of the time was carried to an absurd length. When the hostile forces were drawn up opposite one another, the French lifted their hats, with the words, "Will the gentlemen of England be so good as to fire first?" The French, it will be remembered, were posted and well fortified on a hill behind Fontenoy, the village of St.-Antoine and the Scheldt being on the right, and a small wood on the left. The allies, composed of Dutch, Austrians, and English, mainly the last, opened the engagement under the Duke of Cumberland by a fierce cannonade. The Dutch failed to carry the two towns by assault, and General Ingolsby, with a British division, attempting to pierce the wood, was driven back. Cumberland marched with the infantry on the main body of the enemy. With bayonets fixed, they dashed through a ravine, exposed to a murderous artillery-fire, and reached the French line on the brow of the hill in an unbroken mass, cutting down everything that opposed their progress. They had nearly won the day by intercepting the French retreat to the river, when Saxe, after urging the flight of the king, rallied his force for a last effort. Richelieu at this juncture advised that four pieces of cannon be brought to bear upon the enemy's front, while the household troops, the reserves, and the Irish brigade, should attack on each flank. He himself led the household troops, charging with irresistible force, and causing the brave and stubborn foe to slowly give way. He also had the courage to oppose the flight of Louis, counting wisely on the moral influence of the royal presence, and doing his full part in deciding the fate of the battle, which he claimed, with characteristic egotism, to be due entirely to him. He won many laurels at the action of Raucoux the next year, and believed he had reached the summit of his hopes when he was selected to organize and command an expedition into England to conquer a crown for the grandson of James II.—an expedition which, happily for the marshal, never took practical shape.

Next sent to Dresden (December, 1746,) to ask, in behalf of the dauphin, the hand of Marie Joseph de Saxe, daughter of Augustus, King of Poland, he acquitted himself with brilliant distinction, and fully sustained his high reputation as an ambassador. As soon as he had recovered from a wound received at Lanfeld, his services were needed by the Genoese, who had revolted against Austrian oppression, in order to complete, by the deliverance of their territory, the unfinished work of the Duke de Boufflers.

He arrived in Genoa (September 28, 1747) after a perilous voyage, in which he had had to contend against heavy storms and the active vigilance of English cruisers. He fully justified the enthusiasm and confidence that had greeted his entry into the city by the prosperous issue of an extremely difficult campaign in a rough country, where he was vainly harassed by Count Brown. Genoa, on the recovery of her freedom, showered honors upon the duke. She inscribed his name in the golden book of the nobility; placed, even in his lifetime, his statue in the Pantheon of the republic, and earnestly solicited that he be made Marshal of France—a solicitation gratefully complied with, October 11, 1748.

Returning to Paris after sixteen months of absence, he found Pompadour all-powerful at court. Although his position was too high for him to stand in awe of her, he held himself in prudent reserve, when she suddenly broke the ice by offering him for his son the hand of her daughter, Alexandrine d'Étiolles, whose father was an innkeeper. Too politic to resent openly this arrogant proposal, he replied that he was overwhelmed with the honor, and that he merely begged for time to consult the queen, whose assent was indispensable to a man that had the good fortune to be allied to the house of Lorraine.

During the long quarrels of the Parliament and clergy that troubled the reign of Louis, he was inflexibly opposed to what he conscientiously regarded as the abuse of power by magistrates transformed into deliberative assemblies. He tried his best to reconcile their differences, and displayed much tact and intelligence, with small practical benefit. He made himself very unpopular with the people, and as Governor of Guienne and Gascony he was frequently assailed and satirized in songs and printed pasquinades. His old gallantries furnished abundant material, and his new ones, not to speak of his intrigues with the feminine ministers of his voluptuous king, steadily kept up the supply.

When the Seven Years' War (1756) broke out, the marshal was anxious to make a sudden attack on the island of Minorca, believing that its loss would destroy England's maritime preponderance, of which he was so jealous. He was granted permission; his enemies, and not a few of his friends, feeling confident that he would fail. Port Mahon was defended by a number of forts, notably that of St. Felipe, deemed impregnable. Nevertheless, he took it by assault after a siege of six weeks, the enemy being burdened with the means of defense, and deprived of sufficient means for attack. The capture of Minorca excited enthusiasm throughout France, and brought even Pompadour to the side of the conqueror. Admiral Byng, having been unsuccessful, through the inefficiency of the British ministry, in an attempt to relieve the island, was accused of cowardice, brought to trial, and barbarously condemned to be shot. Richelieu, backed by Voltaire, did everything in his power to save him; proposing to offer testimony to prove that he had acted bravely, and could not possibly have prevented the result.

But the generous proposal was rudely rejected, and only served to seal the unhappy officer's doom. The ministry had been shamefully incompetent, and they were bent on shielding themselves by executing an innocent man. It was on that occasion that Voltaire uttered his famous epigram: "The English encourage their admirals by shooting them when they happen to be unsuccessful."

In July, 1757, the marshal received the command of the army of Hanover in place of Marshal d'Estrees. The campaign was resolutely conducted, and from check to check the forces which Cumberland led eventually found themselves forced into a decisive defeat. Confidence, combined with an excess of presumption, caused Richelieu to lose by inopportune negotiation the benefit of his martial success. Already master of the electorate of Hanover, he allowed the capitulation of Closterseven to slip away, because its ratification, too long delayed by the court, arrived only when Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, Cumberland's successor, was in a condition to refuse it. It was the day after the disastrous battle of Rossbach that, surprised by the offensive in his security of inaction, he was obliged to address to himself the words, "Too late!" which, a month before, he had used toward his king.

Recalled to the capital, he found the court dissatisfied and the public prejudiced. All sorts of accusations had been made against him, some of them true, but more of them false. He was charged with reckless expenditure of the public money, which charge had a basis, as he usually anticipated both his pay and his revenue by at least twenty years. He was sixty-two, and his lucky star was setting. He went back to his old life of intrigue and pleasure, dividing his time between his duties as gentleman of the bedchamber, his government of Guienne, and his desire, more zealous than prudent, to prove his devotion to the sovereign authority. His rule was licentious and pernicious. The capital of his province, Bordeaux, was overrun with courtesans and adventurers, dazzled with balls and festivals, filled with gaming-houses and every form of excess. Both his haughtiness and familiarity, his luxury and avarice, his ignorance and his wit, his contempt of law, his quarrels with the clergy, his scandalous gallantries, and his arbitrary decisions, made him odious, except with a few of his intimates as reckless and dissipated as himself. He still intrigued at court—still fawned upon the new and insulted the worn favorites of the king; was the pliant courtier of Du Barry, as he had been of Pompadour. He did not secure any political advancement, much as he sought it; but he retained to the last the friendship of Louis, the two being drawn together, doubtless, by the vicious sympathy born of a community of sin.

When Louis XVI. ascended the throne, the marshal, by reason of changed conditions, discovered himself a courtier out of place. The old iniquities of the old man no longer commended him to favor, and he sought consolation for chagrin and disappointment in the repeated profligacies of his youth, which, repulsive then, were hideous now. At eighty-

four, impelled by avarice, he again married—his third wife, Mademoiselle de Lavaux, comparatively young, formerly a canoness of one of the noble chapters of Lorraine, and widow of an Irish general in the service of France. He had hoped to have another heir by her, but accident prevented, to the great joy of the Duke de Fronsac, anxiously waiting for his father to die. He did die at last, in his ninety-third year—less than eleven months before the destruction of the Bastille—the lurid dawn of the Reign of Terror. In the great upheaval, he would have been one of

the first to lose his head—a dramatic ending which he would have much preferred to slipping away through a common catarrh that prepared him painlessly for the grave he had cheated so long. With what a grand air the veteran marshal would have gone to the scaffold, and met the axe with a biting jest! To his final breath he was gay, mocking, unrepentant, sustained by the exalted egotism which had never wavered, and which, he had often said, was more substantial than hope, and infinitely more comforting than the shallow priestcraft miscalled religion

UNDER OUR HORIZON.

" . . . While slowly o'er the hills
The unnerved day piles his prodigious sunshine,
Here be gardens of Hesperian mould,
Recesses rare, temples of birch and fern,
Perfumes of light-green sumac, ivy thick,
And old stone fences tottering to their fall,
And gleaming lakes that cool invite the bath,
And most aerial mountains for the west."

CHANNING.

IT was a happy thought when the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim put a little island in their geography of the brain devoted to the home instinct, for only a cursory knowledge of human nature certifies to its universality and power. When Dr. Holmes called Boston, in his witty *role* of the Autocrat, the Hub of the Universe, he only emphasized a conceit which is common in all latitudes. If every rood, as the poet says, has some star above it, so each point, however remote or insignificant, awakens some currents of polarity. It holds at least the sanctity and sympathy which attach themselves to home.

The place from which you may be compelled or may choose to mark the world's latitude and longitude need not be Boston or New York; its sky may be the path of the birds only, and the cover of opulent fields, and yet some series of facts or circle of associations shall hallow it and give it importance. If it can show nothing else, it may mark the home of some thrifty community; and the sun passes over it to say that here, too, humanity lives to enjoy and to be strong, to do and to suffer. Still, if we attempt to describe any particular spot in the New England or Middle States, we seem always to be treating of landscape and history that are in a hundred places more or less repeated; but we like to think that in just this spot it is repeated with a little more emphasis. When the cosmic poet of the "Leaves of Grass" celebrates himself in a dramatic monologue, he merely gives a picture of every other person; and so, perhaps, if we touch but one landscape, it may find interest in being an epitome of some sort of every other. As he used his own personality as a prism through which the race and its possibilities could be best presented, so, if we dive down in the most familiar waters, what we see and bring up will, perhaps, be but the sea weed and shells and shard that are common, in a certain way, to every shore of the similar ocean.

Our particular segment of the world may not be wholly the best; yet all that I know of the best is here. Nature, at any rate, when she ordered our horizon, seems to have said: "This shall be the home of beauty. Here will I up-pile my rugged hills, and scoop into softness my nestling valleys; and over them all shall be suspended the sunsets of Claude and the azure of Italy." The Indians, who knew infallibly where Nature cosseted the rim of the globe just a little, left evidence indubitable that she did it here.

If Amenias with its vicinage, therefore, does not share the celebrity which the map, guided by social and commercial prominence, bestows on more populous centres, it shines with no dim lustre in the glory which land and sky reflect. Its widely-scattered houses and hamlets are but so many specks on the emerald of June, or the white Genelas-robe of winter, and would scarcely vary to the eye of an aerial passenger, by their shimmer of art, the pastoral picture below him. Powers's recent poem of the locality puts its characteristics in this terse and true epitome:

"A pleasant vale; bright fields that lie
On gentle slopes and knolls of green;
Steep mountains sharp against the sky;
Clear streams and tiny lakes between.

"Cool, bowery lanes, 'mong happy hills;
Old groves that shade ancestral caves;
Farms which the prosperous season fills
With flocks, and fruits, and golden sheaves.

"A holy feeling soothes the air,
The woodlands stand in musings sweet;
It seems as if the heart of prayer
In all this charmed valley beat."

On the eastern side of the township, indeed, from which I write, even Mr. Ruskin himself could see the material conditions of that Arcadia he has been striving to restore. Here are no noisy clamor of business, no hum of human crowds, no shriek or invasion of the hateful locomotive, except as its echo comes from beyond the western hills. It has soft meadows, wooded ascents, and purling streams. How early this region awakened rapture, a brief statement from its aboriginal history will show.

In one of those terrible warfares which drove the

powerful Pequods westward through Connecticut, a small and wearied remnant of them, tradition says, made a halt on the mountains east of us, and as they looked down, enraptured at the view stretched at their feet, they dropped an exclamation in their tongue which signifies "delightful prospect!" In fact, the very name of *Amenia*, which is not an Indian name, signifies "a place of pleasantness;" and this hint is wrapped up in a word which neither any gazetteer, nor the post-office book at Washington, nor the world itself, has yet duplicated. It is difficult to be sufficiently thankful for this; for, when one properly considers the bald and threadbare nomenclature by which so many places are burdened, it is refreshing to have a name which no other place can lift into honor or sink to disgrace. To be sure, our letters frequently come to us with the town misspelled; and half the world that knows of us abroad mispronounces it.¹ But all this can be borne by the pride we indulge in wearing a feather which protrudes from no other cap.

It should be called the passage of a first narrow escape when a place or person obtains a fortunate name. Think what avalanches of direful possibility stand over and are ready to descend upon those innocent things and souls which are yet anonymous! For names are, in a very real sense, something actual, and not merely phenomenal. They bear a definite flavor, and, what is to be equally considered, stick like the fabled shirt of Nessus. The boy who is named *Nebuchadnezzar*, or the girl who must forever answer to *Jerusha*, will always walk under the shadow of a prefigured doom. The danger in giving geographical names is in the direction of some familiar classical or patriotic baptism, but our town escaped this pathetic disaster. Its name is not only new and pleasant on the lips, but its euphonious felicity commends it to general admiration. If it has gone to no other place,² its feminine smoothness has inspired two or three sets of parents to bestow it on their daughters, where it has worn well.

The recent historian of our township, Mr. Reed, says that a poet of the Revolutionary era invented the name. It was this poet who wrote a work called "*The Conquest of Quebec*" entirely in rhyme; and it is said that some of his verses reached the ear and won the praise of Thomas Jefferson. How frail, though, at the best, is the poet's rhyme! What the lines of this bard, which have now failed from memory, could not do, his one word of happy nomenclature seems likely to accomplish. This, and not his muse, will secure him at least a local immortality.

For the curious reader's benefit, I may say the country here described lies a little north of the midway point between the cities of Albany and New York, and stands against the Connecticut border. It is a part of the famous Oblong strip which that State unwittingly gave to New York before its agricultural worth was known, in exchange for an equal

number of acres of what was then swampy sea-coast on Long Island Sound. It is said the New-Englanders were never before so deceived in a bargain; and the uncertainty of the State boundary-line, as first surveyed, has caused a more or less slumbering discontent and contention—now breaking out, and now subsiding—for upward of a hundred years.

Although the key-note of the landscape is chiefly idyllic and pastoral, there are places where—as Carlyle makes *Teufelsdröckh* say—"In fine vicissitude beauty alternates with grandeur; you ride through stony hollows, along straight passes traversed by torrents overhung by high walls of rock; now winding amid broken, shaggy chasms, and huge fragments; now suddenly emerging into some emerald valley, where the streamlet collects itself into a lake, and man has again found a fair dwelling, and it seems as if Peace had established herself in the bosom of Strength." It is one of the qualities of diversified scenery, as it is of a fine picture, that it will each day give you something new. The prairie, or bald plain, exhausts itself by one conception; but, in the mixed features which make our endowment, you can get, from just a little change of view, an occasional feeling of the new and wonderful. You may have lived here always, and yet you will not infrequently meet some day a separate picture that brings with it a fresh flavor and significance.

Dear to the dryads are the monumental elms, which rise from every open vista, or skirt the roads; and their lithier, fan-shaped sisters, graced by dallying foliage, or the aspiring Virginia-creeper, which seem to let fall their tassel of vine in curves about the bole. If the former appear to recall the genius which built the Gothic cathedral, we have in the palm-like grace of the latter the slenderness of the Byzantine minaret; and so, by a subtle suggestion of natural architecture, we get hints of the Scandinavian and Asiatic climates which rule our year.

The mountain-ranges which pass over from the southwest corner of Massachusetts—whose western highlands are visible here—to Fishkill on the Hudson, are merely a continuation of the Green Mountains of Vermont; and they run about parallel with prolific veins of iron-ore which crop out in so many places. The fine qualities of this ore—some of which was dug for the casting of Revolutionary cannon—are now, I believe, conceded to be without superior in the world. To the iron car-wheels which transport the products of nearly all the inland commerce of this continent, the mines in this section are preëminent, if not the chief, contributors.

That the Indians were sincere in their attachment to this spot we have frequent and singular proof. They built their villages here, and at certain points, where the chain of mountains is broken in two by the path of some pellucid stream, arrow-heads have been discovered in large numbers. In certain meadow-lands, the alluvial borders of a winding stream, broken pieces of rude pottery have been dug up, and also such utensils as the pestle and mortar. Near the edge of a swampy marsh, where once must have been a lake, fragments of an Indian canoe have

¹ Situated in Salisbury, Connecticut.

² I have lately heard that a land company formed in this neighborhood has partly impaired this statement by naming a township of the future in Dakota Territory after ours.

been found. Even now as I write I can discern a sloping knoll not more than forty rods distant from my window, where the early white settlers saw when they came the subsiding slopes which marked the graves of an Indian burying-ground. It was a well-chosen spot, lying on a surface of successive billowy undulations, and near the junction of two streams rich in picturesque surroundings. The largest of these, which gets its name from the valley through which it runs for a distance of over thirty miles, is called the Webutuck, or the stream of "the pleasant hunting-ground."

Looking at the region, as modern culture and toil have changed it, Emerson's verses read almost like a natural description of the locality:

"Beneath low hills in the broad interval
Through which at will our Indian rivulet
Winds, mindful still of sannup and of squaw,
Whose pipe and arrow oft the plough unburies—
Here in pine-houses, built of new-fallen trees,
Supplanters of the tribes, the farmers dwell."

Just north of us, for a distance of ten or twelve miles, there is a cluster of crystal lakes, situated between the high hills. It is a district scarred by the fiercest primeval tumult; and, as you look down upon it from the high point where one of the Coast Survey monuments rises, you can see ridge upon ridge of craggy roughness in all directions. If the Titans and demi-gods ever threw hills upon each other, and piled Ossa upon Pelion, they might easily have done it here. Out of the midst of these the mirroring lakes send back to you the calm of cloud and sky, the shadows of overhanging rocks and trees, and bright flashes of every prismatic hue. Two of these lakes were called by the Indians respectively Wonomscopomic and Wocontocook; and of the former, with its woody bluffs and foliage, it is not too much to say that no sheet of water in this country can surpass it in ideal loveliness.

The peak of observation of which I have spoken is on a level with, if it is not higher than, the topmost summit of one of the New England States, visible in the far distance. High as it is, a lofty lake sparkles near the top, and some half-dozen glisten below. A pair of these are called, from their close connection, the Twin Lakes;¹ and now a new railroad finds just room enough in the narrow neck of land dividing them to cross over and unite New England to the great West. A carriage-road, supplemented by a brief foot-path, takes those who do not prefer a few miles of walking to the Surveyors' Monument, where private picnics are often held. On a dual affair of this sort a New England literary gentleman and the present writer sought it in former years, carrying up with us a pocketful of Tennyson's freshly-printed verses, but finding poetry far more appealing in the rhythmic harmonies of the sky and land.

It is one of the touching reminiscences concerning the Indians of this neighborhood, which faithful

¹ The first syllable is not *Ah*, nor *Ar*, but has the alphabet sound of *A*; and the whole word is pronounced as if spelled thus, *A-men-gay*.

hands have not failed to celebrate, that there came early among them the good will and work of the faithful Moravians. As early as 1740 these disciples of Zinzendorf had found out the savages, and administered to them in material and spiritual ways. It was a benign influence which these sainted men brought, and their control of their unpromising wards, it is acknowledged, had the happiest results for all the settlers. A little less than twenty years ago some of the Moravian brethren in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, came here and set up at different points three monuments with imposing religious ceremonies, commemorative of the early work which these courageous men wrought in this field. One of these monuments, placed near the grave of a prominent minister, surmounts a graceful knoll which overlooks toward the setting sun a lake of remarkable beauty—a sheet of water which the missionaries called *Gnadensee* (the Lake of Grace), but which, to the Indians, was Wequagnock.

The red-man in recent times has fallen not only under the wrath of the white resident, but has dropped out of poetry and fiction as a picturesque figure. There is now no one left to do him homage, though there has never been any lack of those who for profit did not scruple to do him injustice. As we view to-day the charming landscapes from which he has been driven, and to which his poetic syllables still cling, Mrs. Sigourney's touching lines are recalled:

"Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off your crested wave;
That 'midst the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out."

The day of the Indian has passed, and that of the railroad and telegraph has come; but we do not need here to ride or walk far from our daily haunts to find a few mixed descendants of the first owners of the soil. These are mainly offshoots from the Pequods. They have lived for a long time in a narrow valley adjacent to ours, where a little stream and a large one unite, a spot which they named, as Mr. Lossing tells us, *Pish-gach-ti-gock*—"the meeting of the waters." This name on white lips got corrupted to *Scaghticook*, and the Indians became thereafter, to all the neighborhood, the Scaghticook Indians. During a former generation these wards of civilization used to frequent all our country, peddling the painted baskets and small wares which they knew so well how to make, and gaining a livelihood of as much thrift as they cared to enjoy. They were always natural wanderers, and sometimes strolled two hundred miles away; for a drop of Indian blood—if it be only one drop—when it gets in the veins, means vagrancy, and the restlessness of the Wandering Jew.

I think the last full-blood Indian of this tribe—now reduced to a mere handful, mixed with negro and white blood—was the locally-famous Eunice Mauwee. She lived, as her dwindling descendants

now do, on a State reservation, and died in 1859, aged about one hundred and four years. Her father was the last chief who ruled, and she was, consequently, of royal blood—a princess in fact, as she would have been in name, had the tribal condition of her people continued.

I remember seeing her a few weeks before her death, and she talked with freedom of the Indians and their habits. It was interesting to hear her pronunciation of the Indian words which have now become local property, and are attached to so many places. In almost every instance the modern use of them is merely a reduction of larger and more unmanageable ones—words which, as they are now used, have been shorn of a half or a third of their original syllables. She was intelligent, and accustomed to talk, and remembered, of course, many curious things. I was struck with her statement that she saw, when a little girl, an old Indian who had seen King Philip. The old Indian was telling her father of the personal traits and appearance of this doughty hero, and narrating, perhaps, some of his unrecorded exploits; and she was a rapt listener to the conversation. It was suggestive of Thoreau's way of measuring the distance which the current Scripture chronology sets between us and the garden of Eden; for, he says, it only requires about sixty of our grandmothers to take us back to Eve. To see an Indian who had seen King Philip (and I, therefore, came only within one remove of it) was like putting your hand backward upon the vessel which landed at Plymouth Rock. When one sits down to think the matter seriously over, it does not seem so long as it did since Columbus discovered America, or since William the Conqueror set foot in England, or, in fact, since anything ancient happened. Even those indeterminate æons of Huxley and the geologists are visibly shortened when a few memories pasted together cover such an arc of time.

We have in our midst also our tales and traditions of the Revolution. Besides a few houses still standing which were built before that event was precipitated, there is the record, not brief or unworthy, of those who fought and died in the memorable struggle. No battle against the king's soldiers ever reddened the soil here, but it is known that a portion of Burgoyne's army, which was marched to New York in two divisions after its capture, passed southward through the eastern side of the township. A good many of these soldiers were the hated Hessians; and they encamped one night not far from our border, and spent the evening in singing songs and in general hilarity. There were good singers among them, and the universal enthusiasm displayed belonged, no doubt, to that early passion which has descended so successfully through the German blood to the present date. Perhaps, if it could be traced far enough back, its Gothic nativity would be found not far away from the source of that marvelous music-culture which has just burst upon the world from Wagner at Baireuth. But I suppose the jollity of that evening was partly a real delight in being free from active battle; for the paid soldiers of Germany

must have felt little of that divine impetus in the unnatural warfare they were compelled to wage here which nerves the patriotic citizen to deeds of daring and conflict.

The old lady who told me she ran out to her father's door-yard fence, the morning after the encampment broke up, to see the soldiers go by, was still living a few years ago. She must have been only seven or eight years old when she witnessed the spectacle, but the impression which the red uniforms and the singular procession made upon her mind had not, at ninety years, faded away. It is a curious fact that some grass-seeds which fell from the forage or equipments of these soldiers gave root to various new species of grass which still survive in our meadows.

It is Nature, though, rather than man, whose stamp gives the prevalent flavor to this horizon. Here are nooks of quiet, and shy glens; groups of rock, and patches of water; and wide breadths of pastoral calm and beauty sufficient to give the appreciative artist a lifetime of employment. A score of pictures or more have been framed out of this landscape, and been borne to distant homes; and the studies that have gone into the artists' portfolios are too many to number. Only in July last, a noted Cincinnati artist paused here, while on his way to a two years' study in Rome, and left regretting that he had not provided some liberal margin of time for reproducing the fine effects which accost the eye from so many points.

It must have been twenty-five years ago when Durand made a popular picture of the valley below us, which is continuous with ours; and the engraver gave it a wide publicity. It is on the mountain west of this view that you find "The Stone Church," which is a curious natural cavern that has a fantastic resemblance to the interior of a Gothic church. Within a few weeks past, Mr. Lossing, the artist and historian, who lives near it, has published a little pamphlet giving two illustrations of this unique cave and cascade—one taken from the interior, and one from the outside—and has woven about them the legendary incidents and romance which have come down to us. One of the traditions, which he gives at length, mentions that Sassacus, the Pequot chief, while retreating to escape from the hostile Mohegans, used this cave for a time as a successful hiding-place; but, when he left it and fled to the northward, to implore mercy and peace from the implacable Mohawks, he and his thinned remnant were extinguished at their hands.

The Stone Church is situated at the base of the mountain, and is formed of solid rock, having been apparently cut out by the water's tooth, which has been gnawing through it for ages. A little stream still tumbles down from the upper story, or section, to the floor of the main apartment, and makes in its fall a musical cascade. An irregular, upright boulder, in the upper chamber, furnishes for the active fancy what is called the "pulpit;" and through the far roof the daylight peers down, showing a glimpse of the blue sky as you look from

one position upward. Its entrance, as Mr. Lossing says, has "the form of some old cathedral;" and the caressing border of moss, and foliage, and shrubbery, gives to it a charm that nothing is needed to heighten.

The ravine which leads to it, and which is skirted by a winding foot-path carving gracefully around rocks and over fallen trees, is reached almost directly from a pretty vestibule of green meadow; and would be of itself worth visiting, if there were no greater object in its midst. If the reader has ever had the good fortune to stroll through the fine woods belonging to the residence owned by Horace Greeley, at Chappaqua, he can get a fair idea of this spot—for the ravine below the lake at Mr. Greeley's place resembles this; and both are worth the labor of a long journey to see.

"Down in yon watery nook,
Whose bearded mists divide,
The gray old gods whom chaos knew,
The sires of Nature hide.

"Aloft in secret veins of air
Blows the sweet breath of song;
Oh, few to scale those uplands dare,
Though they to all belong!"

About a mile south of the Church, and scattered at varying distances on the side of the same mountain, is a series of natural wells, which another stream has dug in the hard rock that forms its bed. They lack the moulded form and relief of the Church, but look up to you like the great eyes of a giant from depths of forbidding blackness. In these the water, when it is high, still whirls around; and, when it is equable and quiet, the brooding stillness and solemn depth, buried as they are under shadows of bulging rocks and lofty trees, startle the step and awaken the caution of the timid spectator.

If we concede that the Church is, on the whole, the most striking single feature in this region—a sort of poetic episode, so to speak, in the natural drama—the gorge at Wassaic, a place where the most precipitous and abrupt hills cleave the sky in close unison, is, in a general way, much finer. This spot has no analogue that I can recall so nearly like it (taking the evidence furnished by pictures and eye-witnesses together) as Harper's Ferry—one seeming to be a reproduction or parody of the other. When a new road was cut through this notch, a dozen or more years ago, it gave a drive surrounded for three miles by unbroken hills and forests, which has ever since been frequented by the casual tourist and summer resident. The name Wassaic means, in the Indian tongue, "difficult of access," and nothing could well be more descriptive. On the top of one of the hills is a huge rock called "Listening Rock," from the fact that whosoever climbs to it, and lays his ear thereon, can distinctly hear private conversation in the valley below. The village which it over-

looks is, therefore, a poor place for politicians or lovers, especially when tourists are on the eminence above it.

I find it an easy stroll from my desk to a rock which once was called "Spirit-Rock," from the adventure which some timid female of a former generation had with a ghost that rose up one night from behind it. The spirit was more obedient than *Banquo's* and soon retired from the stage, leaving little to say of its mission or history. Half a mile farther on, and crowning the summit of a high hill, rises a monumental rock, as prominent and stately as an obelisk, for it prevails on every eye below, and from no point of view can you escape it. Besides the appeal it makes to those who enjoy the picturesque, it is of especial interest to science, as it is of a wholly different nature from the numerous rocks about it. The theory concerning it is, that when that glacial movement occurred which shaped the Catskills—which are forty miles distant—this rock was borne from beyond the Hudson to its present resting-place. It is much narrower at the base than at the top, but stands as firmly poised as if it were continuous with the rocky substratum beneath. Like the statue of Memnon, it catches the sun's first and final rays; or cold, pitiless, and stony-eyed as the Sphinx, it puts its complacent riddle to each passer-by.

But what secures our chief homage, in addition to the general *ensemble* which Nature rears in our midst, is the placid river which winds like a thing of life through so many glistening meadows, and under the protecting arms of tall and umbrageous trees. The serene sky, which is our soothing canopy, lies like a crystal in its soft depths—except where it chatters and ripples over shoals and pebbly ways, or sings its song of welcome to the robin. It is the shining gem of the landscape, the silver shuttle which weaves itself into all our waking visions and dreams. How like life it varies its step and tune, giving at one turn the sober gravity of manhood, and at another the frolic and laughter of youth! Here its brow is darkened, but not far off it sparkles like molten silver at every glance of the sun. When Mr. Conway lectured near by us last year, and added a spare day here for thought and observation, he pronounced this stream, in its temper, and tone, and physical features, a fair counterpart of the famous Avon, so sacred to England and English thought. No stream in America, North or South, recalled to him so close a resemblance. But the Shakespeare has not yet come who shall link it to humanity and the world's esteem. We are content to have it simply beautiful for beauty's sake. Our *Webutuck*—

" . . . A goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day."

SOME PHASES OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

IT is as a paradox, chiefly, that Russia impresses the student who penetrates below the surface in his examination of Muscovite affairs. Extremes meet in the land of the czar with a degree of sharpness which is puzzling at first, and not a little interesting. The one thing of which the traveler in Russia may be certain in advance is, that everything there holds for him a surprise, because everything involves a contradiction. We are accustomed, for example, to think of the czar's government as the most perfect autocracy which exists anywhere in the civilized world, and this is true; but it is only one half of the truth; the other half is, that Russia enjoys the most completely democratic system of local self-government which is anywhere in existence. The autocratic despotism which the world sees at top rests upon a pure communism at bottom, which is practically pretty nearly the only government that the people really know anything about.

The tendency to paradox does not end here, however. It runs through everything Russian, including Russian geography. The rivers are broad and beautiful, but they are of small account for purposes of commerce, and the traveler feels little surprise when he sees a native passenger leap overboard from a steamboat in the middle of one of these streams, and quietly wade ashore. His act is so in keeping with everything else in the country, that its fitness is readily recognized. The railroads are well built and well managed, but they do not run through the towns. The public roads are best where they are least needed. Tea is universally used as a beverage, but it cannot be bought of a tolerable quality, and cannot be had at the inns, so that in this tea-drinking country the traveler must carry his own supply of tea with him, as he carries his sheets and pillows, because such things are not furnished with lodgings. As in little things so it is in greater ones. Russian character and Russian history are alike anomalous. In some things the most obstinately and inconveniently conservative of people, the Russians are, in others, almost inconceivably wanting in attachment to the old and the habitual. They are bigots and devotees in religion if one approaches them with any thought of disturbing their faith, but their notions of religion are only of a sort of superior paganism, religion to them being little more than a set of magical rites of peculiar efficacy. They are at once priestridden and without proper respect for their priests, as we shall presently see. It is possible to reduce all these apparent contradictions to something like an harmonious system, and to find logical reasons for all the conflicting facts, but the student of Russian life and character cannot easily avoid interesting himself in the contradictions as things worth studying for their own sake. It is not for their own sake only, however, that they are worthy of study. From the time when a pagan grand-prince of Russia made fierce predatory war upon his Christian neighbors for

the avowed purpose of conquering his own conversion to Christianity, and capturing the archbishop whom he wanted to baptize him, until now, the strange mixture of diametrically opposite traits and tendencies which constitutes Russian character has furnished the only key we have to the history of Russia's astonishing advancement in civilization. Without some knowledge of these contending forces it is not easy to understand the great nation of the North to which all eyes are just now turned with rather anxious gaze.

There are two Russias; and, in speculating upon affairs in the East, we are apt to regard only one of them, and that not the more important one. The Russia which travelers see in St. Petersburg and Moscow—the Russia where every gentleman speaks French, German, and English, and where *opéra-bouffe* and melodrama are applauded—is not at all the great Russia which menaces Turkey on the one hand and India on the other. It is an artificial Russia, so to speak, a sort of French veneer, which misrepresents the real fabric that it conceals, and unluckily it is only this unreal thing that travelers in the Muscovite dominions commonly have opportunity to become familiar with. Mr. Hepworth Dixon did, indeed, attempt to make a hasty and superficial study of the old Russia, which, by a capital error, he assumed that the new Russia of the cities had superseded; but Mr. Dixon's habits of investigation are not favorable to good results in such a case, and hence his effort added about as much to our knowledge of Russian life as his works on America have added to his countrymen's store of information regarding the great republic. It has been possible, indeed, for a diligent student to get some notion of the real Russians by implication from the histories of Karamsin, Tooke, Ségur, and Bell; or, better still, from the works of such Russian writers as Pushkin and Turgeneff; but travelers have really told us little until now, because they have themselves been able to learn little with respect to the life, and manners, and ways of thinking, of the rural folk who are, in a very peculiar sense, the real people of Russia. This peasantry, of whom travelers have hitherto learned so little, except at second hand, constitute five-sixths of the whole population of Russia, and a not less important fact is that these peasants control directly, and by the forms of the purest democracy, acting under prescriptive law, the internal affairs of the empire. They make public sentiment, and they execute its decrees with an authority from which there is practically no appeal.

Mr. D. Mackenzie Wallace has supplied in some measure the much-needed information respecting the life of this most important part of the Russian people, and that part of his recently-published work¹ which is devoted especially to this study is at once the

¹ Russia. By D. Mackenzie Wallace, M. A., member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, London.

most entertaining and the most valuable literature of its kind which we have recently had from any source upon matters connected with Russia. Mr. Wallace learned the language, and lived among the country-folk, and saw their daily life, during a long period, so that in writing on the subject he has had the obvious advantage of knowing what he had to say—an advantage which is not so common with writers on subjects of this kind as many persons fancy that it is.

The Russian peasant is not a bad fellow, but he is not picturesque, chiefly because he is a trifle too well off to be sentimental himself, or to be the subject of sentimentality in others. The law makes him at birth a member of the rural commune, or village community, and secures to him as long as he lives the means of earning a living. He is his own master, or as much so as any man not a hermit can be; that is to say, he has as much weight as any of his fellows in the councils of the commune, and the commune is to him the source of all law. His land, in many parts of the empire, is apt to be sterile, but it belongs, as he does, to the commune, and cannot be taken away. His homestead is exempt from execution, and so are his horse and his farming-implements, and his tools, if he is a mechanic. He must work hard all his life, and his taxes are heavy, but the obligation to pay them rests upon the commune, not upon him individually, except as the commune requires him to pay. He eats black bread, and drinks bad liquor, but he has enough of both. His condition is not quite so good in some respects as it was when he was a serf, but the difference is largely the result of his own choice. It arises chiefly out of the desire of each married peasant to set up an establishment for himself, a practice which has increased the cost of living without adding anything to the working-power of the community. The practice works its own cure, in part, and peasant families are still large, as a rule, the family being in all cases a sort of coöperative society for purposes of work.

The family may consist of any number of persons, and embraces commonly the representatives of two or three generations. There is one recognized head in each family, who may be either a man or a woman, and may or may not be the oldest member of the family. The qualification requisite for this domestic headship is executive ability, and its possession secures authority by common consent; but in grave matters this family president acts only by and with the consent of the family senate. He directs the working, sells the products of the work, and buys supplies, but at every step advice is offered and heeded. The family usually includes the married sons and their wives, but not the married daughters, who belong to their husbands' families. All the earnings are held in common, and this rule prevails even when some of the male members, whose labor is not needed at home, go away to St. Petersburg or elsewhere to work at handicrafts. There are some such workers in nearly every family, and in winter, when the farm-work is done, other members go away in like manner in search of em-

ployment, each sending his earnings home to be placed with the common fund. If a married son secedes from the family, and sets up one of his own, he is entitled to take nothing away with him, but must begin over again, working upon his part of the common land. For this he is fully equipped, and, like his brethren, he can eke out the scanty livelihood thus earned, by working occasionally for hire, under the steward of the neighboring great estate. His farm-work is simple. His land is divided by communal authority into three parts, one for summer grain, one for winter grain, and one to lie fallow, and even his days of beginning particular operations are fixed for him, so that he has no need of judgment as part of his equipment for independent farming. He has need only of three things, namely, himself, his wife, and his horse, and these he has. These three constitute the labor-unit, as Mr. Wallace phrases it; that is to say, all the work is done by precisely this combination of forces, and, no matter how large a family may be, its members work in groups of two, one man and one woman, each group using one horse.

To provide these groups is the principal purpose of marriage. There is almost no sentiment indulged in the matings of the peasantry, and beauty or even comeliness is lightly esteemed among them, as one of a woman's qualifications for wifehood. When a young man reaches maturity, he is looked upon in the family very much as one half of a pair of scissors might be; that is to say, he is incapable of performing the duties of a labor-unit without the woman-worker who is to be his complement—the other half of the scissors—and, accordingly, the female head of the family looks out for a wife for him, while the male head looks out for a horse. The wife-hunter and the horse-hunter govern themselves in their search by precisely similar considerations. She selects the needed wife as he chooses the needed horse, looking well to her strength, her temper, and her energy, and caring greatly more that she is likely to be a submissive and profitable daughter-in-law than for her qualifications for the office of a wife. The mother-in-law's interest in the matter is deemed of more moment than anything else, and, if she be a hard task-mistress, the case of the bride is not a pleasant one. In the popular poetry, the favorite theme both for humor and for pathos is the hard lot of the bride whose mother-in-law is disposed to put all the difficult work of the household upon her shoulders.

Whoever she may be, when the bride is thus chosen, the young man is expected to marry her quite as a matter of course. It sometimes happens that the young man's fancy has lightly turned to thoughts of love, before it has been determined to find a wife for him, and in that event the duty of the family is limited to inspection and approval or disapproval. If the woman of his choice seems to be strong, healthy, and reasonably mild of temper, no objection on the part of the household is made, and the love-making ends as all novel-readers would have it end. Love-matches are not common, however. The

Russian peasant is not a visionary or romantic person, and he is usually content to have his courting done for him. He is not disposed to be more sentimental after marriage than before, and it not infrequently happens that on the day after his marriage, or within a day or two after, he cuts the honeymoon short and departs in search of work in other parts of the empire, to be gone perhaps for six months or for a year. It is worthy of note that while mothers-in-law are an important part of this system of life, no man ever has his mother-in-law in the house with him, and it is only the women who are entitled to pass, as the current coin of wit, ill-natured jests at the expense of the dames, who hold this sort of brevet-rank in Russian peasant families.

"Heaven is high and the czar is far off," say the peasants, when allusion is made to the possibility of appealing to the imperial government for redress or protection; and in truth the heaven of government protection is so high, and the czar so far off, that both government and czar are merely names to the peasantry. It is one of the anomalies of the Russian system that, under the most absolute of modern despotisms, governing by an elaborate system of bureaus, the people scarcely feel the government at all, or realize, except in a vague, uncertain way, that there is any such thing in existence. They feel the hand of government in taxes, and now and then one of their young men is taken away by the military conscription; but tax-paying is a habit, and its performance suggests nothing. It is a matter of course that they must pay, and it does not enter their minds to ask why. Beyond this the only government they know is that of the village commune, which consists of the assembled heads of families, male or female, meeting in the open air to discuss and decide all matters of local government. This communal parliament assigns to each family the parcels of land which it must work, and the amount it must contribute toward paying the village's quota of taxes. It determines also on what day ploughing, sowing, etc., shall begin, and, in a word, it is only the family reproduced upon a larger scale. Above the village commune is still another parliament by which the people govern themselves. It is the *zemstvo*, or district parliament, composed of deputies elected by the rural communes and the land-owners. Its functions are to provide for the maintenance of roads, and to supplement the work of the communes. It has a sort of committee, or ministry, through whom it acts. We have in these three things, the family, the commune, and the district parliament, a trebly-guarded democratic system of self-government which, primitive as it is in its methods, is yet nearly ideally perfect, especially in its lower grades, as a means of securing the essential condition of liberty, the condition, namely, that in all matters the people of the district concerned shall determine everything; matters affecting only the family are decided in and by the family, without interference from without; matters affecting the commune are dealt with by the commune, and district interests are cared for by the district parliament. At each step

there is a responsible ministry and a controlling parliament. The household decrees are executed by the "big one," as the head of the house is called. The commune's minister is the village elder; and the *zemstvo*, as we have seen, has its committee. In view of the difficulty we Americans find in reconciling national dignity and strength with local freedom of self-government, by means of constitutional machinery, there can be nothing more interesting than a study of the way in which the Russians manage to accomplish the end without any constitution at all. While we have difficulty in determining how much of power belongs to the nation and how much is reserved to the local governments, the Russians solve the difficulty by yielding to the czar the right to govern absolutely, while the czar in practice does not govern at all, so far as local affairs are concerned.

The czar, through his bureaus, concerns himself with the empire and imperial affairs; the people manage their own concerns for themselves—and the division of labor is complete.

After the state comes the church, in all countries in which there is a church-establishment; and in no country is there a more firmly-fixed establishment than that of Russia. Indeed, it can scarcely be said to be a church established by law. It is more firmly fixed than any law is. It is a fact in Russian life and character, and the law only limits it, and regulates its administration. To the Russian it is so much a matter of course that, except in certain places where the queer heresies of which we hear so much from travelers have taken root, he finds it difficult to imagine a state of society in which it does not exist.

The Russians are very religious in one sense, but are not at all religious, as we understand the word. They attend church with unflinching regularity, partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper upon regular occasions, fast rigorously on Wednesdays, Fridays, and holy days, and during the season of Lent, and observe all the rites of their church; but they hold the clergy in contempt, and even persecute their spiritual pastors and masters with considerable cruelty. Their faith is childlike and perfect; but it is faith merely in the efficacy of the rites and ceremonies of their religion. Of anything beyond this they have no notion whatever. They clothe themselves with religion, literally, as with a garment—that is to say, they put it upon the outside. That it should in any way enter their minds or souls to purify them is a thought which never occurs to them. They are not grossly immoral people commonly, but their morality has no connection with their religion, and is not in any way referable to it. As Italian bandits have sometimes been devoutly pious after their fashion, so the Russian peasant does not think it in any way necessary to lay aside his religion when he wishes to transgress the moral law. A case is cited of a robber who, having killed a traveler for the sake of robbing him, refused to eat a piece of meat which he found in the traveler's baggage, because it chanced to be a fast-day. In another case, a thief who was robbing a church, finding it difficult to detach a valuable jew-

el from the icon, or sacred picture of a saint, to which it belonged, invoked the aid of another saint in his sacrilegious task, vowing in return to burn a ruble's worth of candles before that saint's image!

I said a little while ago that the peasants are at once prieststridden and without due respect for their priests; and this is everywhere manifest. The priest exacts his taxes with a strong hand, and the peasant outwits him if he can. The priest imposes upon the peasant a rigorous rule of ceremonial observances, and the peasant obeys as a prieststridden devotee must; but he obeys not the priest, for whom he has no reverence and little respect, but his own superstitious fears of the consequences of disobedience. The ceremonial part of religion has a strong hold upon an ignorant people, to whom Christianity is only a superior sort of paganism, and its rites only a better sort of magic.

The priests themselves are not much better than the people, as a rule. There are enlightened and devoted men among them, without doubt, but the parish clergy generally are only perfunctorily religious; and their example has much to do, doubtless, with the condition and the views of their parishioners. Their situation and their surroundings are peculiar, and are not favorable to piety or to earnestness in the discharge of priestly duties. These men are priests of necessity, and not of choice. They belong to a caste into which they were born, and from which they cannot escape. Their lot is hard, and they often accept it unwillingly.

The clergy is of two kinds—black clergy and white clergy. The black clergy are the monks, celibates, who live in religious houses and absorb to themselves most of the honors and emoluments of the church. The white clergy are the parish-priests. They are educated in the religious houses under a pernicious system which excludes them from knowledge of the people with whom they must afterward deal, and they become clergymen without reference to their own will in the matter. When one of them is of proper age to take charge of a parish, the bishop marries him to a family, again without consulting him concerning the transaction. He marries him, I say, to a family, rather than to a wife, for practically it is to make him the head of a family, rather than merely a husband, that the bishop effects this arrangement. He finds an old parish-priest whose days are nearly numbered, or the family of a parish-priest who is dead, and he provides for the support of the family by making a young priest marry one of the daughters, and take both the family and the parish of the dead or superannuated clergyman upon his hands.

The young man gets for dowry with his wife a mother-in-law, a large family, a small house, some poor and well-worn land, and the scanty income of a country parish. His life is thus prescribed for him by the will of a superior, and his lot is an uncommonly hard one. The peasants do not respect him, and the wealthy proprietors of estates not infrequently hold him in contempt.

The functions of the parish-priest are not at all

those of the pastor as we understand the term. His duty is to perform the ceremonies of the church, and that is all. He rarely preaches or exhorts. He exercises no control over his people, and is not expected to exert a moral influence among them. He is the priest of a ritual, not of a religion. He is the authorized administrator of certain fixed rites, not the teacher of religion, the monitor of the people, the comforter in sorrow, the pastor of a flock. He is not even the leader of the people in works of charity, or efforts for popular improvement. He does nothing for the cause of education, or for any other cause. He simply performs the prescribed rites, and receives the tribute which is allowed to him by law, eking out his scanty livelihood, if he be without moral rectitude, as he sometimes is, by acts of extortion—by refusing to baptize or bury persons until exorbitant fees are paid, by selling false certificates to persons who do not wish to partake of the eucharist, and by other evil practices. These improper practices, of course, are not general, but they are possible always, and sometimes actual; and, even where they do not exist, the priest is commonly, as I have described him, a mere functionary paid to administer a ritual.

An orthodox Russian (M. Melnikoff), in a semi-official report on the clergy, has drawn a picture of their present condition, which more than justifies all that is said above. Some passages from its pages are worth reproducing here:

"The people do not respect the clergy, but persecute them with derision and reproaches, and feel them to be a burden. In nearly all the popular comic stories the priest, his wife, or his laborer, is held up to ridicule; and in all the proverbs and popular sayings where the clergy are mentioned it is always with derision. The people shun the clergy, and have recourse to them not from the inner impulse, but from necessity."

The reasons for this are very strongly presented in the report, from which we quote again:

"And why do the people not respect the clergy? Because it forms a class apart; because, having received a false kind of education, it does not introduce into the life of the people the teaching of the Spirit, but remains in the mere dead forms of outward ceremonial, at the same time despising these forms even to blasphemy; because the clergy itself continually presents examples of want of respect for religion, and transforms the service of God into a profitable trade. Can the people respect the clergy when they hear how one priest stole money from beneath the pillow of a dying man at the moment of confession; how another was publicly dragged out of a house of ill-fame; how a third christened a dog; how a fourth while officiating at the Easter service was dragged by the hair from the altar by the deacon? Is it possible for the people to respect priests who spend their time in the gin-shop, write fraudulent petitions, fight with the cross in their hands, and abuse each other in bad language at the altar? One might fill several pages with examples of this kind—in each instance naming the time and place—without overstepping the boundaries of the province of Nizhni-Novgorod. Is it possible for the people to respect the clergy when they see everywhere among them simony, carelessness in performing the religious rites, and disorder in administering the sacraments? Is

it possible for the people to respect the clergy when they see that truth has disappeared from it, and that the consistories, guided in their decisions not by rules but by personal friendship and bribery, destroy in it the last remains of truthfulness?"

I am not writing an essay in advocacy of ecclesiastical reform in Russia, the purpose of the present paper being no higher than to entertain the reader; but these extracts present so vivid a picture of matters which vitally affect Russian life that they cannot well be omitted. Let me add, as a curious fact concerning the clergy, that each priest bears a family name different from that of his father—a name conferred upon him by his bishop—and that he is never called by it. He is known only as "Batushka," a diminutive word for father, which may be translated "papa."

The anomalies of Russian life and character are literally without end, and it is a curious one that, while official rank commands the very highest respect, hereditary rank is scarcely at all esteemed. Since the days of Peter the Great, the highest places in the public service have been open to men of all ranks, and the *noblesse* have been elbowed continually by gentlemen of the pavement who have won place and power by energy and intellect. In this strictly autocratic government, personal worth and ability carry with them all the possibilities of promotion which are theirs in the most democratic of republics. The man who holds high place is highly esteemed, not the man whose great-grandfather held high place. He who has the countenance of the czar is the aristocrat, even though he may have been a subaltern officer last week, a drummer-boy the week before, and a lackey last year.

Men of distinction—men, that is to say, who hold high rank of any sort—are as much sought after in Russia as anywhere else, and particularly by the merchants, who are much given to what is called "snobbishness." The merchants are ostentatious to an inordinate extent; but, true to the Russian habit of doing everything in a contradictory fashion, they make no false pretensions of any kind. They delight in fine apartments, fine dinners, and fine horses, but they never pretend to be other or better than they are. They even advertise their social position in their costume; they do not pretend to the possession of refined and cultivated tastes; and they make no effort to gain admission to good society. At his own dinners, indeed, the rich Russian merchant likes to have as many persons of rank as possible among his guests, and he keenly enjoys the reflected distinction which their presence confers upon him; but he does not pretend to anything like intimacy or social equality with them. They do him honor in dining with him, but they do not thereby recognize him as in any way their equal. He does not expect them to invite him to partake of their hospitality in return for his own. The bargain between them is well understood. The merchant gains credit among his own fellows for the presence of the great men at his table, and the great men, in addition to the good dinner provided, gain a sort of undefined right to expect the merchant's

subscription to public or charitable enterprises in which they are interested. Sometimes, indeed, there is an express bargain made that a magnate shall appear in full uniform at the table of a merchant, and that in return the merchant shall subscribe a specified sum to the magnate's favorite benevolent institution. There are whispered rumors, too, that magnates sometimes let themselves out for hire as table-ornaments, and receive gifts of money in return, which are only constructively for charitable uses, the benevolent institution for whose use they are given being, in fact, supposititious, existing only by courtesy in the imaginations of the persons concerned in the transaction. Mr. Wallace tells us, as a matter within his own knowledge, that a rich merchant once asked the governor of his province to honor him with his presence upon an important occasion, and pressed his request that the wife of the governor should also come. Many objections were made, and, finally, it was hinted that the gentlewoman had no velvet dress sufficiently rich to make her toilet a fair match for those of the merchant's wealthy plebeian guests. Two days later a piece of the finest velvet which could be bought in Moscow came to the governor's door, from some giver who delicately withheld his name, and my lady was present at the merchant's feast. There is no reason to suppose, however, that transactions of this nature are common, and it is probable that, as a rule, the price which the merchants pay for the honor of entertaining grand folk really goes to benefit some charitable institution.

The merchants are very particular with respect to the quality of the honor which they buy in this way. It is only the aristocracy of the present, the actual, visible aristocracy, for whose presence they are willing to pay a price. They recognize no dignity but that of official rank. Mr. Wallace says that many merchants would willingly give twenty pounds for the presence of an "actual state councillor" who, perhaps, never heard of his grandfather, but who can show a grand cordon, while they would not give twenty pence for the presence of an undecorated prince who has no official rank, though he can trace his pedigree up to Rurik himself. The state councillor may never have had a father, for all that the merchant knows or cares, but he bears unmistakable marks of the czar's favor; while the undecorated prince, whatever his ancestors may have been, is himself nobody.

The merchants seek decorations for themselves, upon occasion, and value them highly. They aspire only to the lesser ones, of course, but for these they are willing to pay round prices—for it is by purchase that they get honors, as they get everything else. Sometimes they subscribe liberally to some public charity, trusting to official gratitude for their reward; at others, they make a regular bargain. In some cases the merchant succeeds in getting a decided commercial advantage in those dealings. An official personage, who was concerned in the transaction, tells the story of one merchant who bargained with a society patronized by a grand-duchess, for a St. Vladimir cross in return for a munificent gift of

money to the society. After the money was paid, it was decided that this honor was too great, and a St. Stanislas cross was given instead. The merchant demanded the return of his money, and it was surrendered, of course; but the St. Stanislas cross was an imperial gift, and imperial gifts can neither be recalled nor returned, and so the merchant had his cross, and the honor of wearing it, for nothing.

Russian merchants are commonly ignorant men, without even the rudiments of education. Many of them can neither read nor write, and even those of them who can read a little have to make use of a sort of abacus in making arithmetical calculations. It is to their credit, however, that many of them seek to give their children the advantages of education, so that an educated class of merchants is in course of creation. A worse fact than ignorance among Russian merchants is dishonesty, which, in its ruder and more direct forms, is very common, and detection in tricks of weighing or measuring brings no disgrace with it, as it excites no surprise.

Russian politics constitute too large a theme for discussion in the end of a magazine article, and reference is made to the subject now merely for the sake of pointing out the fact that the general law of things Russian—the law of contrast, contradiction, paradox—prevails even here. The Russians have advanced wonderfully in civilization, and the changes which have been wrought even since the close of the Crimean War amount to a great revolution; but this Russian advancement has been from without, not from within. Ever since Peter the Great took his Russians by the hand and dragged them forcibly forward toward the light, they have been led forward by men whose information and impulses were alike the product of foreign influences. The Russians, as the most obstinately conservative of men, have refused, and still refuse, to catch the modern spirit of voluntary advancement; they have taken not one voluntary step forward; but, in their other character, as the least conservative of men, they have offered no stubborn resistance to the leading of the enlightened

men above them. They have proposed no changes, and have desired none; but they have acquiesced in all the changes which have been imposed upon them, with very little grumbling indeed. As they quietly submitted, nine hundred years ago, to be made into Christians by wholesale baptism at Vladimir's command, so they have obeyed the imperial authority ever since. And Vladimir's methods are still the methods of Russian politics. As he investigated religions by proxy, and founded his choice on a committee's report, so the imperial government now imports theories from other countries, and upon conviction of their abstract goodness orders them to be applied in practice to the affairs of the empire. When a reform is desired in any institution, the subject is referred to a commission. Essays are read about it. The Koran, the Talmud, and the Bible, are examined. The history of all the nations, and even of the petty states of Europe, is studied and reduced to a report. The latest theories from Germany and France are set forth. A plan is finally agreed upon, a plan devised with reference to every conceivable thing that may affect it, except the character of the Russian people and their surroundings, and the theoretically well-constructed scheme is put into practice by imperial mandate.

There is in all this a queer mingling of theoretical wisdom and practical ignorance which would be astonishing anywhere outside of this "kingdom of the queer." In Russia it is altogether in keeping with everything else. Then, too, these impractical theorists, who do not hesitate to attempt the construction of governmental machinery upon a foundation of *a priori* reasoning, are very practical in their way, after all. If their theory fails in practice to produce the results which it was intended to produce, they recognize the fact, and unhesitatingly abandon the attempt, thus furnishing the most remarkable paradox of all, that of theorists who actually lose faith in their own theories, merely because those theories do not work well in practice. There can be nothing more anomalous than this, even in Russia, and we may rest here.

BENITA'S PASTORAL.

WAS there ever a girl in the wide world as happy as Benita? If there was, she could not have as good a reason for being happy, at least so Benita thought. She was to have the principal rôle in the pastoral of "Marie of Navarre" at Mauleon. She studied her part until she became almost identified with it, and until the goats she was tending on one of the sunny slopes of the Pyrenees had nearly left her in the condition of little Bopeep. Hermosa, her wolfish little dog, who assisted in her duties, had to recall her sharply to business by tugging vigorously at the bright lacings that bound the *alpargatas* or light Basque sandals to her naked feet and were plaided about her ankles in lieu of stockings. Even when she bounded down the ravine in search

of her flock, the words with which she drove them back to their places was still from her part, and her shaggy friends, instead of the accustomed interjections, heard with wild surprise such snatches as—

"They have carried afar,
Into Navarre,
The great Count of Castile;
And they have bound him sorely,
They have bound him hand and heel."

Benita had acted in the pastorals since she was a baby, but had never before been assigned so important a character as that of *Marie of Navarre*. It was the most dramatic play of the entire Mauleon *répertoire*, the one generally preferred by strangers,

and the favorite of the actors themselves, who were never weary of representing it.

An old corner of the world is the Mauleon Valley: nestled among the Pyrenees, and inhabited—as is this entire region—by the Basques, a race of sturdy mountaineers and fishermen, alike distinct from the French and Spaniards, though dwelling between and in both countries. They have a language of their own, a literature even, which, though primitive, is at least indigenous, and displays one of its most interesting phases in these pastorals. Though bearing a certain resemblance in their management to the Oberammergau Passion-play, they are quite unique, and are not all religious in their character. They are composed and acted by the peasants, and are taken from various sources. The mysteries of "Moses" and "Nebuchadnezzar," of "St. Catharine," "St. Agnes," "St. Louis," and "St. Genevieve," are from the Bible and the legends of the saints. Mythology is represented by the pastoral of "Bacchus." The only one really historical is that of "Napoleon," which is framed from the souvenirs of the people; but the pastorals of "Clovis," "Charlemagne," "Godefroi," and "Richard Sans-Peur," are founded on the old *chansons de geste*, and are demi-historic. Then there are the Ottoman annals: "Mustapha," "The Grand Sultan," and "Marie of Navarre."

There are parts in this latter play which, though they lose much of their power in the translation, are very noble and inspiring in the original Basque. The plot of the play is briefly as follows: *Marie*, daughter of *Sancho*, King of Navarre, is betrothed to *Fernan Gonzales*, Count of Castile, but is carried away with her family by the Moors. While in prison, the caliph offers them their lives and fortunes, with every honor in his power to grant, if they will embrace the Moslem faith. Then follows the climax scene of the play, and one which is seldom listened to with dry eyes by the coldest spectator, while the excitable audience sob aloud. *Marie* rejects their offers, and solemnly sweet and clear, in an impressive monotone, half chant, half recitative, her voice rises in—

"THE SONG OF DEATH.

"I have made Thee my choice,
O Jesus divine;
And my heart shall rejoice,
Thy love it is mine,
Though I walk in the darkness,
And walk to my death.

"My soul, like a fountain,
Springs upward to Thee;
And I on the mountain
Of Zion would be.
But I stand in the valley,
The Valley of Death!

"Descend, angels, this hour,
Through storm-clouds that roll;
As a little white flower
Come gather my soul;
Bear it up on your pinions,
The swift wings of death.

"My full heart is yearning,
A censor of love.

The sunset is burning
Like incense above;
'Tis His token, and gladly
I walk to my death."

Benita sang this, as she watched her goats, with such a thrill of passion and pain in her voice that one would have thought she had tasted all the bitterness and weariness of life, that only one who *felt* an irresistible and impatient longing for home could give it such inimitable expression. And yet Benita was only seventeen, without a grief or care; life was opening before her with all the sweetness which it promises a young heart happy in its first love. Her only trouble was that Dominique Castelari could not see her in her triumph, for he was a soldier under Don Carlos, fighting across the mountains for the independence of the Basque provinces.

One other friend she had, who seldom missed the pastorals, though he might be absent this year—Père Ignace, one of the curés at the old church at Fontarabia. When the play was of a religious character, he always brought vestments and rich stuffs, a costly piece of white satin, or a violet-velvet banner, for the church of Fontarabia was noted for the wealth contained in its wardrobe.

But Père Ignace, like all Basque priests, was Carlist at heart, and after the Alfonsists came flocking into Fontarabia the town was no place for him. One evening he silently stole away, and those who knew him best guessed that he had gone to offer his services to Don Carlos. For a month he followed the army through its varied vicissitudes, doing such service as he could as chaplain, nurse, scout, and spy, all in an unofficial capacity; for, though the men knew and respected him thoroughly, their leader had nothing for him to do. He found an old friend in the ranks, Dominique Castelari, from the Mauleon Valley. He had known him ever since he was a five-year-old boy, for it was then that he began to act in the pastorals. Dominique was a terrible fellow in a bayonet-charge—he would dash madly into a hand-to-hand encounter, singing with his companions one of the wild Basque songs:

"They're not worth our powder,
So thrift should be shown;
The bayonet! the bayonet!
The bayonet alone!"

But the army was almost inactive now. They were encamped not far from an Alfonsist seaport, which it was their intention to attack on the arrival of an expected artillery-train. Only an occasional bomb-shell broke the monotony of forced idleness. "A kind of warfare that I despise," Dominique had said, "because you cannot look your enemy in the eye, and have no possibility of replying to advantage." He was walking on the sea-shore with Père Ignace as he said it. Dominique had been the best actor among the boys in the Mauleon Valley, and Benita among the girls, and they were both favorites of the good priest. The latter had just mentioned Benita's name, when Dominique looked up with a frank smile.

"We are betrothed, Père Ignace; and you shall marry us some day."

Just then his eye caught a little puff of smoke and two dark specks on the southern horizon.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it may not be so easy to take the town, after all; there are the Alfonsists gunboats again."

Dominique hastened away to his post of duty, and Père Ignace remained where he was, an interested spectator. Behind him, farther up the sloping shore, was a Carlist battery; had he turned his spy-glass in that direction, he could have seen the hasty manning of guns; but he was busy watching the gunboats grow larger, and it never occurred to him that he was directly between the contending parties. Suddenly one of those fiends of the air, a blazing bomb, described its long, slow curve above his head, and Père Ignace ambled briskly away. But getting out of range was not the work of a moment, and another and another arch of fire bridged the distance between the enemies; and, when fairly out of reach of the gunboats, he heard a hornet-swarm of bullets about his ears. They came from the little town. He could not consider himself of sufficient importance to be fired at; and, looking in the opposite direction, he saw the expected artillery-train moving along the crest of the hill. Hostilities had begun in earnest, and it was the Alfonsists who had opened the ball. When he had finally succeeded in putting the Carlist forces between the Alfonsists and himself the battle was over. He met a newspaper correspondent, furious because there was not more to report.

"They call this a battle!" said he, indignantly; "neither party has whipped, and there is only one man killed. It's a great waste of gunpowder, that's what it is!"

"Sometimes the death of even one man makes a great deal of heart-break," said Père Ignace.

At that instant a messenger announced that Don Carlos wished to see Père Ignace. He had observed with what coolness the priest had allowed the bullets to riddle his umbrella, and he liked the man. There was work for him to do at last: a mission that would necessitate his journeying for some time among the Pyrenees, beginning with the Mauleon Valley.

As Père Ignace left his audience, he asked the name of the soldier who had just been killed. It was Dominique Castelari.

When still quite a distance from the valley, Père Ignace began to meet people on their way to the pastoral—girls sitting with their feet in the panniers of their donkeys, and peasants on foot, dressed in their holiday clothes, who chatted freely with him.

"What pastoral do they play this year?" he asked.

"*Marie of Navarre*," was the reply.

"And who has the principal *rôle*?"

"Who but little Benita? There is not another girl in the valley who could act *Marie*."

Père Ignace crossed himself involuntarily as he thought of the sorrow he was bringing her. He walked silently on, while the laughing girls sounded

her praises, asking himself earnestly what his duty was, until the church of Mauleon, with its three small spires, an emblem of the Trinity, rose before him.

He had not been twenty-four hours in the village before all the inhabitants knew that he had come from the Carlist front, though no one could be found who had told any one else. It might have been the wife of the tailor who mended the bullet-holes in his umbrella, though she stoutly denied having imparted her suspicions to any one. Before the day was over, all who had friends in the army came to inquire after them from Père Ignace. Benita and her mother were among the number. Père Ignace would rather have stood again under fire of bullets and bombs than have met the young girl's pleading eyes. He was a poor dissembler, and the bitter truth was soon known.

Benita did not faint or even weep. Though he pitied her with all his heart, Père Ignace could not quite understand her. She turned to old Jesusa with a strange, mirthless laugh, saying:

"Come, mother, we shall be late at the pastoral."

"But you cannot act now," sobbed the other. "Blessed Virgin! but she would have been sublime if this had not happened."

"I shall act my part better than ever," said Benita, confidently, without a trace of emotion in her strange eyes.

"I wonder you have the heart to do so. It was never known of any other girl in your place. Even if you do not care, you ought to keep away from the play for decency's sake—ought she not, Père Ignace?—Besides, you will not succeed, you will break down."

"I shall not break down," said Benita.

"Let Benita act," interrupted Père Ignace, gently; "it will distract her mind, and she suffers, poor child!" Then taking the cold little hand in his own, he led her away to the spectacle. Having placed her among the actors, he took his seat beside Jesusa in the audience, and waited—what for, he hardly knew; he was anxious and uneasy, feeling that there was a tragedy behind the tragedy, the last scene of which had not yet been acted. At the close of the first act this feeling was in part dissipated; Benita had known herself thoroughly when she had said she would not fail; she seemed to have lost her identity. Little, heart-broken Benita was no longer there; the sublimely heroic *Marie of Navarre* was not a sham of borrowed costume, words learned by rote and stage trickery, but a being who lived instead of acted, and suffered and spoke unconscious of spectators. Père Ignace gradually became so much interested in the play that he almost forgot the tragedy in the girl's life. Benita had quite forgotten it; for her the past had vanished with its simple pleasures and crushing calamity, vanished forever, leaving no shred of remembrance; only the present *seeming* was reality, only the actors in the play were substantial, all else was misty and unreal.

In the prison-scene she surpassed the part, and

carried the vast audience away with her. Men wept, several women fainted, and the curtain fell amid thunders of applause. And still old Jesusa and Père Ignace did not suspect the truth. But when the next and last act came, where *Fernan Gonzales* appears and greets her with words of which a quotation from one of Mr. Lockhart's Spanish ballads would seem, with slight alteration, a sufficiently accurate translation—

"Come forth, come forth, Marie!
Mine own true men they be;
Come forth, nor yield to fear,
But cry 'Castile!' with me.
My merry men draw near,
I see their pennons shine;
Their swords are bright, Marie,
And every blade is thine!"—

it was evident at once that something was wrong, for Benita, instead of replying in the words of her part, began again the recitative of the previous act, and chanted the verse—

"Descend, angels, this hour,
Through storm-clouds that roll;
As a little white flower,
Come gather my soul!"

Père Ignace sprang from his seat and rushed to the back of the stage, and shortly after he was seen leading Benita away, his pink-and-yellow umbrella sheltering her from the gaze of observers as though it had been the wing of some guardian angel.

Benita is hopelessly insane, but she is not unhappy; she watches her goats with Hermosa, upon the mountain-side, and strangers passing have heard her recite passages from the pastoral with such passion as to make them pause and say, "The girl should have been an actress." But Benita is happier as she is; the peasants, knowing her sad story, are very kind to her, and the blow which took away her reason carried with it all memory of her misfortune.

"The certainty which struck Hope dead,
Has left Contentment in her stead,
And that is next to best."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is not to be denied that the funds held by our savings-banks should be watched over and guarded with religious care; but, when the zeal that concerns itself with this most important interest impeaches the whole system of savings because of certain derelictions in the administration of the trust, it commits a great wrong. Next to the necessity of fortifying the savings of work-people intrusted to banks against all fraud, misuse, or mismanagement, is the urgency of maintaining intact the confidence of the public in all sound institutions. The savings-banks, without being charitable institutions, are more beneficent than any charitable institution ever devised. They are, in truth, the only method ever conceived by man by which the condition of the working-class can be permanently ameliorated. By affording a means of rendering savings secure and profitable they encourage savings, and every one who has studied the question knows that poverty is to be averted only by the industry and economy that accumulate savings. Almsgiving may at times be a temporary necessity; but the so-called charities of the world have made more poverty than they have relieved. The savings-banks, by paying a profit on the savings intrusted to them, and by utilizing these savings as capital, by which industry is sustained, have accomplished a double beneficence that can scarcely be overstated. When Lord Jeffrey declared that the spread of savings-banks is more likely to increase the happiness and even the greatness of a nation than the most brilliant success of its arms or the most stupendous improvement of its trade or its agriculture, he stated no more than the truth.

With these facts in mind, it is peculiarly painful to hear on every side denunciations of and sneers against the savings-banks. It is too true that within a few

years several banks have failed and a good deal of distress has been thereby inflicted; it is shamefully true that some of these failures resulted from flagrant breaches of trust; and it is urgently true that every practicable means should be taken to insure bank-depositors against a repetition of such disasters. But the current indiscriminate censure is doing more real injury than the failures did. When we see an influential contemporary declaring that the savings-banks "are no longer to be trusted; that they do anything but save; that they insure nothing but total loss to those who put their money in them;" and find these extravagant utterances freely copied and generally sanctioned, it is necessary to protest against them. They are supremely unjust and wholly mischievous. If the reader will give his attention to a few statistics, which, so far from being "dry," will both surprise and entertain him, he will see the gross injustice of the accusations we have quoted. Our statistics are necessarily confined to those of the State of New York, none others being at hand:

There has been intrusted to the savings-banks of this State since their beginning (from 1819 to January 1, 1876) the sum of two billion one hundred and seventeen million dollars (\$2,116,853,986). There has been paid or credited to depositors during this period, as profit or interest, one hundred and sixty-nine million four hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars, while the banks hold, as a contingent fund against exigencies, a surplus of nearly thirty-four millions. The amount held by them on January 1, 1876 (at this writing the statistics for the whole State up to the 1st of last January are not in), was three hundred and nineteen millions of dollars. These huge figures show the vastness of the interest. Now, a careful estimate of the losses that have occurred by failures places

them at about three millions of dollars. "I have," writes a bank-officer to us, "made a careful estimate based upon the opinions of the receivers, the reports of the bank superintendent, and my own judgment, and I place the amount at about three millions, which is half a million more than the estimate of the superintendent." This loss is large, and it has nearly all occurred since 1870; but, big as it is, it is only one-eleventh of the surplus held by the banks—the surplus over and above interest paid; it is about one-fifty-sixth of the interest or profit that has been paid to depositors; it is, on the whole amount of funds that have been entrusted to the banks, *less than one-seventh of one per cent.*; if the entire aggregate of loss had been crowded into last year it would have been less than one per cent. on the balance held by the banks. In the superintendent's report made to the Legislature in 1870, the losses on the aggregate of deposits up to that time were asserted to be *less than one-hundredth of one per cent.*—less than the tenth of a mill on the dollar—and not a dollar of this loss occurred through fraud! And yet we are told that these banks "do anything but save; that they insure a total loss to those who put their money into them;" and we are further told by the same authority that "confidence is gone." As the deposits in the banks in New York City increased last year fourteen millions of dollars, this assertion is also a little at fault.

Under any management there must have been heavy losses in consequence of the recent great shrinkage in values. All old banks with a large proportion of their funds invested in securities at ante-war prices can readily withstand the shrinkage; new banks necessarily stagger under it; and unfortunately new banks have within the last twelve years been organized with dangerous frequency. Up to 1865, banks were chartered on an average of one and a half a year; from that date to 1872 they were chartered at the rate of eleven a year. In this fact alone we see a potent source of danger. The bank-deposits had become so enormous that they attracted the attention of irresponsible and reckless men, and, despite the warnings of the old banks, charters were loosely and indiscriminately given. This is now so well understood that there is little danger of a repetition of the evil.

But, notwithstanding the dark spots on the recent record, our statistics show that, as a whole, the savings-bank fund has been well administered; and, previous to 1870, its history is fairly unparalleled by that of any trust in the world. We know of nothing in which the percentage of loss has been so little; we know of no human device that has rendered money more secure. Even if we include the recent history, it would be difficult to point out any interest in the country which has suffered less. At a time when the most cautious enterprises of merchants are attended with loss, when nearly all investments in real estate prove unfortunate, when shrinkage occurs in all forms of securities, when every kind of property has depreciated, the savings-banks must share in the general distress; but we affirm that the losses they have inflicted upon the community are much less than those from any other source. And as there are one hundred and

fifty-four savings-banks in the State, it is not at all surprising that a small percentage of them have not been managed with the scrupulous honesty and judicious caution that have marked the rest. It may be that some others of the new banks must close their doors; but our well-established savings-banks are among the safest moneyed institutions in the world, and neither private persons nor public bodies have administered funds in their possession with results so generally fortunate.

UTOPIAN cities have been constructed by the fertile imagination of dreamers almost from time immemorial, and yet the real cities of the world have advanced toward these ideals with slow and lagging steps. It is not a difficult thing to construct in fancy a well-arranged and well-governed city; every resident of a city, and every ruler of a city, can paint the picture: how is it, then, that recognized principles and admitted necessities are of so little avail? The marts and capitals of the world have for the most part struggled into their greatness without much purpose, order, or forethought; they have been altered and tinkered a good deal as opportunity has occurred or circumstances made urgent; but, as a rule, they have not been constructed in accordance with any given design, or to any definite end. We have to take our cities as we find them, just as if they were so many wildernesses, which settlers hew into shape as best they can, conscious that it is impossible to transform them at will into blooming plantations.

These struggles with adverse conditions only serve to make more entertaining all the ideal projects of reformers and idealists. We here, in New York, find it difficult to secure such elementary felicities as honest rulers and clean streets; but this is no reason why we should not thoroughly enjoy reading and thinking of cities of the millennium. The latest ideal of this nature is the city of *Hygeia*, drawn in charming lines and fascinating colors by Dr. Richardson, of London. *Hygeia* is, of course, a model city of health. A physician of long study and observation would be sure to let his imagination dwell on cities where perfect sanitary regulations banish fevers, wise forethought renders epidemics impossible, and wholesome food and healthful habitations hold all diseases in masterly check. The Utopian city of poets, artists, merchants, or pleasure-seekers, would naturally be of different conditions; yet poets, artists, merchants, and pleasure-seekers, would all be glad to have the healthful charm of *Hygeia* incorporated in their own visions. Health, obviously, must be the corner-stone of all true Utopias.

In studying Dr. Richardson's plans for a model city, readers here must be struck by the many suggestions which have been anticipated by American builders. "All the streets of *Hygeia*," says Dr. Richardson, "are wide enough to admit of cheerful sunlight and fresh air, and rows of trees are planted between the foot-ways and carriage-ways." This picture would naturally occur to one familiar with the narrow and treeless streets that so abound in European cities. "All the interspaces,"

quoting again from the description of this ideal Hygeia, "are laid out in gardens;" then all the larger houses are provided with lifts, up which provisions and stores are to be carried; hot water from the kitchen-boiler, and cold water from tanks, are to be distributed by means of pipes into the sleeping-rooms; every floor or story is to have a sink for waste-water, "whereby the carrying of the uncomfortable slop-pail up and down stairs is rendered unnecessary;" every floor has an opening into a dust or ash shaft, which descends to a dust-bin under the basement of the house; on the landing of the middle or second story is a bath-room supplied with hot and cold water; all domestic offices of every kind are to be within the four walls of the building. These details of domestic comfort, generally found in recently-built houses in leading American cities, prove how much in certain particulars European dwellings are behind our own—a fact which every traveled American has discovered.

But if in certain domestic details we have anticipated Hygeia, our cities in many things most emphatically show the need of a little wholesome planning and dreaming. In Hygeia there will, we are told, "be no occasion for those unsightly concomitants of London sanitation, scavengers' carts. The accumulation of mud and dirt in the streets is washed away every day through side-openings into sub-ways." In New York it is the too frequent absence of scavenger-carts that we have to deplore; in truth, if we could reach the height of London or Paris neatness in this matter, we should almost fancy we were already abiding in Hygeia.

Among other features of the new ideal city, we find the garden on the roof, which readers familiar with APPLETONS' JOURNAL will affirm is not original with Dr. Richardson; then the kitchen is to be placed at the top of the house, where "hot odors, being lighter than common air, pass away without contaminating the living and sleeping apartments. If the kitchen is to be placed under the roof, which we admit is a good situation for it, then gardens on the roof would hardly be agreeable as a pleasure-resort, charged as the atmosphere would be with the redolence of the kitchen. The roof-garden in this case would be a prime place for early peas or green cucumbers. By placing the kitchen and offices at the top of the house, the doctor is enabled to erect his dwellings on arches of brickwork, "which form channels of ingress for fresh air, and of egress for all that is to be got rid of." In the way of travel and transportation, a railway beneath each main street is to be constructed for heavy commodities, but no tramways are to cut up or obstruct the roadways. Railways beneath, cabs and omnibuses above, are to suffice.

These are only a few of the reforms and changes Hygeia is to show the world. Naturally the dram-shop is to be abolished, and even tobacco comes under ban. Hygeia is preëminently the city of health; of course, each one at his pleasure can to the doctor's ideal add art-galleries, concert-rooms, opera-houses, lecture-halls, libraries, public parks, handsome shops, gay equipages; and as health would obviously fill the streets with the blooming

faces of happy men and women, the picture, it will be seen, is a fascinating one—and yet, fascinating as it is, there is nothing in it that is not entirely practicable.

BISHOP FRASER, of England, has more than once betrayed a moral courage in contrast with the rather indolent and easy-going habits of his brother prelates, and has just set all England gossiping by making his appearance, in cassock, knee-breeches, and shovel-hat, on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. He went thither, too, to act a part—the part of a church dignitary who thought that no class within the limits of his ecclesiastical domain were unworthy of receiving his help and listening to his counsels. With the stage for his pulpit, he had actors and actresses for his audience, and the drama as the text of his discourse.

It is perhaps the very first time in history that a bishop has been known to be seen in such a place. St. Paul was invited to preach in a theatre, but would not; but his reason for refusing was not because it was a theatre. As for the old Roman prelacy, the theatre was to them an abomination, and the drama almost blasphemy. They hated theatres and actors, not so much because the drama was debasing and its influence immoral as because it was a sort of rival, and often a successful one, to the pageantry of the Church. The rites by which they themselves sought to awe and dazzle the multitude into faith and obedience were nothing if not theatrical; and the secular stage tended to render the glamour of costume, action, ceremony, and *mise en scène*, too commonplace. For very different reasons the English Puritans detested the theatre; and, if a prelate in their time had dared, like Bishop Fraser, to lend his countenance to it by actually appearing behind the foot-lights, we fear he would have fared scarcely less hardly than the obdurate five in the reign of the second James. These are tolerant times; yet we doubt if Dr. Fraser will very soon hear the last of his courageous step. Critics of the canting sort are likely to assail him with the charge of gross impropriety; yet it is not perhaps too much to say that, were his example generally followed by the clergy, more would be done by them for the culture and taste, and even morals, of society in general, than many sermons accomplish, or than all the literature of cant-criticism has ever achieved.

Bishop Fraser did not so much lecture as talk to his histrionic audience; he frankly avowed his belief in the cultivating and elevating influence of good plays well acted; and the only criticism he saw fit to make on the drama as it is was that which every thoughtful observer is inclined to make: banish evil suggestion, he said, to the eye and to the ear; reject plays the language or plot of which revolts good taste and morals, and which only attract the frivolous and prurient; and let the costumes of the stage be devoid of what should be an illegitimate attraction. It is pleasant to note, moreover, that the bishop did not look on the dark side in judging of the drama of the day. He admitted that the offenses against good taste and morals are the exception, not the rule;

that, after all, pure and elevating drama draws better than the frivolous, nonsensical, and immodest; and that an immense advance has been made since the time when plays were presented on the English stage, written by women, which most men would now blush to hear or even read.

ROBERT BUCHANAN's somewhat overwrought but picturesque romance, "The Shadow of the Sword," is based upon the desperate efforts of a Breton fisherman, Rohan Gwenfern by name, to resist the conscription so ruthlessly enforced by the first Napoleon. The fisherman is superior to his class; he has been led by the teachings of an itinerant schoolmaster to execrate war, and animated by a rude, heroic passion, determines to resist to the end the fiat that against his will would make him a killer of men. He takes refuge in a cave; is besieged there, and, in defending his retreat, inflicts death in order to escape capture. This apparent inconsistency is seized upon by a critic to condemn the moral of the story, asserting that the rational human being would declare it better to serve as a soldier than be forced to kill people in maintaining one's right not to be forced into fighting.

Now it seems to us that the moral of Mr. Buchanan's story is not only a very good one, but that it indicates the only possible method by which war-making is to end. Just so long as the multitude remain tractable material for the purposes of ambitious or reckless rulers, just so long as the people believe they are born to be "food for gunpowder," at the dictation of superiors, wars will flourish. It is amazing to see in the past with what submission and patience the masses have yielded everything—home, hope of happiness, life—to notions of duty, allegiance, and what not, simply because querulous statesmen and ambitious kings had neither wit nor humanity enough to adjust their difficulties without setting the nations to slaughtering each other. For our part we believe that wars are rarely necessary; we believe that government does not hold the lives and destinies of its people at its will; we deny that allegiance so called involves the surrender of one's life, liberty, or right of moral judgment; we affirm that government is nothing more than a device for the maintenance of order, and the security of life and property—an indispensable element of society, perhaps; but it is no more entitled to blind submission and reverence than is the policeman at the corner. The ignorance, the superstition, the moral cowardice, the spiritless submission of the multitude have alone rendered wars possible; and hence in the name of human rights it is immensely better that the average human being should *not* "think it better to serve as a soldier" than to heroically resist a tyrannical and usurping control of his right to live and fulfill the purposes of his being. There have been holy wars, wars for the defense of home and family—these struggles, however, have needed no conscription; but wars usually are purely gratuitous evils inflicted ruthlessly upon mankind by heartless rulers. When the peasant class

are all of Rohan Gwenfern's mind, they will unite in refusing longer to live as the mere creatures of kings and presidents, to be marched hither and thither at somebody's inscrutable will, to be shot down and butchered at anybody's pleasure; they will emphatically declare that those in authority *must* find some other way of adjusting their difficulties than setting innocent persons to shooting and throat-cutting, and they will know how to enforce their mandate.

SOME writers are inspired, by the recent unveiling of a statue of Robert Burns, at Glasgow, to lament that the honors which all the world is so willing to see lavished on him, now that he has been long in his grave, should not have in some degree softened and sweetened his existence while he was yet alive. Pathetic enough, indeed, were the later days of the once merry and jovial ploughman bard; his death, neglected and in penury, was scarcely less sad than that of Chatterton, and was more so than that of Sheridan; and it was, in truth, a pity that so gifted a genius should be forced to eke out a scanty subsistence by assuming the odious, prying office of an exciseman, and, instead of giving full rein to his rich inspirations, should spend his time in gauging liquors.

But is it not somewhat hypocritical to cast a sort of historical reflection upon Scotchmen for meeting every year to celebrate Burns's anniversary, and talk eloquently in his praise? The charge so often made against the world of neglecting men of genius, and then hastening to render them posthumous distinctions, as if trying to remedy a past slight, is in many cases an unjust one. In this very instance of Burns, for example, we cannot forget that, if he was reduced to want, and was obliged to abandon the writing of soul-stirring verses to pursue an occupation that was at least respectable, and in which regular work was paid for regularly, it was as much his fault as the world's. Edinburgh society found him out, took him up, petted and patronized and lionized him, read his poems with enthusiasm, and fully recognized his genius. But prosperity proved too much for him; recognition, far from making him, fairly ruined him. It was probably quite impossible for him to keep a cool head, a calculating forethought, amid so much dazzle and homage of adulation. It is likely enough that if he had been let alone, he might have gone on living a pretty serene and contented rustic life, writing poetry, and ploughing the modest acres of his fathers. It was, perhaps, too much recognition that made him miserable instead of happy; a sot instead of a sturdy rustic; and an exciseman at last, instead of a tolerably successful bard, and a moderately well-to-do husbandman.

If we look over the history of poets and writers, we find that it is by no means always the neglected and unappreciated geniuses who are the most miserable. Sheridan certainly had his full meed of fame and of pecuniary opportunity, yet we find him in the same distressing necessity of borrowing on his very death-bed as was Burns. Swift could scarcely be said to have been neg-

lected, or his genius unrecognized, though he thought it to be; and what more wretchedly miserable creature ever lived? Byron and Keats were unhappy men, yet Byron's books, at least, sold rapidly under his eyes, and he never knew—or never ought to have known—what it was to want money. We need put no limit upon our sympathy with the greatest and most human of Scottish lyrical bards, and may expend the fullest measure of our pity upon his later miserable years, and this without charging the “withered, artificial age” in which his destinies were cast with not having done its duty by him. Even the greatest genius owes something besides poetry to the world, even as the world owes him something better than neglect; and, if he has incorrigible vices, and allows the world to spoil him, it is his own fault or misfortune, and cannot be laid at other doors.

WE not long ago visited a city hospital where we were struck by one device for aiding in the cure of patients which, though a very simple and by no means a far-fetched one, is somewhat rare in these institutions. Instead of bare, whitewashed walls, and that air of stiff and mechanical primness which is usually found in hospitals, the rooms were adorned by bright, therefore suggestive, engravings and colored prints. The poor patient, thrashing about or lying in pure helplessness on his cot, was not tortured by a blank monotony of white whichever way he looked, but found a subject to divert his mind from whatever ill he was suffering in the pleasant scenes portrayed in these pictures.

Everybody knows that the mind has a very positive and recognizable influence upon the ailments of the body; and when we consider the tendency of invalids to brood over their distemper, the importance of distracting the mind, even though it be by means the most trivial, is readily seen. To supply hospitals with music, flowers, and, what is perhaps better than either, with cheerful pictures, would be an act of benevolence certainly only second to building and equipping the hospitals themselves. Sympathy, whether operating by the human voice or tone, or otherwise through the senses, is itself an effective physician. It is related of a Breton soldier in the Franco-Prussian War, who was laid up by a severe wound, that after his wound had been dressed, and there seemed no reason why he should not recover, he began to pine and fade away. A lady visited the hospital one day, who, hearing that he was a Breton, began to talk with him in the *patois* of that province. Presently he brightened up, and straightway began to recover. It had been a longing to hear the sound of his own familiar tongue, and the despair at not being able to make himself understood, which had caused him to brood and pine. Pictures on the walls, unlike flowers, do not fade, and, unlike music, may be dismissed from the mind at will; and, even if they grow familiar, they do a service in making the general air of a room more cheerful. Nothing is insignificant that can relieve the gloom and solitude of enforced confinement; and, considered in the yet more important light of a sanitary measure, it is well

that the idea we have suggested should be carried out wherever it has not already been acted upon. The societies that gather up old magazines and books for hospital reading might well include engravings among the articles they apply for, varying their beneficent services in this agreeable and useful way.

A RECENT duel between two well-known persons of New York has revived a discussion of the morals and the philosophy of the code of honor, so called. It is argued in some quarters that the gentleman of modern society is in something of a quandary: it is intolerable to him to receive a personal indignity, and yet there is no accepted means by which he may resent it. “A man,” we are told, “who has had a personal indignity inflicted upon him has suffered the deepest wrong he can be called upon to bear, yet it is a wrong which society fails to right, while it forbids him to seek the only reparation he can command.” This, at first glance, is very plausible; but a little reflection will show that the reestablishment of the “code” would largely fail to meet the issue. It is a principle of the *duello* that one can fight only with his social equals. One could scarcely call out a coal-heaver, or a tramp, or a flunkey, or a street-rowdy, or even those urbane gentlemen, the car-conductors, because of a personal indignity received at their hands; nor could he without degradation attempt to resent an insult from them by personal chastisement. A street-altercation with one's inferior, unless one possessed the mysterious strength of Eugène Sue's Count Rudolph, would be intensely humiliating. We thus see that the “code” would still leave us at the mercy of every burly ruffian in the streets, every vagabond who might bear us malice, every reckless clown who thinks himself at a safe distance from the police. As a rule, gentlemen do not inflict personal indignities; in a truly civilized society nothing of the kind could happen. Hence the only indignities we are likely to be called upon to endure will come from the very class to whom the “code” cannot be applied. The only position that is at all tenable in the matter, so far as we can see, is to assume that no gentleman will insult another, and that no gentleman is bound to notice the insults of those who are not gentlemen. For those who resort to violence, the only cure is the police-court. A recent instance in Brooklyn of a sentence of sixty days to the city-prison of a high-minded person who thought it a chivalric thing to redress a grievance by the use of a horsewhip, will do more to remit personal indignities to the domain of the “roughs” than the best-arranged code human imagination can compile.

MANY of our readers have, no doubt, recognized a quality of a very distinctive and promising character in the contributions to our pages by Albert F. Webster. In this number of the JOURNAL we give a story by him, entitled “The Owner of Lara.” It is the latest and must remain the last of his productions—for his pen is now forever still; he lies in the hush of the great mystery—death! A little more than a year ago Mr. Webster's

health began to give way; after trying different sections of the country here without marked benefit, he conceived the notion of going to the Sandwich Islands, believing that not only would that salubrious land prove a healing Gilead to his health, but afford abundance of rich material for his descriptive pen. He was induced to linger awhile in Southern California, and did not set sail for the islands until last December. He never reached them. When within three days of the promised land he succumbed to the insidious disease that had fastened upon him (which in this land ravages so fatally among the young), and he now lies in the depths of that vast and restless cemetery—the sea.

Mr. Webster was so young (but twenty-seven) that it is safe to believe the fulfillment of the remarkable promise in his writings would have enriched our literature with notable works. His mind was strikingly an original one; his thought and style were strongly marked with individual characteristics; he saw things with great keenness, but in a different light from others. But, as with all original writers, it was difficult at times for all readers

to be quite in sympathy with him. He was uneven, as original writers are apt to be; for whoever treads over new roads treads in uncertain places, and is sure at times to find his footing insecure; but whoever does not exact conventional balance, who has a relish for fresh sentences and original ways of seeing and putting things, will discover in young Webster's writings, despite some faults, many most attractive pictures of places, portraits of persons, and descriptions of incidents. Some of his sketches and short stories have, in their native strength and original freshness, in characteristics not borrowed from books but studied from Nature, come near being masterpieces. The young author had a high sense of the moral obligations of his talents; he surrendered to none of the indulgences that so often obscure the light and mar the fame of genius. He was earnest in purpose and animated by high ideals; pure in heart, gentle in disposition, faithful in all things. The sea, that drags so many victims into its measureless depths, has never held in its awful keeping one whose youth and genius gave richer promise of a noble fruition.

New Books.

WITHOUT being in any sense a scientific or systematic treatise on its subject, Colonel Dodge's "Plains of the Great West"¹ is, of all the numerous books that have been written about the trans-Mississippi region, the one from which the most vivid and accurate idea of its physical features, inhabitants, sports, dangers, and attractions, can be obtained. It is almost exclusively the product of personal experience and observation, no recourse being had to any "authorities" save those who could speak at first hand and of their own knowledge; but the experiences extend through a period of thirty years, while the observations cover the greater part of the vast territory lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, and stretching from the frontiers of Texas to the boundary of British America. Since 1843, as we gather from his book, Colonel Dodge has been more or less constantly stationed on "the Plains"—now engaged in the monotonous routine of post-duty, now conveying supplies from point to point, now pursuing bands of hostile Indians, and, at every opportunity, participating in each species of sport that the teeming country could afford. Even the opinions of an intelligent man, based upon such an experience, would possess a peculiar interest; but, when the opinions are coupled with the experiences which gave them birth, the result could hardly fail to prove of exceptional value and importance.

Classifying his subjects under three general heads, the author gives in the first section a general but graphic description of the peculiar topographical features of the region, of its climate and scenic attractions, of the fierce storms and floods that sweep and tear its surface, and of the gradual steps by which the "Great American Desert" has been banished from its place on the maps. The two most interesting chapters in this section are those entitled "Travel" and "Camp," and they furnish

practical suggestions of the utmost value to soldiers, hunters, travelers, settlers, and all others whose duty or inclinations may lead them to the Plains. The second part deals with "Game," treating, in successive chapters, of the buffalo, wild cattle, elk, black-tailed deer, red deer, antelope, mountain-sheep, wolves, and other animals, game-birds, and fish. In the chapter on "Buffalo," besides a peculiarly interesting account of the character and habits of the huge beast, the author gives the appalling particulars of that frightful slaughter which within the past five years has rendered the most characteristic and one of the most numerous species of Plains animals almost extinct. Incredible as it may seem, Colonel Dodge furnishes authentic data for the statement that, during the three years of 1872-'73-'74, nearly four and a half million buffalo were killed—nine-tenths of them solely for their hides! Other chapters of especial interest are those on the elk, wild cattle, and mountain-sheep, and the entire section abounds in information which sportsmen in particular will appreciate. The third and most important section of the book treats of the Indians; and, besides containing upward of two hundred pages of the most keenly interesting reading, supplies many topics which are worthy of the serious consideration alike of the practical statesman and of the student of ethnology. As Colonel Dodge says in his preface, he has had "ample opportunity to study the Indian character and habits in his own native wilds;" and we have nowhere met with so complete and apparently trustworthy an account of the customs, education, training, domestic and social life, occupations, government, beliefs, and superstitions, of the contemporary wild Indians of the Plains. The portrait thus drawn is certainly very different from that presented by Cooper, and more lately by interested agents and professional humanitarians—indeed, the picture is of an utter savage of almost the lowest and worst type; yet the facts embodied by the author in his narrative not only justify his estimate, but give it the semblance of moderation. One practically important inference which may be drawn from this

¹ The Plains of the Great West and their Inhabitants; being a Description of the Plains, Game, Indians, etc., of the Great North American Desert. By Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Irving Dodge, United States Army. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 448.

portion of Colonel Dodge's work relates to the probable effect of transferring the administration of Indian affairs to the War Department. It is plain that stricter faith than hitherto would be kept with the "nation's wards," but equally so that they would speedily receive such peremptory lessons as would deprive them alike of the power and the disposition to disturb the peace of the frontier.

Aside from the valuable features which we have endeavored to indicate, Colonel Dodge's work possesses in a high degree the charm which pertains to all records of stirring personal adventure. Nearly every chapter contains a number of anecdotes and reminiscences of such adventure; and these are told with an entire absence of literary affectation and with that straightforward directness and simplicity that give camp-fire stories their proverbial zest and interest. Reading the book, in fact, is like listening to some exceptionally talented *raconteur*, who relies for his hold upon his audience rather upon the interest of his stories than upon the arts with which they are narrated.

IN the half-dozen essays composing her "Troubadours and Trouveres,"¹ Miss Harriet W. Preston, translator of Mistral's "Mirèio," gives a sketchy and desultory but very charming account of that old Provençal poetry which is usually regarded as the fountain-head of modern verse, and also of that newer school in which, in our day, the long-buried seed seems to have blossomed forth again. The first and most interesting paper is an analysis and descriptive summary of Mistral's "Calendau," a poem in the Provençal dialect, which appeared some nine or ten years after "Mirèio," and which is scarcely less voluminous. Miss Preston considers it the ripest production of M. Mistral's genius, and, though it seems to lack the *naïveté*, and simplicity, and curiously frank garrulity of the earlier work, the copious illustrative passages translated by Miss Preston are quite sufficient to show that it must be among the most enjoyable and remarkable of modern French poems. If the passages thus selected are fair specimens of the work, as Miss Preston asserts, we should say that she owes it to the American admirers whom she has secured for Mistral to furnish them with a complete version. The second and third papers treat briefly of the life and work of Théodore Aubanel, "who undoubtedly ranks next to Mistral in originality and beauty of gifts" among the contemporary romance-singers, and more comprehensively of Jacques Jasmin, a Gascon who preceded the others by about twenty-five years, and who is declared to be "one of the most careful artists, as well as truest poets, of this century." The account of Jasmin is particularly entertaining and felicitous, and the specimens of his poetry cited will be apt to satisfy the reader that Miss Preston has not exaggerated in her estimate of his powers. He was a barber, without education, and pitifully poor, and he won for himself position and recognition by sheer, unassisted force of genius. Two more papers deal with the "Songs of the Troubadours," including very brief sketches of the more noted singers, with examples of their poetry; and the sixth and last gives a cursory sketch of the origin and gradual development of those strangely fascinating middle-age legends known collectively as "The Arthurian." Miss Preston discusses these legends with special reference to Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," and we commend her essay to all admirers of the great nineteenth-century epic.

It will be seen from the foregoing *résumé* that Miss

Preston's book is, as she admits in her preface, far from being a complete illustration of the poetry of Provence, whether new or old; but it furnishes an agreeable introduction and incentive to further study, and is, moreover, a striking example of the way in which, by skillful treatment, it is possible to "popularize" a subject which at first glance would seem to appeal only to scholars.

THE strange and thrilling experiences of which Mr. Julius Chambers has made a permanent record in his little book entitled "A Mad World and its Inhabitants"² have already been made familiar to the public through the medium of the newspaper in which they were originally divulged. In the year 1872, at a time when popular attention was already directed to alleged abuses in lunatic asylums and similar institutions, Mr. Chambers, "in his capacity as newspaper reporter," feigned insanity, and, after successfully passing the examination of "two reputable physicians," an experienced nurse, and a careless judge, was consigned to the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane, where he spent two weeks in the maniac ward. At the end of that time, by arrangement with his friends, he was released on a writ of *habeas corpus*, exposed the transaction in open court, and subsequently published in the journal which he represented a detailed account of his observations and experiences. "A Mad World" is simply a new, more systematic, and more labored version of the same facts; but certainly the interest of the story is but slightly impaired by the circumstance of its being already in a sense familiar. Indeed, the full proportions and importance of the revelations which it makes can hardly be grasped save on a reiterated perusal, and Mr. Chambers is to be complimented on the artistic skill with which he has worked up and refurbished his old materials. Perhaps the semi-dramatic form, and the staccato method, is too palpable an imitation of Charles Reade, whose indorsement the book carries, and there is something of incongruity between the tragic significance of the facts narrated and the levity of style in which they are now and then masked; but all merely literary criticism of Mr. Chambers's work vanishes before the fact that it has achieved a great practical good in the reformation of the shocking abuses which it first dragged to light.

THE fact that a novel has run through twenty-six editions in Paris within a brief period is no guarantee that it will make an equally successful appeal to an English or American audience; but "Sidonie,"³ by Alphonse Daudet, would be recognized anywhere as a work of singular power, and it is entirely free from those prurient imaginings and that deliberate finessing with the laws of morality and decency which have caused French fiction to be regarded with legitimate suspicion. No one but a Frenchman, perhaps, would have ventured to construct a story in which even the good men are so subservient to the wiles of a pretty and unscrupulous woman—in which passion obtains in every case so easy a victory over reason and conscience; yet the book is very far from being a mere study in the morbid anatomy of vice, and indeed teaches with remarkable force a weighty and impressive moral lesson. That lesson is the amount of suffering, the wide-spread destruction, the tragedy, that can be interpolated into an indefinite number of

¹ A Mad World and its Inhabitants. By Julius Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 228.

² Sidonie. (Fromont Jeune et Rissler Aîné.) From the French of Alphonse Daudet. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 16mo, pp. 262.

³ Troubadours and Trouveres: New and Old. By Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo, pp. 280.

human lives by one utterly selfish and frivolous nature. Sidonie is just such a creature as we encounter every day—with no special aptitudes for crime, and none of those overmastering and betraying passions that naturally lead to crime, but simply selfish in feeling, vulgar in tastes, and unscrupulous as to the means of gratifying those tastes. Fortunately, such natures are usually restrained within reasonable bounds by the mere adjustments of circumstance, but M. Daudet's aim is to show what wretchedness and wreck one such person can bring about under favoring social conditions. His story is wonderfully realistic, and by reason of this has all the impressiveness of a personal experience. Rapid as are the touches by which the background is laid upon the canvas, and the figures filled in, we seem to become as thoroughly acquainted with each character as with the most labored creation of the psychological school; and even Adam Bede, after the most secret processes of his inmost thoughts have been laid bare, is no better known to us than Risler Aîné. M. Daudet has the true Frenchman's instinct for artistic form and logical method, and almost rivals Balzac's talent for painting a portrait with an epithet, and indicating a state of mind and the process of thought or feeling that led thereto with a phrase.

ONE of the most difficult of literary tasks in our day is to write something at once fresh and interesting descriptive of the European tour. Even the familiar and generally plausible device of recording only personal observations, experiences, sensations, or impressions, fails here, because every conceivable type of tourist and sight-seer has already made his record, and every "point of view" has been multitudinously occupied. This is the chief ground for criticism of Dr. Henry M. Field's "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn."¹ If the paths along which he leads us had not been trampled into highways by the army of his predecessors; if his efforts at description did not compel us to call to mind the better descriptions of more picturesque writers; if his "impressions" were less hackneyed, and his "conclusions" did not read like commonplaces—then the book would be deserving of commendation: as it is, few readers, we imagine, will find anything in it fresh enough to be greatly entertaining. It should be added, in fairness, that Dr. Field attempts very little in the way of description, and prefers to fill his space with general reflections on the religion, politics, society, and morals of the various countries visited; but even here he has been frequently anticipated, and the public has learned to distrust verdicts about strange peoples based upon glimpses obtained of them from car-windows. The truth about Dr. Field's book is that the letters, of which it is composed, appeared to much better advantage in the religious newspaper for which they were originally written, and of which Dr. Field is editor, than in their present form. In the newspaper the personal references and reminiscences in which they abound appeal to preëxistent bonds of sympathy which might very naturally subsist under such circumstances; in the book they imply a relation between author and reader which, as a matter of fact, can obtain in but few instances.

THE weariness of over-production is plainly visible in M. Jules Verne's last work, "Michael Strogoff, the Cour-

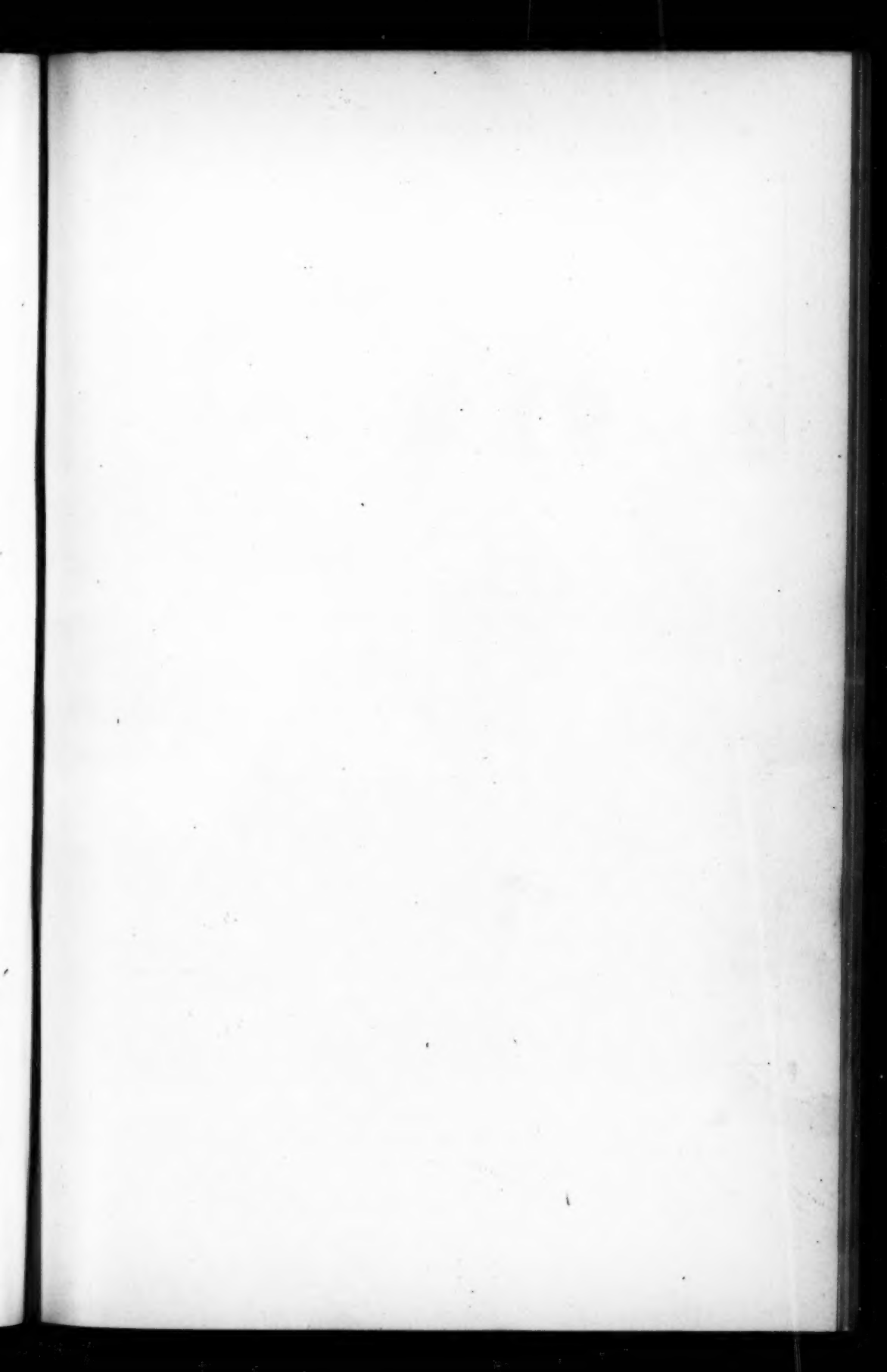
rier of the Czar."² No man, however versatile and full of resources, can go on indefinitely producing works of the imagination at the rate of two or three volumes a year without sacrificing the quality of his work, and the process of deterioration is distinctly traceable in the case of M. Verne. "Michael Strogoff" is not without interest—on the contrary, it is a very readable and amusing book; but one has only to compare it with "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," for example, to see that it is the outcome of manufacture, not of inspiration or of a genuine creative impulse. There is scarcely a trace of that fertility and ingenuity of invention which renders the earlier work a continual succession of stimulating surprises, and those gleanings from history and geography which used to be introduced simply to give *vraisemblance* and local color have now become the author's chief reliance. The facts concerning the country and peoples and customs of Central Asia thus introduced into "Michael Strogoff" will perhaps prove interesting enough to those who are not already familiar with them; but the adventures of Strogoff himself, where they are not wildly improbable, are nearly always wholly commonplace. Mr. MacGahan, in his attempt to follow the army of General Kaufmann in its last campaign, exhibited far more ingenuity in overcoming or evading obstacles than is credited to this imaginary courier, whose achievements are only limited by the author's powers of invention. The pictures seem to indicate M. Verne's original conception far more effectively than the text, and in turning the pages one is constantly surprised to find these so thrilling while the accompanying letter-press is so tame.

THE superiority in point of interest of a *bona-fide* narrative of adventure over any avowedly fictitious account is well illustrated by a comparison of Captain Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva"³ with "Michael Strogoff." Both books profess to describe a rapid overland journey through European Russia and across the steppes of Central Asia; but, though M. Verne has greatly the advantage in literary skill and ability to make effective use of picturesque "points," most readers will turn with satisfaction to Captain Burnaby's simple, unpretentious, and somewhat awkward record. The feat which it records, indeed, seems to bear a close resemblance to the more famous one of the troops who marched up the hill and then marched down again—the author gives no adequate reason for undertaking such a journey, and it certainly produced but meagre results; yet one can obtain from the book what is doubtless a very exact idea of the conditions of travel in Central Asia, and of the customs and characteristics of the various peoples who have lately been brought under Russian sway in that remote and inhospitable region. Moreover, one learns to like the author for a certain soldier-like sincerity, heartiness, and pluck, though the somewhat ostentatious parade of truculence toward Russia is probably more grateful to English ears than to our own. The instructiveness of the work is greatly increased by a number of excellent maps, and an appendix containing, among other things, copious extracts from Mr. Schuyler's report to the United States Government, and giving a detailed account of the Russian advance eastward.

¹ Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar. By Jules Verne. Translated by W. H. G. Kingston. Revised by Julius Chambers. With 90 illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 8vo, pp. 377.

² A Ride to Khiva: Travels and Adventures in Central Asia. By Fred Burnaby, Captain Royal Horse Guards. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 403.

³ From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn. By Henry M. Field, D.D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 22mo, pp. 355.





"... And Barbara stood
Incarnate Hate, who but a little space
Ago was Love's ideal womanhood."

"Barbara."